THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTEENTH.

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WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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CONTAINING

SONNETS.
PASSIONATE PILGRIM.
A LOVER's COMPLAINT.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
ROMEUS AND JULIET.
GLOSSORIAL INDEX.

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SONNETS.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER
OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,
MR. W. H[1].
ALL HAPPINESS,
AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED
BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,
WISHETH THE
WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER
IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T.

[1] Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes that many of theſe Sonnets are addreſſed to our authour's nephew Mr. William Harte. But this, I think, may be doubted. Shakſpeare's ſiſter, *Joan Harte*, was born in April, 1569. Suppoſing her to have married at ſo early an age as ſixteen, her eldeſt ſon William could not have been more than twelve years old in 1598*, at which time theſe ſonnets were compoſed, though not publiſhed for ſeveral years afterwards. Many of them are written to ſhow the propriety of marriage; and therefore cannot well be ſuppoſed to be addreſſed to a ſchool-boy.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has pointed out to me a line in the twentieth ſonnet, which inclines me to think that the initials W. H ſtand for . Hughes. Speaking of this perſon, the poet ſays he is—

"A man in *hew* all *Hews* in his controlling—"

ſo the line is exhibited in the old copy. The name *Hughes* was formerly written *Hews*. When it is conſidered that one of theſe Sonnets is formed entirely on a play on our authour's Chriſtian name, this conjecture will not appear improbable.—To this perſon, whoever he was, one hundred and twenty ſix of the following poems are addreſſed; the remaining twenty-eight are addreſſed to a lady. MALONE.

Since this page was printed, I have learned that our poet's nephew, William Hart, was not born till 1600. See the extracts from the Regiſter of Stratford upon Avon, in Vol. I. Part I. MALONE.

[2] i. e. Thomas Thorpe. See the extract from the Stationer's books in the next page. MALONE.

* I have here ſuppoſed our authour's eldeſt nephew to have been twelve years old in 1598, but perhaps he was not then even born. It is obſervable, that Shakſpeare, when he had occaſion in his Will to mention the children of his ſiſter Joan Harte, did not recollect the Chriſtian name of her ſecond ſon; from which circumſtance we may infer, that in 1616 they were all young.

SONNETS[3].

I.

FROM faireſt creatures we deſire increaſe,
That thereby beauty's roſe might never die,
But as the riper ſhould by time deceaſe,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'ſt thy light's flame with ſelf-ſubſtantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyſelf thy foe, to thy ſweet ſelf too cruel.
Thou, that art now the world's freſh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy ſpring,
Within thine own bud buriеſt thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'ſt waſte in niggarding[4].

[3] Shakſpeare's *Sonnets* were entered on the Stationers' books by Thomas Thorpe, on the 20th of May, 1609, and printed in quarto in the ſame year. They were, however, written many years before, being mentioned by Meres in his *Wit's Treaſury*, 1598: "As the ſoul of Euphorbus (ſays he) was thought to live in Pythagoras, ſo the ſweet witty ſoul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakſpeare. Witneſs his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his ſugred SONNETS among his private friends," &c.

The general ſtyle of theſe poems, and the numerous paſſages in them which remind us of our authour's plays, leave not the ſmalleſt doubt of their authenticity.

In theſe compoſitions, Daniel's Sonnets, which were publiſhed in 1592, appear to me to have been the model that Shakſpeare followed.

An edition of Shakſpeare's Sonnets, was publiſhed in 1640, in ſmall octavo, which, though of no authority or value, was followed by Dr. Sewell, and other modern editors. The order of the original copy was not adhered to, and according to the faſhion of that time, fantaſtick titles were prefixed to different portions of theſe poems: *The glory of beauty: The force of love; True admiration*, &c. Heywood's tranſlations from Ovid, which had been originally blended with Shakſpeare's poems *in* 1612, were likewiſe reprinted in the ſame volume. MALONE.

[4] *And, tender churl*, mak'ſt waſte *in* niggarding.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Then ſhe hath ſworn that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?

"*Rom.* She hath: and in that *ſparing makes* huge *waſte*." C

[5] ——*this*

Pity the world, or elſe this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters ſhall beſiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, ſo gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed [6], of ſmall worth held:
Then, being aſk'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty days;
To ſay, within thine own deep-ſunken eyes,
Were an all-eating ſhame, and thriftleſs praiſe.

How

[5] ——*this glutton be,*
To eat the world's due, by the *grave and thee.*] The ancient editors of Shakſpeare's works, deſerve at leaſt the praiſe of impartiality. If they have occaſionally corrupted his nobleſt ſentiments, they have likewiſe depraved his moſt miſerable conceits; as, perhaps, in this inſtance. I read (piteous conſtraint, to read ſuch ſtuff at all!)

——this glutton be;
To eat the world's due, *be thy* grave and thee.

i. e. be at once thyſelf, and thy grave. The letters that form the two words were probably tranſpoſed. I did not think the late Mr. Rich had ſuch example for the contrivance of making Harlequin jump down his own throat. STEEVENS.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the text. Mankind being daily thinned by the grave, the world could not ſubſiſt if the places of thoſe who are taken off by death were not filled up by the birth of children. Hence Shakſpeare conſiders the propagation of the ſpecies as *the world's due*, as a right to which it is entitled, and which it may demand from every individual. The ſentiment in the lines before us, it muſt be owned, is quaintly expreſſed; but the obſcurity ariſes chiefly, I think, from the aukward collocation of the words for the ſake of the rhime. The meaning ſeems to me to be this.—Pity the world, *which is daily depopulated by the grave, and beget children, in order to ſupply the loſs; or, if you do not fulfil this duty, acknowledge that as a* glutton *ſwallows and conſumes more than is ſufficient for his own ſupport, ſo you (who by the courſe of nature muſt die, and by your own remiſſneſs are likely to die childleſs) thus* "*living and dying in ſingle bleſſedneſs,*" *conſume and deſtroy* the world's due; *to the deſolation of which you will doubly contribute:* 1. by thy death, 2. by thy dying childleſs.

Our authour's plays, as well as the poems now before us, affording a ſufficient number of conceits, it is rather hard that he ſhould be anſwerable for ſuch as can only be obtained through the medium of alteration; that he ſhould be ridiculed not only for what he has, *but* for what he has *not* written. MALONE.

[6] —*a tatter'd* weed,—] A torn *garment*. MALONE.

How much more praiſe deſerv'd thy beauty's uſe,
If thou could'ſt anſwer—" *This fair child of mine*
Shall ſum my count, and make my old excuſe,—"
Proving his beauty by ſucceſſion thine.
This were to be new made, when thou art old,
And ſee thy blood warm, when thou feel'ſt it cold.

III.

Look in thy glaſs, and tell the face thou view'ſt,
Now is the time that face ſhould form another;
Whoſe freſh repair if now thou not reneweſt,
Thou doſt beguile the world, unbleſs ſome mother.
For where is ſhe ſo fair, whoſe un-eard womb
Diſdains the tillage of thy huſbandry [7]?
Or who is he ſo fond, will be the tomb
Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop poſterity [8]?
Thou art thy mother's glaſs, and ſhe in thee [9]
Calls back the lovely April of her prime [1]:

So

[7] —*whoſe* un-ear'd womb
Diſdains the *tillage* of thy *huſbandry?*] Thus, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*.
" ——her plenteous *womb*
" Expreſſeth his full *tilth* and *huſbandry*." STEEVENS.
Un-ear'd is unploughed. MALONE.

[8] *Or who is he ſo fond, will be the tomb*
Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop poſterity?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" ——beauty ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
" *Cuts beauty off from all poſterity*."
Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:
" What is thy body but a ſwallowing *grave*,
" Seeming to *bury* that *poſterity*
" Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have,
" If thou deſtroy them not in their obſcurity?"
Fond, in old language, is *fooliſh*. MALONE.

[9] *Thou art thy mother's* glaſs, &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" Poor broken *glaſs*, I often did behold
" *In thy ſweet ſemblance my old age new-born*." MALONE.

[1] *Calls back the lovely* April *of her prime*:] So, in *Timon of Athens*:
" She, whom the ſpital houſe and ulcerous ſores
" Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
" To the *April* day again." MALONE.

So thou through windows of thine age ſhalt ſee,
Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time [2].
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveline ſs, why doſt thou ſpend
Upon thyſelf thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend;
And being frank, ſhe lends to thoſe are free [3].
Then, beauteous niggard, why doſt thou abuſe
The bounteous largeſs given thee to give?
Profitleſs uſurer, why doſt thou uſe
So great a ſum of ſums, yet canſt not live?
For having traffick with thyſelf alone,
Thou of thyſelf thy ſweet ſelf doſt deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canſt thou leave [4]?
Thy unus'd beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,
Which, uſed, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Thoſe hours*, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,

Will

[2] *So thou through* windows *of thine* age *ſhalt ſee,*
Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.] Thus in our authour's *Lover's Complaint:*

" Time had not ſcythed all that youth begun,
" Nor youth all quit; but, ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
" Some beauty peep'd through *lattice* of ſear'd *age.*" MALONE.

[3] Nature's *bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend*
And being frank, ſhe lends to thoſe are free, &c.] So, Milton, in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle:*

" Why ſhould you be ſo cruel to yourſelf,
" And to thoſe dainty limbs which *nature lent*
" For gentle uſage, and ſoft delicacy?
" But you invert the covenants of her truſt,
" And harſhly deal, like an ill borrower,
" With that which you receiv'd on other terms." STEEVENS.

[4] *What acceptable* audit *canſt thou leave!*] So, in *Macbeth:*

" To make their *audit* at your highneſs' pleaſure." STEEVENS.

* *Thoſe* hours, *&c.*] *Hours* is almoſt always uſed by Shakſpeare as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Will play the tyrants to the very ſame,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excell [5];
For never-reſting time leads ſummer on [6]
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with froſt, and luſty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-ſnow'd, and bareneſs every where [7]:
Then, were not ſummer's diſtillation left,
A liquid priſoner pent in walls of glaſs,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers diſtill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leeſe but their ſhow; their ſubſtance ſtill lives ſweet [8].

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand [9] deface
In thee thy ſummer, ere thou be diſtill'd:
Make ſweet ſome phial; treaſure thou ſome place
With beauty's treaſure, ere it be ſelf-kill'd.
That uſe [1] is not forbidden uſury,
Which happies thoſe that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyſelf to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyſelf were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:

[5] *And that* unfair, *which fairly doth excell;*] And render that which was once beautiful, no longer fair. To *unfair*, is, I believe, a verb of our authour's coinage. MALONE.

[6] *For never-reſting* time leads ſummer on—] So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" For, with a word, the *time will bring on ſummer.*" STEEV.

[7] *Beauty o'er ſnow'd, and* bareneſs *every where:*] Thus the quarto, 1609. The modern editions have

——*barrenneſs* every where.

In the 97th *Sonnet* we meet again with the ſame image:

" What freezings have I felt, what dark days ſeen!
" What old December's *bareneſs* every where!" MALONE.

[8] *But flowers diſtill'd, though they with winter meet,*
Leeſe but their ſhow; their ſubſtance ſtill lives ſweet.] This is a thought with which Shakſpeare ſeems to have been much pleaſed. We find it again in the 54th *Sonnet*, and in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act I. ſc. i. MALONE.

[9] —*let not winter's* ragged *hand*—] *Ragged* was often uſed as an opprobrious term in the time of our authour. MALONE.

[1] *That* uſe—] *Uſe* here ſignifies *uſance*. MALONE.

Then, what could death do, if thou ſhould'ſt depart,
Leaving thee living in poſterity?
Be not ſelf-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conqueſt, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing ſight,
Serving with looks his ſacred majeſty;
And having climb'd the ſteep-up heavenly hill,
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age [2],
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty ſtill,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage [3];
But when from high-moſt pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyſelf out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on dieſt, unleſs thou get a ſon.

VIII.

Muſick to hear [4], why hear'ſt thou muſick ſadly?
Sweets with ſweets war not, joy delights in joy.

Why

2 *And having climb'd the ſteep-up heavenly hill,*
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age,] Perhaps our authour had the ſacred writings in his thoughts: "—in them hath he ſet a tabernacle for the *ſun which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his courſe.* It goeth forth from the uttermoſt part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." MALONE.

3 *Yet mortal looks* adore *his beauty ſtill,*
Attending on his golden *pilgrimage;*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Madam, an hour before the *worſhipp'd ſun*
"Peer'd forth the *golden* window of the eaſt.—" MALONE.

4 *Muſick to hear*, &c.] Thou, whom to hear, is muſick, why, &c. I have ſometimes thought Shakſpeare might have written—Muſick to *ear*, &c. i. e. thou, whoſe every accent is muſick to *the ear*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors:*
"That never words were *muſick* to thine *ear*."
Hear has been printed inſtead of *ear* in the *Taming of the ſhrew*; or at leaſt the modern editors have ſuppoſed ſo. MALONE.

Why lov'ſt thou that which thou receiv'ſt not gladly?
Or elſe receiv'ſt with pleaſure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds
By unions married[5], do offend thine ear,
They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In ſingleneſs the parts that thou ſhould'ſt bear.
Mark, how one ſtring, ſweet huſband to another,
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;
Reſembling ſire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing note do ſing:
Whoſe ſpeechleſs ſong, being many, ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou ſingle wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou conſum'ſt thyſelf in ſingle life?
Ah! if thou iſſueleſs ſhalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeleſs wife[6];
The world will be thy widow, and ſtill weep,
That thou no form of thee haſt left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her huſband's ſhape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth ſpend,
Shifts but his place, for ſtill the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waſte hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the uſer ſo deſtroys it.

No

[5] *If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,*
By unions married,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, quarto, 1599:
"Examine ev'ry *married* lineament,
"And ſee how one another lends content."
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*
"The unity and *married* calm of ſtates—."
Milton had perhaps theſe lines in his thoughts when he wrote:
"And ever againſt eating cares
"Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
"*Married* to immortal verſe,
"Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce,
"In notes with many a winding bout
"Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out," MALONE.

[6] —*like a* makeleſs *wife*;] As a widow bewails her loſt huſband, *Make* and *mate* were formerly ſynonymous. So, in *King Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "Certes, madam, I ſholde have great joy yſe ye had ſuch a prynce to your *make*."
Again, in *The Tragicall Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
"Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect-loving *make*." MALONE.

No love toward others in that boſom ſits,
That on himſelf ſuch murd'rous ſhame commits [7].

X.

For ſhame! deny that thou bear'ſt love to any,
Who for thyſelf art ſo unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'ſt, is moſt evident;
For thou art ſo poſſeſs'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire;
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate [8],
Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy preſence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyſelf, at leaſt, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another ſelf, for love of me,
That beauty ſtill may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As faſt as thou ſhalt wane, ſo faſt thou grow'ſt
In one of thine, from that which thou departeſt;
And that freſh blood which youngly thou beſtow'ſt,
Thou may'ſt call thine, when thou from youth converteſt,
Herein lives wiſdom, beauty, and increaſe;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcore years would make the world away.

Let

7 *That on himſelf ſuch murderous* ſhame commits.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" And here is come *to do ſome villainous ſhame*
" To the dead bodies." MALONE.

8 *Seeking that beauteous roof to* ruinate, &c.] This is a metaphor of which our authour is peculiarly fond. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" Shall love in building grow ſo *ruinate?*"

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" O thou, that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
" Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs,
" Leſt, growing *ruinous*, the building fall,
" And leave no memory of what it was.
" *Repair* me with thy preſence, Silvia," STEEVENS.

Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for ſtore [9],
Harſh, featureleſs, and rude, barrenly periſh:
Look, whom ſhe beſt endow'd, ſhe gave thee more;
Which bounteous gift thou ſhould'ſt in bounty cheriſh [1]:
She carv'd thee for her ſeal, and meant thereby,
Thou ſhould'ſt print more, nor let that copy die [2].

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And ſee the brave day ſunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
And ſable curls, all ſilver'd o'er with white [3];
When lofty trees I ſee barren of leaves,
Which erſt from heat did canopy the herd [4],
And ſummer's green all girded up in ſheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and briſtly beard [5].

Then

9 —*for ſtore*—] i. e. to be preſerved for *uſe*. MALONE.

1 *Look whom ſhe beſt endow'd, ſhe gave* thee *more*;
Which bounteous gift thou ſhould'ſt in bounty cheriſh:] On a ſurvey of mankind, you will find that nature, however liberal ſhe may have been to others, has been ſtill more bountiful to you. The old copy reads—ſhe gave *the* more; which was evidently a miſprint. MALONE.

2 *Thou ſhould'ſt print more;* nor let the copy die.] So, in *Twelfth Night:*

" Lady, you are the cruelleſt ſhe alive,
" If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
" And leave the world *no copy*, MALONE.

3 *And ſable curls*, all *ſilver'd o'er with white;*] The old copy reads:
—*or* ſilver'd o'er with white.
Or was clearly an error of the preſs. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:—*are* ſilver'd o'er with white. MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet:*

" His beard was, as I've ſeen it in his life,
" A *ſable ſilver'd.*" STEEVENS.

4 *When lofty* trees *I ſee, barren of leaves,*
Which erſt from heat did canopy *the herd,*] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" ———a bank
" Quite *over-canopy'd* with luſcious woodbine." MALONE.

5 *And* ſummer's green *all girded up in ſheaves,*
Borne on the bier with white and briſtly beard;] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" ———and the *green* corn
" Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a *beard.*" C.

Then of thy beauty do I queſtion make,
That thou among the waſtes of time muſt go,
Since ſweets and beauties do themſelves forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow;
And nothing 'gainſt time's ſcythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him [6], when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourſelf! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourſelf here live:
Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give [7].
So ſhould that beauty which you hold in leaſe,
Find no determination [8]: then you were
Yourſelf again, after yourſelf's deceaſe,
When your ſweet iſſue your ſweet form ſhould bear.
Who lets ſo fair a houſe fall to decay,
Which huſbandry in honour might uphold [9],
Againſt the ſtormy guſts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O! none

[6] *Save breed, to brave him*—] Except children, whoſe youth may ſet the ſcythe of Time at defiance, and render thy own death leſs painful. MALONE.

[7] *Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,*
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give.] This is a ſentiment that Shakſpeare is never weary of expreſſing. We meet with it again in *Venus and Adonis:*

"By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
"That thine may live, when thou thyſelf art dead;
"And ſo in ſpite of death thou doſt ſurvive,
"In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left alive." MALONE.

[8] —*that* beauty *which you hold in* leaſe,
Find no determination;] So Daniel, in one of his Sonnets, 1592:

"—in *beauty's leaſe* expir'd appears
"The date of age, the calends of our death."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"But in them nature's copy's not eterne."

Determination in legal language means *end.* MALONE.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"—our high-plac'd Macbeth
"Shall live the *leaſe* of nature." STEEVENS.

[9] *Which* huſbandry *in honour might uphold,*] *Huſbandry* is generally uſed by Shakſpeare for *œconomical prudence.* So, in *King Henry V:*

"For our bad neighbours make us early ſtirrers,
"Which is both healthful and good *huſbandry.*" MALONE.

O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you know.
You had a father; let your ſon ſay ſo.

XIV.

Not from the ſtars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have aſtronomy;
But not to tell of good, or even luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or ſeaſons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or ſay, with princes if it ſhall go well,
By oft predict [1] that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive [2],
And (conſtant ſtars) in them I read ſuch art,
As truth and beauty ſhall together thrive,
If from thyſelf to ſtore thou would'ſt convert [3]:
Or elſe of thee this I prognoſticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I conſider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge ſtate preſenteth nought but ſhows
Whereon the ſtars in ſecret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increaſe,
Cheered and check'd even by the ſelf-ſame ſky;
Vaunt in their youthful ſap, at height decreaſe,
And wear their brave ſtate out of memory:

Then

[1] *By* oft *predict*—] Dr. Sewel reads,—By *aught* predict; but the text is right.—So, in *the Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"How much the *oft* report of this bleſs'd hermit
"Hath won on my deſires!" MALONE.

The old reading may be the true one. *By oft predict*—may mean—By what is moſt *frequently* prognoſticated. STEEVENS.

[2] *But from thine* eyes *my knowledge* I derive,] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"*From* women's *eyes* this doctrine *I derive.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *If from thyſelf* to ſtore *thou would'ſt convert*:] If thou would'ſt change thy ſingle ſtate, and beget a numerous progeny. So, before:

"Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for *ſtore.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, ſhe is rich in beauty, only poor,
"That when ſhe dies, with beauty dies her *ſtore.*" MALONE.

Then the conceit of this inconſtant ſtay
Sets you moſt rich in youth before my ſight,
Where waſteful time debateth with decay [4],
To change your day of youth to ſullied night [5];
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourſelf in your decay
With means more bleſſed than my barren rhime?
Now ſtand you on the top of heavy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unſet [6],
With virtuous wiſh would bear you living flowers [7];
Much liker than your painted counterfeit [8]:
So ſhould the lines of life [9] that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen [1],
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourſelf in eyes of men.

To

4 *Where waſteful* time debateth *with* decay,] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

" ——*nature* and *ſickneſs*
" *Debate* it at their leiſure." MALONE.

5 *To change your day of youth to ſullied night,*] So, in *Richard III*:

" Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night." STEEVENS.

6 *And many maiden gardens, yet unſet,*] We have the ſame alluſion in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

" And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling,
" Heard where his *plants in others' orchards grew.*" MALONE.

7 —*would bear* you *living flowers,*] The firſt edition reads, by an apparent error of the preſs:—*your* living flowers. MALONE.

8 *Much liker than your painted* counterfeit:] A *counterfeit* formerly ſignified a portrait. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: " Why do the painters, in figuring forth the *counterfeit* of Love, draw him blind?" MALONE.

9 *So ſhould the* lines *of life*—] This appears to me obſcure. Perhaps the poet wrote—the *lives* of life: i. e. children. MALONE.

The lines of life perhaps are *living pictures*, viz. children.
ANONYMUS.

This explanation is very plauſible. Shakſpeare has again uſed *line* with a reference to painting in *All's well that ends well*:

" And every *line* and trick of his ſweet favour." MALONE.

1 —*my* pupil *pen,*] This expreſſion may be conſider'd as a ſlight proof that the poems before us were our author's earlieſt compoſitions. STEEVENS.

To give away yourſelf, keeps yourſelf ſtill [2];
And you muſt live, drawn by your own ſweet ſkill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verſe in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your moſt high deſerts?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and ſhows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in freſh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would ſay, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So ſhould my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be ſcorn'd, like old men of leſs truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And ſtretched metre of an antique ſong:
But were ſome child of yours alive that time,
You ſhould live twice;—in it, and in my rhime.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a ſummer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do ſhake the darling buds of May [3],
And ſummer's leaſe hath all too ſhort a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven ſhines [4],
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

And

[2] *To give away yourſelf, keeps yourſelf ſtill*;] To produce likeneſſes of yourſelf, (that is, children,) will be the means of preſerving your memory. MALONE.

[3] *Rough* winds *do* ſhake *the darling* buds *of May*,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

" And like the *tyrannous breathing of the north*,
" *Shakes* all our *buds* from growing."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

" Confounds thy fame, as *whirlwinds ſhake* fair *buds*."

MALONE.

[4] *Sometime too hot the* eye of heaven—] That is, the ſun. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Now, ere the *ſun* advance his *burning eye*,—."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

" —when the ſearching *eye of heaven* is hid
" Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" *The eye of heaven* is out." MALONE.

And every fair from fair ſometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing courſe, untrimm'd [5];
But thy eternal ſummer ſhall not fade,
Nor loſe poſſeſſion of that fair thou oweſt [6];
Nor ſhall death brag thou wander'ſt in his ſhade,
When in eternal lines to time thou groweſt:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can ſee,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own ſweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood [7];
Make glad and ſorry ſeaſons as thou fleet'ſt,
And do whate'er thou wilt, ſwift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading ſweets;
But I forbid thee one moſt heinous crime;
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy courſe untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to ſucceeding men.
Yet, do thy worſt, old Time: deſpite thy wrong,
My love ſhall in my verſe ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Haſt thou, the maſter-miſtreſs of my paſſion [8];
A woman's

5 —*untrimm'd*, i. e. diveſted of ornament. So, in *King John*:
" —a new *untrimmed* bride." STEEVENS.

6 *Nor loſe poſſeſſion of that* fair *thou* oweſt;] Of that beauty thou poſſeſſeſt. *Fair* was, in our author's time, uſed as a ſubſtantive. To *owe* in old language is to *poſſeſs*. MALONE.

7 *And* burn *the long-liv'd phœnix* in her blood;] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" Your temples *burned in their cement*."
The meaning of neither phraſe is very obvious; however, *burned in her blood*, may ſignify *burnt alive*; and *burned in their cement*, burnt *while they were ſtanding*. STEEVENS.

8 —*the* maſter-miſtreſs *of my paſſion*,] It is impoſſible to read this fulſome panegyrick, addreſſed to a male object, without an equal mixture of diſguſt and indignation. We may remark alſo, that the ſame phraſe

A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With ſhifting change, as is falſe women's faſhion;
An eye more bright than theirs, leſs falſe in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth [9];
A man in hue all hues in his controlling [1],
Which ſteals men's eyes [2], and women's ſouls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou firſt created;
Till nature, as ſhe wrought thee, fell a-doting [3],

And

phraſe employed by Shakſpeare to denote the height of encomium, is uſed by Dryden to expreſs the extreme of reproach:

"That woman, but more daub'd; or if a man,
"Corrupted to a woman; thy *man-miſtreſs*." *Don Sebaſtian.*

Let me be juſt, however, to our author, who has made a proper uſe of the term *male varlet*, in *Troilus and Creſſida*. See that play, Act V. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Some part of this indignation might perhaps have been abated, if it had been conſidered that ſuch addreſſes to men, however indelicate, were cuſtomary in our authour's time, and neither imported criminality, nor were eſteemed indecorous. See a note on the words—"thy deceaſed *lover*," in the 32d Sonnet. To regulate our judgment of Shakſpeare's poems by the modes of modern times, is ſurely as unreaſonable as to try his plays by the rules of Ariſtotle.

Maſter-miſtreſs doet not perhaps mean *man*-miſtreſs, but *ſovereign* miſtreſs. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the 165th verſe of the *Canterbury Tales*, Vol. IV. p. 197. MALONE.

9 An eye *more bright than theirs, leſs falſe in rolling,*
Gilding *the object whereupon it gazeth:*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with moſt gracious eyeliads; ſometimes *the beam of her view gilded* my foot, ſometimes my portly belly." C.

1 *A man in* hue *all* hues *in his controlling,*] This line is thus exhibited in the old copy:

A man in hew all *Hews* in his controlling.

Hews was the old mode of ſpelling *hues* (colours,) and alſo *Hughes*, the proper name. See the printer's dedication of theſe ſonnets to W. H. MALONE.

2 *Which ſteals men's eyes,*—] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"————reſerve
"That excellent complexion, which did *ſteal*
"*The eyes* of young and old." MALONE.

3 *And for a woman wert thou firſt created;*
Till nature, as ſhe wrought thee, fell a doting, &c.] There is an odd coincidence between thoſe lines and a well-known modern epigram:

"While nature Hérvey's clay was blending,
"Uncertain what the thing would end in,

"Whether

And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpoſe nothing.
But ſince ſhe prick'd thee out for women's pleaſure [4];
Mine be thy love, and thy love's uſe their treaſure.

XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that muſe
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verſe;
Who heaven itſelf for ornament doth uſe,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearſe;
Making a couplement [5] of proud compare,
With ſun and moon, with earth and ſea's rich gems,
With April's firſt born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems [6].
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not ſo bright
As thoſe gold candles fix'd in heaven's air [7]:

Let

" Whether a female or a male,
" A pin dropp'd in, and turn'd the ſcale." MALONE.

4 *But ſince ſhe* prick'd *thee out*, &c.] To *prick* is to nominate by a puncture or mark. So, in *Julius Cæſar*;

" Theſe many then ſhall die, their names are *prick'd*."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II;

" Shall I *prick* him, Sir John?"—I have given a wrong explanation of this phraſe elſewhere. STEEVENS.

5 *Making a* couplement—] That is a union. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: " I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal *couplement*."

I formerly thought this word was of our authour's invention, but I have lately found it in Spenſer's *Faery Queene*:

" Allide with bands of mutual *couplement*." MALONE.

6 *That heaven's air in this huge* rondure *hems.*] *Rondure* is a *round*. *Rondeur*, Fr. The word is again uſed by our authour in *K. Henry V.*:

" 'Tis not the *roundure* of your old-fac'd walls." MALONE.

7 *As thoſe* gold candles *fix'd in heaven's air*:] That is, the ſtars. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*;

" *Night's candles* are burnt out,—."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

" —There's huſbandry in heaven;
" Their *candles* are all out."

So alſo in *Hamlet*:—" this moſt excellent canopy, the *air*, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majeſtical roof, fretted with *golden fire*—." MALONE.

—*thoſe*

Let them ſay more that like of hear-ſay well;
I will not praiſe that purpoſe not to ſell [8].

XXII.

My glaſs ſhall not perſuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days ſhould expiate [1].
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the ſeemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breaſt doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore,

—*thoſe gold* candles fix'd *in heaven's air:*] So, in the old copies of *Pericles:*

" —the *air-remaining lamps.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *I will not* praiſe, *that purpoſe not to* ſell.] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" To things of *ſale* a ſeller's *praiſe* belongs." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" We'll not *commend* what we intend to *ſell.*"

where Dr. Warburton with ſome probability conjectures that Shakſpeare wrote,

—what we intend *not* ſell. MALONE.

[9] —*time's* furrows *I behold,*] Dr. Sewell reads:

—time's *ſorrows*— MALONE.

[1] *Then look I death my days ſhould* expiate.] I do not comprehend how the poet's days were to be *expiated* by death. Perhaps he wrote:

—my days ſhould expirate,

i. e. bring them to an end. In this ſenſe our author uſes the verb *expire*, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" —and *expire* the term
" Of a deſpiſed life."

I am ſure I have met with the verb I would ſupply, though I have no example of it to offer in ſupport of my conjecture. Shakſpeare, however, delights to introduce words with this termination. Thus we meet with feſtin*ate* and conſpir*ate*, in *K. Lear*; combin*ate* in *Meaſure for Meaſure*; and ruin*ate*, in *K. Henry VI.* STEEVENS.

The old reading is certainly right. Then do I expect, ſays Shakſpeare, that death *ſhould fill up the meaſure* of my days. The word *expiate* is uſed nearly in the ſame ſenſe in the tragedy of *Locrine* 1595:

" Lives Sabren yet to *expiate* my wrath?"

i. e. *fully to ſatisfy* my wrath.

So alſo in *Byron's Conſpiracie*, a tragedy by Chapman, 1608, an old courtier ſays, he is.

" A poor and *expiate* humour of the court."

Again, in our authour's *King Richard III:* " Make

O therefore, love, be of thyſelf ſo wary,
As I not for myſelf but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep ſo chary
As tender nurſe her babe from faring ill.
Preſume not on thy heart, when mine is ſlain;
Thou gav'ſt me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the ſtage,
Who with his fear is put beſides his part [2],
Or ſome fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whoſe ſtrength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of truſt, forget to ſay
The perfect ceremony of love's rite;
And in mine own love's ſtrength ſeem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let

" Make haſte; the hour of death is *expiate*." MALONE.

[2] *As an unperfect actor on the ſtage,*
Who with his fear is put beſides his part,] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" —Like a dull actor now,
" I have forgot my part, and I am out,
" Even to a full diſgrace."

From the introductory lines of this Sonnet, it may be conjectured that theſe poems were not compoſed till our authour had arrived in London, and became converſant with the ſtage. He had perhaps himſelf experienced what he here deſcribes. MALONE.

It is highly probable that our author had ſeen plays repreſented, before he left his own country, by the ſervants of lord Warwick. Moſt of our ancient noblemen had ſome company of comedians who enrolled themſelves among their vaſſals, and ſheltered themſelves under their protection. STEEVENS.

The *ſeeing* a few plays exhibited by a company of ſtrollers in a barn at Stratford, or in Warwick caſtle, would not however have made Shakſpeare acquainted with the *feelings* of a timid actor on the ſtage. It has never been ſuppoſed that our authour was himſelf a player before he came to London. Whether the lines before us were founded on experience, or obſervation, cannot now be aſcertained. What I have advanced is merely conjectural. MALONE.

[3] *O, let my* books *be then the eloquence*—] A gentleman to whom I am indebted for the obſervations which are marked with the letter C, would read:

O, let my *looks*, &c.

But the context, I think, ſhows that the old copy is right. The poet finding that he could not ſufficiently collect his thoughts to expreſs his eſteem

O, let my books be then the eloquence [3]
And dumb preſagers of my ſpeaking breaſt [4];
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more expreſs'd.
O, learn to read what ſilent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath ſteel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart [5];
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perſpective it is beſt painter's art.
For through the painter muſt you ſee his ſkill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies;
Which in my boſom's ſhop is hanging ſtill,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now ſee what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy ſhape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breaſt, where-through the ſun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes his cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they ſee, know not the heart.

XXV.

eſteem by *ſpeech*, requeſts that his *writings* may ſpeak for him. So afterwards:

"O, learn to *read* what ſilent love hath *writ*."

Had *looks* been the authour's word, he hardly would have uſed it again in the next line but one. MALONE.

[4] *And* dumb preſagers *of my ſpeaking breaſt*;] So, in *King John*:

"And *ſullen preſage* of your own decay." MALONE.

[5] *Mine eye hath play'd the* painter, *and hath ſteel'd*
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;] So in *All's well that ends well*:

"————'Twas pretty, though a plague,
"To ſee him ev'ry hour; to ſit and *draw*
"His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
"In our *heart's table*; heart, too capable
"Of ev'ry line and trick of his ſweet favour!"

Again, in *King John*:

"—till I beheld myſelf
"*Drawn* in the flattering *table* of her eye."

A *table* was the ancient term for a picture. MALONE.

XXV.

Let thoſe who are in favour with their ſtars,
Of public honour and proud titles boaſt,
Whilſt I, whom fortune of ſuch triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour moſt.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves ſpread [6],
But as the marigold at the ſun's eye;
And in themſelves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famouſed for fight,
After a thouſand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite [7],
And all the reſt forgot for which he toil'd;

Then

[6] *Great princes'* favourites *their fair* leaves *ſpread*, &c.] Compare Wolſey's ſpeech in *King Henry VIII:*

" This is the ſtate of man: To-day he puts forth
" The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow bloſſoms,
" And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him,
" The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt;" &c.

MALONE.

[7] *The painful warrior famouſed for fight*
After a thouſand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,] The old copy reads—famouſed for *worth*, which not rhyming with the concluding word of the correſponding line, (*quite*) either one or the other muſt be corrupt. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Theobald, who likewiſe propoſed, if *worth* was retained, to read—razed *forth*.

" Is from the book of honour raſed quite," reminds us of Bolingbroke's enumeration of the wrongs done to him by King Richard II.

" From my own windows torn my houſhold coat,
" *Raz'd out my impreſs*, leaving me no ſign—
" To ſhew the world I am a gentleman."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

" —'tis not my meaning,
" To *raze* one title of your *honour* out." MALONE.

This ſtanza is not worth the labour that has been beſtowed on it. By tranſpoſition, however, the rhime may be recovered, without further change:

The painful warrior for worth *famouſed*,
After a thouſand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour quite *raſed*—
" My name be *blotted* from the *book of life*."

is a line in *King Richard II.* STEEVENS.

Why

Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
Thy merit hath my duty ſtrongly knit [8],
To thee I ſend this written embaſſage,
To witneſs duty, not to ſhow my wit [9]:
Duty ſo great, which wit ſo poor as mine
May make ſeem bare, in wanting words to ſhow it;
But that I hope ſome good conceit of thine
In thy ſoul's thought, all naked, will beſtow it:
Till whatſoever ſtar that guides my moving,
Points on me graciouſly with fair aſpect [1],

Why it ſhould not be worth while to correct this as well as any other manifeſt corruption in our authour's works, I confeſs, I do not comprehend. Neither much labour, nor many words, have been employed upon it. MALONE.

[8] *Lord of my love, to whom in* vaſſalage,
Thy merit hath my duty ſtrongly knit;] So, in *Macbeth*:
" —Lay your highneſs'
" Command upon me; to the which my *duties*
" Are with a moſt *indiſſoluble tye*
" For ever *knit*." STEEVENS.

Again, in the ſame play:
" —Your highneſs' part
" Is to receive our duty, and our *duties*
" Are to your throne and ſtate children and *ſervants*.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" To make you brothers, and to *knit* your hearts
" With an unſlipping knot.

Again, in *Othello*: " I have profeſs'd myſelf thy friend, and I confeſs me *knit* to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs." MALONE.

[9] *Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage*
Thy merit *hath my* duty *ſtrongly* knit,
To thee I ſend this written embaſſage,
To witneſs duty, not to ſhew my wit:] So, in the Dedication of *The Rape of Lucrece*: " *The warrant I have of your honourable diſpoſition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines*, makes it aſſured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my *duty* ſhould ſhow greater; meantime, as it is, it is *bound* to your lordſhip." C.

[1] *Till* whatſoever ſtar that guides *my moving*,
Points on me graciouſly with fair aſpect,] So, in *Coriolanus*:

" As

And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To ſhow me worthy of thy ſweet reſpect [2]:
Then may I dare to boaſt how I do love thee;
Till then, not ſhow my head where thou may'ſt prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haſte me to my bed,
The dear repoſe for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd;
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide) [3]
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkneſs which the blind do ſee:
Save that my ſoul's imaginary ſight
Preſents thy ſhadow to my ſightleſs view [4],
Which, like a jewel hung in ghaſtly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new [5].

Lo

" As if that *whatſoever God who leads him*,
" Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
" *And gave him graceful poſture.*" C.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——he hath fought to-day,
" As if a *god* in hate of mankind had
" Deſtroy'd in ſuch a ſhape." MALONE.

2 *To ſhow me worthy of* thy *ſweet reſpect*:] The old copy has
—of *their* ſweet reſpect.
It is evidently a miſprint. For the correction I am anſwerable. The ſame miſtake has ſeveral times happened in theſe Sonnets, owing probably to abbreviations having been formerly uſed for the words *their* and *thy*, ſo nearly reſembling each other as not to be eaſily diſtinguiſhed. I have obſerved the ſame error in ſome of the old Engliſh plays. MALONE.

3 *For then my thoughts* (from far *where I abide*) We might better read:
—*far from* where I abide)
The old reading is, however, ſenſe. For then my thoughts, ſetting out from my place of reſidence, which is far diſtant from thee, intend, &c. MALONE.

4 *Preſents* thy *ſhadow to my ſightleſs view*,] The quarto reads corruptly; Preſents *their* ſhadow—. See n. 2. MALONE.

5 *Which, like a* jewel *hung in ghaſtly* night,
Makes black night beauteous, *and her old face new*.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Her

Lo thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myſelf, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of reſt?
When day's oppreſſion is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppreſs'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in conſent ſhake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to pleaſe him, thou art bright,
And doſt him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the ſwart-complexion'd night [6];
When ſparkling ſtars twire not, thou gild'ſt the even [7].

" Her *beauty* hangs upon the *cheek* of *night*,
" Like a rich *jewel* in an Æthiop's ear." MALONE.

[6] —ſwart-*complexion'd night*;—] *Swart* is *dark*, approaching to black. So in *King Henry VI.* P. I.

" And where I was black and *ſwart* before,—"

The word is common in the North of England. MALONE.

[7] *When ſparkling ſtars* twire *not*, *thou* gild'ſt *the even.*] The quarto reads corruptedly: " —thou *guil'ſt* the even.

Gild'ſt was formerly written—*guild'ſt*.—Perhaps we ſhould read:

When ſparkling ſtars *twirl* not—. MALONE.

The word *twire* occurs in *Chaucer*. See *Boethius*, B. III. met. 2: " The bird *twireth*, deſiring the wode with her ſwete voice." *Twireth* (ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt) ſeems to be the tranſlation of *ſuſurrat*. In *The Merchant of Venice*, our author, ſpeaking of the *ſtars*, has the following paſſage:

" —Look how the floor of heaven
" Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold:
" There's not the ſmalleſt *orb* which thou behold'ſt,
" But in his motion like an angel *ſings*,
" Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubins."

Twire may perhaps have the ſame ſignification as *quire*. The poet's meaning will then amount to this:—*When the ſparkling ſtars ſing not in concert*, (as when they all appear he ſuppoſes them to do,) *thou mak'ſt the evening bright and cheerful.*

Still, however, *twire* may be a corruption. If it is, we may read *twink* for *twinkle*. Thus, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

" That in a *twink* ſhe won me to her love."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" At

But day doth daily draw my ſorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length ſeem ſtronger [8].

XXIX.

When in diſgrace with fortune and men's eyes [9],
I all alone beweep my out-caſt ſtate,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootleſs cries,
And look upon myſelf, and curſe my fate,
Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends poſſeſs'd,
Deſiring this man's art, and that man's ſcope,
With what I moſt enjoy contented leaſt;
Yet in theſe thoughts myſelf almoſt deſpiſing,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my ſtate
(Like to the lark at break of day ariſing
From ſullen earth) ſings hymns at heaven's gate [1]:

For

"At firſt I did adore a *twinkling* ſtar."
So much for gueſs-work. STEEVENS.

A paſſage in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece* may add ſome ſupport to Mr. Steevens's conjecture:

"Her [Diana's] *twinkling* handmaids too, by him defil'd"—.
But I believe the original reading is the true one. MALONE.

[8] *But day doth daily draw my ſorrows longer,*
And night doth nightly make grief's length ſeem ſtronger.] An anonymous correſpondent, whoſe favours are diſtinguiſh'd by the letter C, propoſes to make the two concluding words of this couplet change places. But I believe the old copy to be right. *Stronger* cannot well apply to *drawn out* or protracted *ſorrow*. The poet, in the firſt line, ſeems to allude to the operation of ſpinning. The day at each return draws out my ſorrow to an immeaſurable length, and every revolving night renders my protracted grief ſtill more intenſe and painful. MALONE.

[9] *When in diſgrace with fortune and men's eyes*, &c.] Theſe nervous and animated lines, in which ſuch an aſſemblage of thoughts, cloathed in the moſt glowing expreſſions, is compreſſed into the narrow compaſs of fourteen lines, might I think have ſaved the whole of this collection from the general and indiſcriminate cenſure thrown out againſt them in p. 6. n. 5. MALONE.

[1] ——*and then my ſtate*
(*Like to the lark at break of day ariſing*
From ſullen earth) *ſings hymns at heaven's gate*;] The ſame image is preſented in *Cymbeline*:

"Hark!

For thy ſweet love remember'd, ſuch wealth brings,
That then I ſcorn to change my ſtate with kings.

XXX.

When to the ſeſſions of ſweet ſilent thought
I ſummon up remembrance of things paſt *,
I ſigh the lack of many a thing I ſought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waſte:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow [2],
For precious friends hid in death's dateleſs night [3],
And weep afreſh love's long-ſince cancel'd woe,
And moan the expence of many a vaniſh'd ſight [4].

Then

" Hark! hark! the *lark* at *heaven's gate ſings*,
" And Phœbus 'gins to riſe."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —the *lark* whoſe notes do *beat*
" The vaulty *heavens* ſo high above our heads."

Perhaps, as Mr. Reed has obſerved, Shakſpeare remembered Lilly's *Compaſpe*, printed in 1584:

" —who is't now we hear?
" None but the *lark* ſo ſhrill and clear;
" How at *heaven's gate* ſhe claps her wings,
" The morn not waking till ſhe ſings."

Milton certainly had Shakſpeare in his thoughts, when he wrote—

" ——ye *birds*,
" That *ſinging up to heaven's gate aſcend*." *Par. Loſt.* B. I.

MALONE.

* *When to the* ſeſſions *of ſweet ſilent* thought
I ſummon up remembrance of things paſt, &c.] So, in *Othello*:

" —who has a breaſt ſo pure,
" But ſome uncleanly *apprehenſions*
" Keep leets and law-days, and in *ſeſſion* ſit
" With *meditations* lawful?" MALONE.

[2] *Then can I drown an* eye, unus'd to flow,] So, in *Othello*:

" ——whoſe ſubdu'd *eyes*,
" Albeit *unuſed to the melting mood*,
" Drop tears as faſt as the Arabian trees
" Their med'cinable gum." MALONE.

[3] —in *death's* dateleſs *night*,] Shakſpeare generally uſes the word *dateleſs* for *endleſs*; having no certain time of *expiration*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" ——ſeal with a righteous kiſs
" A *dateleſs* bargain to engroſſing death." MALONE.

[4] *And mourn the expence of many a vaniſh'd* ſight.] *Sight* ſeems to be here uſed for *ſigh*, by the ſame licence which Shakſpeare has already employed in his *Rape of Lucrece*; writing *bild* inſtead of *held*,

than

Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The ſad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not pay'd before 5.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All loſſes are reſtor'd, and ſorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy boſom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have ſuppoſed dead;

And

than inſtead of *then*, &c. and which Spenſer takes throughout his great poem; where we have *adore* for *adorn*, *ſterve* for *ſtarve*, *ſkyen* for *ſky*, &c. He has in his *Faery Queene*, B. VI. c. xi. taken the ſame liberty with the word now before us, employing *ſight*, in the paſt tenſe of the verb to *ſigh*, inſtead of *ſigh'd*.

" —his hart, for very fell *deſpight*,
" And his own fleſh he ready was to teare;
" He chauf'd, he griev'd, he fretted, and he *ſight*."

Again, in his *Colin Clout's come home again*:

" For one alone he car'd, for one he *ſight*,
" His life's deſire, and his dear love's delight."

The ſubſtantive *ſigh* was in our authour's time pronounced ſo hard, that in one of the old copies of *King Henry IV.* P. I. either the folio 1623, or the quarto 1600, we have—

" ——and with
" A riſing *ſight* he wiſheth you in heaven."

At preſent the *vulgar* pronunciation of the word is *ſighth*.

The poet has juſt ſaid that he "*ſigh'd* the lack of many a thing he ſought."—By the word *expence* Shakſpeare alludes to an old notion that *ſighing* was prejudicial to health. So, in one of the parts of *K. Henry VI.* we have " blood-*conſuming ſighs*." Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" Do not *conſume* your blood with *ſorrowing*." MALONE.

Such laboured perplexities of language, and ſuch ſtudied deformities of ſtyle, prevail throughout theſe Sonnets, that the reader (after our beſt endeavours at explanation) will frequently find reaſon to exclaim with Imogen:

" I ſee before me neither here, nor here,
" Nor what enſues; but have a fog in them
" That I cannot look through."

I ſuppoſe, however, that by the *expence of many a vaniſh'd ſight*, the poet means, the *loſs of many an object*, which, being " gone hence, *is no more ſeen*." STEEVENS.

5 *Which I* new pay *as if not pay'd* before,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —which I will be *ever to pay*, and yet *pay* ſtill." STEEVENS.

Again,

And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all thoſe friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obſequious tear [6]
Hath dear religious love ſtolen from mine eye,
As intereſt of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie [7]!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) haſt all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou ſurvive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with duſt ſhall cover;
And ſhalt by fortune once more re-ſurvey
Theſe poor rude lines of thy deceaſed lover [8],

Compare

Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

" —Which I will ever *pay*, and *pay* again,
" When I have found it." MALONE.

[6] *How many a holy and* obſequious *tear*] *Obſequious* is *funereal*. So, in *Hamlet:*

" To do *obſequious ſorrow*." MALONE.

[7] —*that hidden in* thee *lie!*] The old copy has—in *there*. The next line ſhows clearly that it is corrupt. MALONE.

[8] —*of thy deceaſed* lover,] The numerous expreſſions of this kind in theſe Sonnets, as well as the general tenour of the greater part of them, cannot but appear ſtrange to a modern reader. In juſtice therefore to our authour it is proper to obſerve, that ſuch addreſſes to men were common in Shakſpeare's time, and were not thought indecorous. That age ſeems to have been very indelicate and groſs in many other particulars beſides this, but they certainly did not think themſelves ſo. Nothing can prove more ſtrongly the different notions which they entertained on ſubjects of decorum from thoſe which prevail at preſent, than the elogiums which were pronounced on Fletcher's plays for the *chaſtity* of their language; thoſe very plays, which are now baniſhed from the ſtage for their *licentiouſneſs* and *obſcenity*.

We have many examples in our authour's plays of the expreſſion uſed in the Sonnet before us, and afterwards frequently repeated. Thus, alſo, in *Coriolanus:*

" —I tell thee fellow,
" Thy general is my *lover*."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, *Ulyſſes* ſays,

" Farewell

Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be out-ſtripp'd by every pen,
Reſerve them for my love, not for their rhyme [9],
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchſafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's muſe grown with this growing age [1],
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But ſince he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their ſtyle I'll read, his for his love.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I ſeen
Flatter the mountain tops with ſovereign eye [2],
Kiſſing

"Farewell, my lord; I as your *lover* ſpeak."

So alſo the ſoothſayer in *Julius Cæſar* concludes his friendly admonition to the dictator with the words:—"Thy *lover*, Artemidorus."

So, in one of the Pſalms: "My *lovers* and friends haſt thou put away from me, and hid mine acquaintance out of my ſight."

In like manner Ben Jonſon concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne by telling him that he is his "ever true *lover*," and Drayton in a letter to Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, informs him that Mr. Joſeph Davies is *in love* with him.

Mr. Warton, in confirmation of what has been now advanced, obſerves in his HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY, that "in the reign of Queen Elizabeth whole ſets of Sonnets were written with this ſort of attachment. He particularly mentions *The Affectionate Shepherd* of Richard Barnefielde, printed in 1595. MALONE.

9 Reſerve *them for my love, not for their rhyme,*] *Reſerve* is the ſame as *preſerve*. So, in *Pericles*:

"*Reſerve* that excellent complexion,—." MALONE.

1 *Had my friend's muſe grown with this growing age,*] We may hence, as well as from other circumſtances, infer, that theſe were among our authour's earlieſt compoſitions. MALONE.

2 *Full many a glorious* morning *have I ſeen,*
Flatter the mountain tops *with ſovereign eye,*
Kiſſing with golden face—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund *day*
"Stands tiptoe on the miſty *mountains' tops*."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſilver breaſt
"The *ſun* ariſeth in his majeſty;
"Who doth the world ſo glorioufly behold,
"The cedar *tops and hills* ſeem burniſh'd *gold*." MALONE.

Kiſſing with golden face the meadows green [3],
Gilding pale ſtreams with heavenly alchymy [4];
Anon permit the baſeſt clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celeſtial face [5],
And from the forlorn world his viſage hide,
Stealing unſeen to weſt with this diſgrace [6]:
Even ſo my ſun one early morn did ſhine,
With all triumphant ſplendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud [7] hath maſk'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit diſdaineth;
Suns of the world may ſtain *, when heaven's ſun ſtaineth,

[3] Kiſſing *with golden face*, &c.] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
" Didſt thou never ſee Titan *kiſs* a diſh of butter?" STEEVENS.

[4] —*with heavenly* alchymy;] So, in *King John:*
" ——the glorious *ſun*
" Stays in his courſe, and plays the *alchymiſt.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *With ugly* rack *on his celeſtial face,*] *Rack* is the fleeting motion of the clouds. The word is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" That which is now a horſe, even with a thought
" The *rack* diſlimns."
Again, in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdeſs:*
" ——ſhall I ſtray
" In the middle air, and ſtay
" The ſailing *rack*—." MALONE.

Anon permit *the* baſeſt clouds *to ride*
With ugly *rack on his* celeſtial *face,*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
" ——herein will I imitate the *ſun*;
" Who doth *permit* the *baſe* contagious *clouds*
" To ſmother up his *beauty* from the world,
" That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
" Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
" By breaking through the foul and *ugly* miſts
" Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him." C.

[6] *Stealing unſeen to* weſt *with this diſgrace:*] The article *the* may have been omitted through neceſſity; yet I believe our author wrote, to *reſt.* STEEVENS.

[7] *The* region *cloud*—] i. e. the clouds of this *region* or country. So, in *Hamlet:*
" I ſhould have fatted all the *region* kites
" With this ſlave's offal." STEEVENS.

* —*may* ſtain,] *Stain* is here uſed as a verb neuter. MALONE.

XXXIV.

Why didſt thou promiſe ſuch a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let baſe clouds o'er-take me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten ſmoke [8] ?
'Tis not enough that through the clould thou break,
To dry the rain on my ſtorm-beaten face,
For no man well of ſuch a ſalve can ſpeak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the diſgrace:
Nor can thy ſhame give phyſick to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have ſtill the loſs:
The offender's ſorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the ſtrong offence's croſs [9].
Ah! but thoſe tears are pearl, which thy love ſheds,
And they are rich, and ranſom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou haſt done:
Roſes have thorns, and ſilver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipſes ſtain both moon and ſun,
And loathſome canker lives in ſweeteſt bud,
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy treſpaſs with compare;
Myſelf corrupting ſalving thy amiſs [1],
Excuſing thy ſins more than thy ſins are [2]:

For

[8] —*their* rotten *ſmoke ?*] So, in *Coriolanus:*

" —the reek o' the *rotten* fens." STEEVENS.

[9] *To him that bears the ſtrong offence's* croſs.] The old copy, by a manifeſt error of the preſs, reads *loſs* here, as well as in the corresponding line. The word now ſubſtituted is uſed by our authour (in the ſenſe required here) in the 42d Sonnet:

" And both for my ſake lay on me this *croſs.*"

Again, in *As you Like it:* " If I ſhould bear you, I ſhould bear no *croſs.*" MALONE.

[1] —*ſalving thy* amiſs,] That is, thy miſbehaviour. So, in *Hamlet:*

" Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great *amiſs.*" MALONE.

[2] *Excuſing* thy *ſins more than* thy *ſins are:*] The old copy here alſo has *their* twice, inſtead of *thy.* The latter words of this line, which ever reading we adopt, are not very intelligible. MALONE.

Excuſing thy ſins more than thy ſins are, I believe, means only this: —*Making the excuſe more than proportioned to the offence.* STEEVENS.

For to thy ſenſual fault I bring in ſenſe 3,
(Thy adverſe party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainſt myſelf a lawful plea commence;
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an acceſſary needs muſt be
To that ſweet thief, which ſourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

3 *For to thy ſenſual fault I bring* in ſenſe,] Thus the quarto. The line appears to me unintelligible. Might we read:

For to thy ſenſual fault I bring *incénſe*—

A jingle was evidently intended; but if this word was occaſionally accented on the laſt ſyllable, (as perhaps it might formerly have been,) it would afford it as well as the reading of the old copy. Many words that are now accented on an early ſyllable, had formerly their accent on one more remote. Thus, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" It ſtands as an edíct in deſtiny."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" Did ſlay this Fortinbras, who by a ſeal'd compáct—"

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" This is the hand, which with a vow'd contráct,—"

Again, in *King Henry V*:

" 'Tis no ſiníſter, nor no aukward claim—"

Again, in *Locrine*, a tragedy, 1595:

" Nor my exíle can move you to revenge."

Again, in our authour's 50th *Sonnet*:

" As if by ſome inſtínct the wretch did find."

Again, in the 128th *Sonnet*:

" Do I envy thoſe jacks that nimble leap—"

Again in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" With pure aſpécts did him peculiar duties."

Again, ibid:

" If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outráge."

Again, ibid:

" But her fore-ſíght could not foreſtall their will."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" Peaceful commérce from dividable ſhores."

Dryden has concluded a line with the ſame word, which to our ears ſounds as oddly as *incénſe* would:

" Inſtructed ſhips ſhall ſail to quick commérce." MALONE.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. The paſſage, diveſted of its jingle, ſeems deſigned to expreſs this meaning.—*Towards thy exculpation, I bring in the aid of my ſoundeſt faculties, my keeneſt perception, my utmoſt ſtrength of reaſon, my* ſenſe.

I think I can venture to affirm that no Engliſh writer, either ancient or modern, ſerious or burleſque, ever accented the ſubſtantive *incenſe* on the laſt ſyllable. STEEVENS.

XXXVI.

Let me confeſs that we two muſt be twain *,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So ſhall thoſe blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one reſpect,
Though in our lives a ſeparable ſpite [4],
Which though it alter not love's ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteal ſweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Leſt my bewailed guilt ſhould do thee ſhame;
Nor thou with publick kindneſs honour me,
Unleſs thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decripit father takes delight
To ſee his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's deareſt ſpite [5],
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;

For

* —*that we* two *muſt be* twain,] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "ſhe'll none of him; *they two are twain*." MALONE.

4 *Though in our lives a* ſeparable ſpite,] A cruel fate, that *ſpitefully ſeparates* us from each other. *Separable* for *ſeparating*. MALONE.

5 *So I, made lame by fortune's* deareſt *ſpite*,] *Deareſt* is *moſt operative*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"'Would I had met my *deareſt* foe in heaven:

A late editor, grounding himſelf on this line, and another in the 89th Sonnet,

"Speak of my *lameneſs*, and I ſtraight will halt,—"

conjectured that Shakſpeare was literally lame: but the expreſſion appears to have been only figurative. So again, in *Coriolanus*:

"—I cannot help it now,
"Unleſs by uſing means I *lame* the foot
"Of our deſign."

Again, in *As you Like it*:

"Which I did ſtore to be my foſter-nurſe,
"When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie *lame*."

In the 89th Sonnet the poet ſpeaks of his friend's imputing a fault to him of which he was not guilty, and yet, he ſays, he would acknowledge

For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of theſe all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned ſit [6],
I make my love engrafted to this ſtore:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor deſpiſed,
Whilſt that this ſhadow doth ſuch ſubſtance give,
That I in thy abundance am ſuffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is beſt, that beſt I wiſh in thee;
This wiſh I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muſe want ſubject to invent,
While thou doſt breathe, that pour'ſt into my verſe
Thine

ledge it: ſo, (he adds,) were he to be deſcribed as lame, however untruly, yet rather than his friend ſhould appear in the wrong, he would immediately halt.

If Shakſpeare was in truth lame, he had it not in his power to *halt occaſionally* for this or any other purpoſe. The defect muſt have been fixed and permanent.

The context in the verſes before us in like manner refutes this notion. If the words are to be underſtood literally, we muſt then ſuppoſe that our admired poet was alſo *poor* and *deſpiſed*, for neither of which ſuppoſitions there is the ſmalleſt ground. MALONE.

—made lame *by* fortune's *deareſt ſpite*,] So, in *King Lear*:

" A moſt poor man, *made tame* to *fortune's* blows." STEEV.

[6] *Entitled in thy parts do* crowned *ſit*,] This is a favourite expreſſion of Shakſpeare. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" And on thy eylids *crown* the god of ſleep."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

" It yields a very echo to the ſeat
" Where love is *throned*,"

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are *crown'd*,
" That I account them bleſſings."

Entitled means, I think, *ennobled*. The old copy reads,—in *their* parts. The ſame errour, as has been already obſerved, has happened in many other places. MALONE.

Entitled in thy parts—] So, with equal obſcurity, in *The Rape of Lucrece*;

" But beauty, *in that white intituled*,
" From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field."

I ſuppoſe he means, that beauty *takes its title* from that fairneſs or white. STEEVENS.

Thine own ſweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearſe?
O, give thyſelf the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy peruſal, ſtand againſt thy ſight;
For who's ſo dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyſelf doſt give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muſe, ten times more in worth
Than thoſe old nine, which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my ſlight muſe do pleaſe theſe curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine ſhall be the praiſe.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I ſing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praiſe to mine own ſelf bring?
And what is't but mine own, when I praiſe thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love loſe name of ſingle one;
That by this ſeparation I may give
That due to thee which thou deſerv'ſt alone.
O abſence, what a torment would'ſt thou prove,
Were it not thy ſour leiſure gave ſweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts ſo ſweetly doth deceive[7],)

And

7 *(Which time and* thoughts *ſo ſweetly* doth *deceive,)*] Which, viz. *entertaining the time with thoughts of love*, doth ſo agreeably beguile the tedioufneſs of abſence from thoſe we love, and the melancholy which that abſence occaſions. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" A ſummer day will ſeem an hour but ſhort,
" Being waſted in ſuch *time-beguiling* ſport."

Thought in ancient language meant *melancholy*.

The poet, it is obſervable, has here uſed the Latin idiom, probably without knowing it:

Jam vino quærens, jam ſomno *fallere curam*.

The old copy reads:

Which time and thoughts ſo ſweetly *doſt* deceive.

but there is nothing to which *doſt* can refer. The change being ſo ſmall, I have placed *doth* in the text, which affords an eaſy ſenſe.

MALONE.

And that thou teacheſt how to make one twain,
By praiſing him here, who doth hence remain[8].

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What haſt thou then more than thou hadſt before?
No love, my love, that thou may'ſt true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou had'ſt this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receiveſt,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou uſeſt[9];
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyſelf deceiveſt[1]
By wilful taſte of what thyſelf refuſeſt.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou ſteal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Laſcivious grace, in whom all ill well ſhows,
Kill me with ſpites; yet we muſt not be foes.

XLI.

Thoſe pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am ſometime abſent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For ſtill temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be aſſail'd[2];

And

[8] —*how to make one twain,*
By praiſing him here, who doth hence remain.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
" That thou, reſiding here, go'ſt yet with me,
" And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee." STEEV.

[9] —for *my love thou uſeſt*;] *For* has here the ſignification of *becauſe.* MALONE.

[1] *But yet be blam'd, if thou thyſelf deceiv'ſt*] The quarto reads—if thou *this* ſelf deceiveſt. It is evidently corrupt. MALONE.

[2] *Gentle thou art, and therefore to be* won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be aſſail'd;] So, in the firſt Part of *King Henry VI.*

" She's *beautiful*, and therefore to be *woo'd*;
" She is a woman, therefore to be *won.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Two gentlemen of Verona:*

" That

And when a woman wooes, what woman's ſon
Will ſourly leave her till ſhe have prevail'd[3].
Ah me! but yet thou might'ſt, my ſweet, forbear[4],
And chide thy beauty and thy ſtraying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beauty being falſe to me.

XLII.

That thou haſt her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be ſaid I lov'd her dearly;
That ſhe hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loſs in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuſe ye:—
Thou doſt love her, becauſe thou know'ſt I love her;
And for my ſake even ſo doth ſhe abuſe me,
Suffering my friend for my ſake to approve her.

If

" That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
" If with his tongue he cannot 'win a woman." MALONE.

3 —*till* ſhe *have prevail'd.*] The quarto reads:—till *he* have prevail'd. But the lady, and not the man, being in this caſe ſuppoſed the wooer, the poet without doubt wrote:
—till *ſhe* have prevail'd.
The emendation was propoſed to me by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

4 —*but yet thou might'ſt*, my ſweet, *forbear*,] The old copy reads—thou might'ſt my *ſeat* forbear. The context proves it to have been a corruption: for the emendation I am reſponſible. So, in another Sonnet:
" —in my ſight,
" *Dear heart*, *forbear* to glance thine eye aſide."
Again, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint:*
" But O, *my ſweet*, what labour is't to leave," &c.
Again, in *Othello:*
" The ſooner, *ſweet*, for you."
Again, in *the Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
" *Pro.* Except my miſtreſs.
" *Val. Sweet*, except not any."
Here a man is addreſſed by a man.
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*
" *Sweet*, rouſe yourſelf."
Patroclus is the ſpeaker, and Achilles the perſon addreſſed.
MALONE.

If I loſe thee, my loſs is my love's gain[5],
And loſing her my friend hath found that loſs;
Both find each other, and I loſe both twain,
And both for my ſake lay on me this croſs:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then ſhe loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When moſt I wink, then do mine eyes beſt ſee,
For all the day they view things unreſpected[6];
But when I ſleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whoſe ſhadow ſhadows doth make bright,
How would thy ſhadow's form form happy ſhow
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unſeeing eyes thy ſhade ſhines ſo?
How would (I ſay) mine eyes be bleſſed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect ſhade[7]
Through heavy ſleep on ſightleſs eyes doth ſtay?
All days are nights to ſee[8], till I ſee thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do ſhow thee me[9].

XLIV.

If the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Injurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way;

For

[5] *If I loſe thee, my loſs is my* love's *gain,*] If I loſe thee, my *miſtreſs* gains by my loſs. MALONE.

[6] —*things* unreſpected] Things unnoticed, unregarded. MALONE.

[7] —*thy fair imperfect ſhade*—] The old copy reads—*their*. The two words, it has been already obſerved, are frequently confounded in theſe Sonnets. MALONE.

[8] *All days are nights to* ſee,] We ſhould, perhaps, read:
All days are nights to *me*.
The compoſitor might have caught the word *ſee* from the end of the line. MALONE.

As, *fair to ſee* (an expreſſion which occurs in a hundred of our old ballads) ſignifies *fair to ſight*, ſo, all days *are nights to ſee*, means, all days *are gloomy to behold*, i. e. look like nights. STEEVENS.

[9] —*do ſhow* thee me.] That is, do ſhow thee *to* me. MALONE.

For then, deſpite of ſpace, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou doſt ſtay.
No matter then, although my foot did ſtand
Upon the fartheſt earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both ſea and land[1],
As ſoon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles, when thou art gone,
But that, ſo much of earth and water wrought[2],
I muſt attend time's leiſure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements ſo ſlow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, ſlight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The firſt my thought, the other my deſire,
Theſe preſent-abſent with ſwift motion ſlide.
For when theſe quicker elements are gone
In tender embaſſy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four[3], with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppreſs'd with melancholy;
Until life's compoſition be recur'd
By thoſe ſwift meſſengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, aſſur'd
Of thy fair health[4], recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I ſend them back again, and ſtraight grow ſad.

XLVI.

[1] —*can* jump *both ſea and land*,] *Jump* has here its common ſignification. In Shakſpeare it often ſignifies to *hazard*. This is its meaning in the well known paſſage in *Macbeth*:

"We'd *jump* the life to come." MALONE.

[2] —*ſo much of* earth and water wrought,] i. e. being ſo thoroughly compounded of theſe two ponderous elements. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—I am air and fire, my other *elements*
"I give to *baſer life*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry V*: "He is pure air and fire; and the *dull elements of earth and water* never appear in him." MALONE.

[3] *My life, being made of four*,—] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Does not our *life conſiſt of the four elements?*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Of* thy *fair health*,] The old copy has:—*their* fair health. MALONE.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war [5],
How to divide the conqueſt of thy ſight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's ſight would bar [6],
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him doſt lie,
(A cloſet never pierc'd with cryſtal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And ſays in him thy fair appearance lies [7].
To 'cide this title is impannelled [8]
A queſt of thoughts [9], all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety [1], and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart:

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famiſh'd for a look [2],
Or heart in love with ſighs himſelf doth ſmother,

With

[5] *Mine eye and heart are at a* mortal war.] So, in a paſſage in Golding's *Tranſlation of Ovid*, 1576, which our authour has imitated in *The Tempeſt*:

"Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal war* did ſet."

MALONE.

[6] —thy *picture's ſight would bar*,] Here alſo *their* was printed inſtead of *thy*. MALONE.

[7] —thy *fair appearance lies*.] The quarto has *their*. In this Sonnet this miſtake has happened four times. MALONE.

[8] *To* 'cide *this title is impannelled*—] To *'cide*, for to *decide*. The old copy reads—*ſide*. MALONE.

[9] *A* queſt *of thoughts*,—] An *inqueſt* or *jury*. So, in *King Richard III*:

"What lawful *queſt* have given their verdict up
"Unto the frowning judge?" MALONE.

[1] *The clear eye's* moiety,] *Moiety* in ancient language ſignifies any portion of a thing, though the whole may not be equally divided. MALONE.

[2] *When that mine eye is* famiſh'd for a look,] So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"While I at home *ſtarve for a* merry *look*." MALONE.

With my love's picture then my eye doth feaſt,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart *:
Another time mine eye is my heart's gueſt,
And in his thoughts of love doth ſhare a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love 3,
Thyſelf away art preſent 4 ſtill with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canſt move,
And I am ſtill with them, and they with thee;
Or, if they ſleep, thy picture in my ſight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under trueſt bars to thruſt;
That, to my uſe, it might unuſed ſtay
From hands of falſehood, in ſure wards of truſt!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,†
Moſt worthy comfort, now my greateſt grief,
Thou, beſt of deareſt, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any cheſt,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt 5,
From whence at pleaſure thou may'ſt come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be ſtolen, I fear,
For truth proves thieviſh for a prize ſo dear 6.

XLIX.

* —bids *my heart*:] i. e. invites my heart. MALONE.

3 *So, either by* thy *picture* or *my love*,] The modern editions read unintelligibly:

"So either by *the* picture *of* my love. MALONE.

4 *Thyſelf away* art *preſent*—] i. e. Thyſelf, *though* away, art preſent, &c. The old copy is here evidently corrupt. It reads—*are* inſtead of *art*. MALONE.

† *But thou to whom my* jewels *trifles are*,] We have the ſame alluſion in *King Richard II*:

"——Every tedious ſtride I make,
"Will but remember me what a deal of world
"I wander from the *jewels* that I love." MALONE.

5 *Within the gentle* cloſure *of my breaſt*,] So, in *K. Richard III*:

"Within the guilty *cloſure* of thy walls." STEEVENS.

6 *For truth proves* thieviſh for a prize ſo dear] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"*Rich preys* make rich men *thieves*." C.

XLIX.

Againſt that time, if ever that time come,
When I ſhall ſee thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath caſt his utmoſt ſum [7],
Call'd to that audit by advis'd reſpects;
Againſt that time, when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſs,
And ſcarcely greet me with that ſun, thine eye;
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity [8];
Againſt that time do I enſconce me here [9],
Within the knowledge of mine own deſert,
And this my hand againſt myſelf uprear,
To guard the lawful reaſons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou haſt the ſtrength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cauſe.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I ſeek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that eaſe and that repoſe to ſay,
Thus far the miles are meaſur'd from thy friend [1]!
The beaſt that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on [2], to bear that weight in me,

As

[7] Whenas *thy love hath caſt his utmoſt ſum,*] *Whenas*, in ancient language, was ſynonymous to *when*. MALONE.

[8] *When love, converted from the thing it was,*
Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity;] A ſentiment ſomewhat ſimilar, occurs in *Julius Cæſar*:
" When love begins to ſicken and decay,
" It uſeth an enforced ceremony." STEEVENS.

[9] —*do I* enſconce *me here,*] I fortify myſelf. A *ſconce* was a ſpecies of fortification. MALONE.

[1] *Thus far the miles are* meaſur'd from thy friend!] So, in one of our authour's plays:
" *Meaſuring* our *ſteps from* a departed *friend.*" STEEVENS.
See alſo the paſſage quoted on the other ſide, in n. *. MALONE.

[2] *Plods* dully *on,*—] The quarto reads—Plods *duly on*. The context ſupports the reading that I have ſubſtituted. So, in the next Sonnet, where the ſame thought is purſued:
" Thus can my love excuſe the ſlow offence
" Of my *dull* bearer." MALONE.

As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not ſpeed, being made from thee:
The bloody ſpur cannot provoke him on
That ſometimes anger thruſts into his hide;
Which heavily he anſwers with a groan,
More ſharp to me than ſpurring to his ſide;
For that ſame groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuſe the ſlow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I ſpeed:
From where thou art why ſhould I haſte me thence?
Till I return, of poſting is no need.
O, what excuſe will my poor beaſt then find,
When ſwift extremity can ſeem but ſlow[3]?
Then ſhould I ſpur, though mounted on the wind[4];
In winged ſpeed no motion ſhall I know:
Then can no horſe with my deſire keep pace;
Therefore deſire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull fleſh) in his firy race[5];
But love, for love, thus ſhall excuſe my jade;

Since

3 *When* ſwift *extremity can ſeem but* ſlow?] So, in *Macbeth*:
" The *ſwifteſt* wing of recompence is *ſlow*. STEEVENS.

4 *Then ſhould I ſpur, though* mounted on the wind;] So, in *Macbeth*:
" And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
" *Striding the blaſt*, or Heaven's cherubin, *hors'd*
" *Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air*,
" Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye."
It is likewiſe one of the employments of Ariel,
" To *run* upon the ſharp *wind* of the north."
Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.
" I, from the orient to the drooping weſt,
" Making *the wind my poſt-horſe*.—"
Again, in *Cymbeline*:
" ——whoſe breath
" *Rides* on the poſting *winds*" MALONE.

5 *Shall neigh (no dull fleſh) in his firy race;*] The expreſſion is here ſo uncouth, that I ſtrongly ſuſpect this line to be corrupt. Perhaps we ſhould read:
Shall neigh *to* dull fleſh, in his firy race.
Deſire, in the ardour of impatience, ſhall call to the ſluggiſh animal, (the horſe) to proceed with ſwifter motion. MALONE.

Perhaps

Since from thee going he went wilful-ſlow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whoſe bleſſed key
Can bring him to his ſweet up-locked treaſure,
The which he will not every hour ſurvey,
For blunting the fine point of ſeldom pleaſure[6].
Therefore are feaſts ſo ſolemn and ſo rare,
Since ſeldom coming, in the long year ſet,
Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are[7],
Or captain jewels in the carcanet[8].
So is the time that keeps you, as my cheſt,
Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,

To

Perhaps this paſſage is only obſcured by the aukward ſituation of the words *no dull fleſh*. The ſenſe may be this: "Therefore deſire, being *no dull* piece of horſe-*fleſh*, but compoſed of the moſt perfect love, ſhall neigh as he proceeds in his hot career." "A good piece of horſe-*fleſh*," is a term ſtill current in the ſtable. Such a profuſion of words, and only to tell us that our authour's paſſion was impetuous, though his horſe was ſlow! STEEVENS.

[6] For blunting *the fine point of ſeldom pleaſure*,] That is, for *fear of* blunting, &c.

Voluptates commendat rarior uſus. *Hor.* MALONE.

——*acieſque hebetatur* amori
Mutato toties. *Alicubi.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Therefore are* feaſts *ſo ſolemn and ſo rare,*
Since ſeldom coming, *in the long year ſet,*
Like ſtones of worth, &c.] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

"If all the year were playing *holidays*,
"To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
"But, when they *ſeldom come*, they wiſh'd-for come;
"And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents."

Again, *ibidem:*

"——my ſtate,
"*Seldom*, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a *feaſt*,
"And won by *rareneſs* much ſolemnity." MALONE.

——feaſts *ſo ſolemn and ſo rare*,] He means the four *feſtivals* of the year. STEEVENS.

[8] *Or* captain *jewels in the* carcanet.] Jewels of ſuperior worth. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"The aſs more *captain* than the lion, and the fellow
"Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge."

Again, in the 66th *Sonnet:*

"And captive Good attending *captain* Ill."

The carcanet was an ornament worn round the neck. MALONE.

To make ſome ſpecial inſtant ſpecial-bleſt[9],
By new unfolding his impriſon'd pride.
Bleſſed are you, whoſe worthineſs gives ſcope,
Being had, to triumph, being lacked to hope.

LIII.

What is your ſubſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange ſhadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one ſhade,
And you, but one, can every ſhadow lend.
Deſcribe Adonis, and the counterfeit[1]
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty ſet,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the ſpring and foiſon of the year[2];
The one doth ſhadow of your beauty ſhow,
The other as your bounty doth appear[3],
And you in every bleſſed ſhape we know.
In all external grace you have ſome part,
But you like none, none you, for conſtant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous ſeem,
By that ſweet ornament which truth doth give!

The

9 *Or as the wardrobe, which the* robe *doth hide,*
To make ſome ſpecial inſtant ſpecial bleſt,] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" Then did I keep my perſon freſh and new;
" My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
" Ne'er ſeen but wonder'd at. STEEVENS.

1 —*and the* counterfeit—] A *counterfeit*, it has been already obſerved, formerly ſignified a *portrait*. See p. 14. n. 8. MALONE.

2 *Speak of the ſpring, and* foizon *of the year*;] *Foizon* is plenty. The word is yet in common uſe in the North of England. MALONE.

3 *The other* as your bounty,—] The *foizon*, or plentiful ſeaſon, that is, the autumn, is the emblem of your bounty. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" How does my *bounteous* ſiſter [Ceres]?"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——For his *bounty*,
" There was no winter in't; an *autumn* 'twas,
" That grew the more by reaping." MALONE.

The roſe looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that ſweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roſes[4];
Hang on ſuch thorns, and play as wantonly
When ſummer's breath their maſked buds diſcloſes[5];
But, for their virtue[6] only is their ſhow,
They live unwoo'd, and unreſpected fade;
Die to themſelves; ſweet Roſes do not ſo;
Of their ſweet deaths are ſweeteſt odors made[7]:
And ſo of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that ſhall fade, my verſe diſtills your truth[8].

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments[9]
Of princes, ſhall outlive this powerful rhyme;

[4] *The* canker-blooms *have full as deep a dye.*
As the perfumed tincture of the roſes;] The *canker* is the *canker-roſe* or *dog-roſe*. The roſe and the canker are oppoſed in like manner in *Much ado about Nothing*: "I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge than a *roſe* in his grace." MALONE.

Shakſpeare had not yet begun to obſerve the productions of nature with accuracy, or his eyes would have convinced him that the *cynorhodon* is by no means of as deep a colour as the *roſe*. But what has truth or nature to do with Sonnets? STEEVENS.

[5] *When ſummer's breath their* maſked buds diſcloſes:] So, in *Hamlet*:
"The chariеſt maid is prodigal enough,
"If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
"Virtue itſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes:
"The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
"Too oft before their *buttons* be *diſcloſed*." MALONE.

[6] *But, for their virtue*—] *For* has here the ſignification of *becauſe*. So, in *Othello*:
"—haply *for* I am black." MALONE.

[7] —*Sweet* roſes *do not ſo;*
Of their ſweet deaths are ſweeteſt odours made:] The ſame image occurs in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
"——earthlier happy is the *roſe diſtill'd*,
"Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
"Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs." MALONE.

[8] —my *verſe diſtills your truth.*] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly:—*by* verſe diſtills your truth. MALONE.

[9] *Not marble, nor the gilded monuments*, &c.
Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique ſitu pyramidum altius. *Hor.*

This

But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
Than unſwept ſtone, beſmeared with ſluttiſh time[1].
When waſteful war ſhall ſtatues overturn,
And broils root out the work of maſonry,
Nor Mars his ſword nor war's quick fire ſhall burn
The living record of your memory[2],
'Gainſt death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praiſe ſhall ſtill find room
Even in the eyes of all poſterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom,
So, till the judgment that yourſelf ariſe,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not ſaid,
Thy edge ſhould blunter be than appetite;
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow ſharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulneſs,
To-morrow ſee again, and do not kill
The ſpirit of love with a perpetual dulneſs.
Let this ſad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the ſhore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that when they ſee
Return of love, more bleſt may be the view:
Or call it winter[3], which being full of care,
Make ſummer's welcome thrice more wiſh'd, more rare.

LVII.

This Sonnet furniſhes a very ſtrong confirmation of my interpretation of the words, "—a *paper* epitaph," in *K. Henry V:* MALONE.

1 *Than* unſwept ſtone, *beſmear'd with ſluttiſh time.*] So, in *All's Well that ends Well:*

"Where *duſt*, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
"Of honour'd bones indeed. MALONE.

2 *What waſteful war ſhall ſtatues overturn*, &c.]

Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas. *Ovid.* MALONE.

3 Or *call it winter*,] The old copy reads—*As* call it, &c. The emendation, which requires neither comment nor ſupport, was ſuggeſted to me by the late Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

LVII.

Being your ſlave, what ſhould I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your deſire?
I have no precious time at all to ſpend,
Nor ſervices to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour [4],
Whilſt I, my ſovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterneſs of abſence ſour,
When you have bid your ſervant once adieu;
Nor dare I queſtion with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs ſuppoſe;
But, like a ſad ſlave, ſtay and think of nought,
Save, where you are, how happy you make thoſe:
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me firſt your ſlave,
I ſhould in thought control your times of pleaſure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vaſſal, bound to ſtay your leiſure!
O, let me ſuffer (being at your beck)
The impriſon'd abſence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to ſufferance, bide each check [5],
Without accuſing you of injury.
Be where you liſt; your charter is ſo ſtrong,
That you yourſelf may privilege your time:
Do what you will [6], to you it doth belong
Yourſelf to pardon of ſelf-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting ſo be hell;
Not blame your pleaſure, be it ill or well.

[4] —*the* world-without-end *hour*,] The tedious hour, that ſeems as if it would never end. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" —a time, methinks, too ſhort
" To make a *world-without-end* bargain in."

i. e. an everlaſting bargain. This ſingular epithet our authour borrowed probably from our Liturgy. MALONE.

[5] *And patience*, tame to ſufferance, *bide each check*,] So, in *K. Lear*:

" A moſt poor man, *made tame* to *fortune's blows*." MALONE.

[6] Do *what you will*—] The quarto reads:—*To* what you will,—. There can, I think, be no doubt that *To* was a miſprint. MALONE.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiſs
The ſecond burthen of a former child;
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courſes of the ſun,
Show me your image in ſome antique book,
Since mind at firſt in character was done[7]!
That I might ſee what the old world could ſay
To this compoſed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they[8],
Or whether revolution be the ſame.
O! ſure I am, the wits of former days
To ſubject worſe than given admiring praiſe.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled ſhore,
So do our minutes haſten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In ſequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light[9],
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipſes 'gainſt his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound[1].

Time

7 Show me your image in ſome antique book,
Since mind at firſt in character was done!] Would that I could read a deſcription of you in the earlieſt manuſcript that appeared *after the firſt uſe of letters*. That this is the meaning appears clearly from the next line:
"That I might ſee what the old world could *ſay*."
Again: "—the *wits* of former days," &c.
We yet uſe the word *character* in the ſame ſenſe. MALONE.
This may allude to the ancient cuſtom of inſerting real portraits among the ornaments of illuminated manuſcripts, with inſcriptions under them. STEEVENS.

8 —*or* whe'r *better they*,] *Whe'r* for *whether*. The ſame abbreviation occurs in *Venus and Adonis*, and in *K. John*. MALONE.

9 —*Nativity once in the* main *of light*,] In the *great body* of light. So, the *main* of waters. MALONE.

1 *his gift* confound,] To *confound* in Shakſpeare's age generally meant to *deſtroy*. MALONE.

Time doth transfix the flouriſh ſet on youth [2],
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow [3];
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing ſtands but for his ſcythe to mow:
And yet, to times in hope, my verſe ſhall ſtand [4],
Praiſing thy worth, deſpite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image ſhould keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Doſt thou deſire my ſlumbers ſhould be broken,
While ſhadows, like to thee, do mock my ſight?
Is it thy ſpirit that thou ſend'ſt from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry;
To find out ſhames and idle hours in me,
The ſcope and tenour of thy jealouſy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not ſo great;
It is my love [5] that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my reſt defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy ſake:
For thee watch I, whilſt thou doſt wake elſewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

[2] *Time doth transfix the* flouriſh—] The external decoration. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Like painted trunks o'er-*flouriſh'd* by the devil."

MALONE.

[3] *And* delves *the* parallels *in beauty's brow;*] Renders what was before even and ſmooth, rough and uneven. So, in the ſecond *Sonnet:*

"When forty winters ſhall beſiege thy *brow*,
"And *dig* deep *trenches* in thy *beauty's* field."

Again, in the 19th Sonnet:

"———Swift-footed time,
"O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
"Nor draw no line there with thine antique pen."

Our authour uſes the word *parallel* in the ſame ſenſe in *Othello:*

"—How am I then a villain,
"To counſel Caſſio to this *parallel* courſe? MALONE.

[4] *And yet, to times* in hope, *my verſe ſhall* ſtand,] So, in *K. Rich. II:*

"Strong as a tower *in hope*, I ſay amen." STEEVENS.

[5] It is my *love*—] See p. 31. n. 1. MALONE.

LXII.

Sin of ſelf-love poſſeſſeth all mine eye,
And all my ſoul, and all my every part.
And for this ſin there is no remedy,
It is ſo grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face ſo gracious is as mine [6],
No ſhape ſo true, no truth of ſuch account;
And for myſelf mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths ſurmount.
But when my glaſs ſhows me myſelf indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity [7],
Mine own ſelf-love quite contrary I read,
Self ſo ſelf-loving were iniquity,
'Tis thee (myſelf) that for myſelf I praiſe,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Againſt my love ſhall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand cruſh'd and o'erworn [8];
When

[6] *Methinks no face ſo* gracious *is as mine,*] *Gracious* was frequently uſed by our authour and his contemporaries in the ſenſe of *beautiful.* So, in *King John:*

" There was not ſuch a *gracious* creature born." MALONE.

[7] Beated *and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,*] Thus the old copy. *Beated* was perhaps a miſprint for *'bated.* *'Bated* is properly *overthrown; laid low; abated;* from *abattre,* Fr. Hence (if this be the true reading) it is here uſed by our authour with his uſual licence, for *diſfigured*; reduced to a *lower* or worſe ſtate than before. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" With *'bated* breath and whiſpering humbleneſs,"

Again, in the 63d Sonnet:

" With time's injurious hand *cruſh'd* and o'erworn.

Beated however, the regular participle from the verb to *beat,* may be right. We had in a former Sonnet,—weather-*beaten* face. In *K. Henry V.* we find—*caſted,* and in *Macbeth—thruſted.* MALONE.

I think we ſhould read *blaſted.* So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" —every part about you *blaſted* with antiquity."

STEEVENS.

[8] *With time's injurious hand* cruſh'd *and o'erworn;*] The old copy reads *chruſht.* I ſuſpect that our authour wrote *fruſh'd,* a word that occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" I'll *fruſh* it, and unlock the rivets all."

Again,

When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's ſteepy night [9];
And all thoſe beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vaniſhing or vaniſh'd out of ſight,
Stealing away the treaſure of his ſpring;
For ſuch a time do I now fortify
Againſt confounding age's cruel knife,
That he ſhall never cut from memory
My ſweet love's beauty, though my lover's life [1]:
His beauty ſhall in theſe black lines be ſeen,
And they ſhall live, and he in them ſtill green.

LXIV.

When I have ſeen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud coſt of out-worn bury'd age;
When ſometime lofty towers I ſee down-ras'd,
And braſs eternal ſlave to mortal rage:

When

Again, Holinſhed in his *Deſcription of Ireland*: "When they are ſore *fruſht* with ſickneſs, or ſo farre withered with age." To ſay a thing is firſt *cruſh'd*, and then *over-worn*, is little better than to obſerve of a man, that he was firſt *killed*, and then *wounded*. STEEVENS.

To *fruſh* is to bruiſe or batter. See *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. vi. What then is obtained by the change? MALONE.

[9] —*when his youthful morn*
Hath travell'd on to age's ſteepy night;] So, in *K. Richard III.*:
" And turn my *infant morn* to *aged night*."
I once thought that the poet wrote—*ſleepy* night. But the word *travell'd* ſhows, I think, that the old copy is right, however incongruous the epithet *ſteepy* may appear. So, in the 7th *Sonnet*:
" Lo, in the *orient* when the *gracious light*
" Lifts up his burning head——
" And having climb'd the *ſteep*-up heavenly hill,
" Reſembling ſtrong *youth* in his middle age,—."
Theſe lines fully explain what the poet meant by the *ſteepy night* of age.
The ſame oppoſition is found in the 15th *Sonnet*:
" Then waſteful Time debateth with decay
" To change your *day* of *youth* to ſullied *night*."
Were it not for the antitheſis which was certainly intended between *morn* and *night*, we might read:
——to age's ſteepy *height*. MALONE.

[1] —*though my* lover's *life*:] See p. 31 n. 8. MALONE.

When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore [2],
And the firm ſoil win of the watery main,
Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate [3],
Or ſtate itſelf confounded to decay:
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come, and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot chooſe
But weep to have that which it fears to loſe.

LXV.

Since braſs, nor ſtone, nor earth, nor boundleſs ſea,
But ſad mortality o'er-ſways their power,
How with this rage ſhall beauty hold a plea [4],
Whoſe action is no ſtronger than a flower?
O, how ſhall ſummer's honey breath hold out
Againſt the wreckful ſiege of battering days [5],
When

2 ——*the hungry ocean gain*
Advantage *on the kingdom of the ſhore,*] So, Mortimer, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. ſpeaking of the Trent:
" —he bears his courſe, and runs me up
" With like *advantage* on the other ſide,
" Gelding the oppoſed continent as much." STEEVENS.

3 *When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain*
Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
And the firm ſoil win of the watery main,
Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate, &c.] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
" And ſee the revolution of the times
" Make mountains level, and the continent,
" Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt itſelf
" Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee
" The beachy girdle of the ocean
" Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
" And changes fill the cup of alteration
" With diverſe liquors!" C.

4 *How with* this *rage ſhall beauty hold a plea,*] Shakſpeare, I believe, wrote—with *his* rage,—i. e. with the rage of Mortality. MALONE.

5 —*the* ſiege *of battering days,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" —the *ſiege* of loving terms." STEEVENS.

When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtout,
Nor gates of ſteel ſo ſtrong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall time's beſt jewel from time's cheſt lie hid[6]?

[6] *O fearful meditation! where, alack,*
Shall time's beſt jewel from time's cheſt *lie hid?*] I once thought Shakſpeare might have written—from time's *queſt*, but am now convinced that the old reading is right. "Time's beſt jewel" is the perſon addreſſed, who, the authour feared, would not be able to eſcape the devaſtation of time, but would fall a prey, however beautiful, to his all-ſubduing power. So, in his 48th Sonnet:

"—*thou*, to whom my *jewels* trifles are,
"Thee have I not lock'd up in any *cheſt*,
"Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art."

This alluſion is a favourite one of Shakſpeare, for he has introduced it in ſeveral places. Thus again, in *K. Richard II.*

"A *jewel* in a ten-times-barr'd-up *cheſt*
"Is—a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"She wakes her heart by beating on her breaſt,
"And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
"Some purer *cheſt*, to cloſe ſo pure a mind."

Again, in *King John*:

"They found him dead, and thrown into the ſtreet,
"An empty *caſket*, where the *jewel* of life
"By ſome damn'd villain was robb'd away!"

A ſimilar conceit is found in an epitaph on Prince Henry, eldeſt ſon of King James I. written in 1613:

"Within this marble *caſket* lies
"A matchleſs *jewel* of rich price;
"Whom nature, in the world's diſdain,
"But ſhew'd, and then put up again."

The *cheſt of Time* is the repoſitory where he lays up the moſt rare and curious productions of nature; one of which the poet eſteemed his friend.

—vobis male ſit, male tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis. *Catul.* MALONE.

Time's *cheſt* is the repoſitory into which he is poetically ſuppoſed to throw thoſe things which he deſigns to be forgotten. Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"*Time* hath, my lord, a *wallet* at his back,
"Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

Again, in *Sonnet* LII:

"So is the *time* that keeps you, as my *cheſt*."

The thief, who evades purſuit, may be ſaid with propriety to *lie hid from juſtice*, or from *confinement*. STEEVENS.

Or what ſtrong hand can hold his ſwift foot back?
Or who his ſpoil of beauty can forbid [7]?
O none, unleſs this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may ſtill ſhine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all theſe, for reſtful death I cry [8],—
As, to behold deſert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And pureſt faith unhappily forſworn,
And gilded honour ſhamefully miſplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely ſtrumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controling ſkill,
And ſimple truth miſcall'd ſimplicity [9],
And captive good attending captain ill [1]:
Tir'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection ſhould he live,
And with his preſence grace impiety,
That ſin by him advantage ſhould atchieve,
And lace itſelf with his ſociety [2]?

Why

7 *Or who his ſpoil* of *beauty can forbid?*] The reading of the quarto—his ſpoil *or* beauty, is manifeſtly a miſprint. MALONE.

8 *Tir'd with all theſe*, &c.] Compare Hamlet's celebrated ſoliloquy with this Sonnet. C.

9 *And ſimple truth miſcall'd* ſimplicity,] *Simplicity* has here the ſignification of *folly*. MALONE.

1 *And captive good attending* captain *ill:*] So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" —the aſs more *captain* than the lion."

Again, in the 52d Sonnet:

" Like *captain* jewels in the carcanet. MALONE.

2 *And* lace *itſelf with his ſociety?*] i. e. embelliſh itſelf. So, in *Romeo and Juliet;*

" —what envious ſtreaks
" Do *lace* the ſevering clouds,—." STEEVENS.

Why ſhould falſe painting imitate his cheek,
And ſteal dead ſeeing of his living hue [3] ?
Why ſhould poor beauty indirectly ſeek
Roſes of ſhadow, ſince his roſe is true ?
Why ſhould he live, now nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to bluſh through lively veins ?
For ſhe hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains,
O, him ſhe ſtores, to ſhew what wealth ſhe had,
In days long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn [4],
When beauty liv'd and died, as flowers do now,
Before theſe baſtard ſigns of fair were borne [5],
Or durſt inhabit on a living brow ;
Before the golden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchres, were ſhorn away,
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head [6] ;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :

In

3 *And ſteal dead* ſeeing *of his living hue ?*] Dr. Farmer would read—*ſeeming*. MALONE.

4 —*the* map of days out-worn,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece :*

" Even ſo this *pattern of the worn-out age*
" Pawn'd honeſt looks—" MALONE.

5 *Before theſe baſtard ſigns of* fair *were borne,*] *Fair* was formerly uſed as a ſubſtantive, for *beauty*. MALONE.

6 *Before the* golden treſſes *of the dead,*
The right of ſepulchres, *were ſhorn away,*
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head ;] Our authour has again inveighed againſt this practice in *The Merchant of Venice :*

" So are thoſe criſped ſnaky *golden locks*,
" Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
" Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
" To be the dowry of a *ſecond head*,
" *The ſkull that bred them in the ſepulchre.*"

Again, in *Timon of Athens :*

" —thatch your poor thin *roofs*
" With *burdens of the dead.*"

So, in *Swetnam arraigned by women*, a comedy, 1620 :

" —She'll inſtruct them how
" ——————— to uſe,
" The myſteries, painting, curling, powd'ring,
" And with ſtrange *periwigs*, pin-knots, borderings,

To

In him thoſe holy antique hours are ſeen,
Without all ornament, itſelf, and true [7],
Making no ſummer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dreſs his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature ſtore,
To ſhow falſe art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Thoſe parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of heart can mend;
All tongues (the voice of ſouls) give thee that due [8],
Uttering bare truth, even ſo as foes commend.
Thine outward [9] thus with outward praiſe is crown'd;
But thoſe ſame tongues that give thee ſo thine own,
In other accents do this praiſe confound,
By ſeeing farther than the eye hath ſhown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in gueſs, they meaſure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flowers add the rank ſmell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy ſhow,
The ſolve is this [1],—that thou doſt common grow.

LXX.

" To deck them up, like to a vintner's buſh,
" For man to gaze at on a midſummer-night."

In our authour's time, the falſe hair uſually worn, perhaps in compliment to the queen, was of a ſandy colour. Hence the epithet *golden*. See Hentzner's Account of Queen Elizabeth. MALONE.

7 *Without all ornament*, itſelf, *and true*,] Surely we ought to read—*himſelf*, and true. In him the primitive ſimplicity of ancient times may be obſerved; in him, who ſcorns all aſcititious ornaments, who appears in his native genuine ſtate, [*himſelf* and true,] &c. MALONE.

8 *All tongues (the voice of ſouls) give thee that* due,] The quarto has —that *end*. For the preſent emendation (which the rhyme requires) the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. The letters that compoſe the word *due* were probably tranſpoſed at the preſs, and the *u* inverted. MALONE.

9 Thine *outward*—] The quarto reads—*Their*. MALONE.

1 *The* ſolve *is this*.—] This is the *ſolution*. The quarto reads:

The *ſolve* is this,—.

I have not found the word now placed in the text, in any authour; but have inſerted it rather than print what appears to me unintelligible. We meet with a ſimilar ſentiment in the 102d Sonnet:

" —ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight."

The

LXX.

That thou art blam'd ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is ſuſpect [2],
A crow that flies in heaven's ſweeteſt air.
So thou be good, ſlander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time [3];
For canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth love [4],
And thou preſent'ſt a pure unſtained prime.

Thou

The modern editions read: The *toil* is this—. MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read: The *ſole* isthis,—i. e. here the *only* explanation lies; this is *all*. STEEVENS.

[2] *The* ornament *of beauty is* ſuſpect,] *Suſpicion* or ſlander is a conſtant attendant on beauty, and adds new luſtre to it. *Suſpect* is uſed as a ſubſtantive in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

Again, by Middleton in *A Mad World my Maſters*, a comedy, 1608:

" And poize her words i' the ballance of *ſuſpect*." MALONE.

[3] Thy *worth the greater*, being woo'd of time;] The old copy here, as in many other places, reads corruptly—*Their* worth, &c.

I ſtrongly ſuſpect the latter words of this line alſo to be corrupt. What idea does *worth* woo'd of [that is, *by*] time, preſent?—Perhaps the poet means, that however ſlandered his friend may be at preſent, his *worth* ſhall be celebrated in all future time. MALONE.

Perhaps we are to diſentangle the tranſpoſition of the paſſage, thus: *So thou be good, ſlander, being woo'd of time, doth but approve thy worth the greater*, i. e. if you are virtuous, ſlander, being the favorite of the age, only ſtamps the ſtronger mark of approbation on your merit.

I have already ſhewn, on the authority of Ben Jonſon, that "*of time*" means, *of the* then *preſent one*. See note on *Hamlet*, Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Might we not read—being *wood of time?* taking *wood* for an epithet applied to *ſlander*, ſignifying *frantic*, doing miſchief at random. Shakſpeare often uſes this old word. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" Life-poiſoning peſtilence, and frenzies *wood*."

I am far from being ſatisfied with this conjecture, but can make no ſenſe of the words as they are printed. C.

[4] *For* canker *vice the* ſweeteſt buds *doth love*,] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" —As in *the ſweeteſt buds*
" The eating *canker* dwells, ſo eating love
" Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all." C.

Again, ibidem:

" ————as the moſt forward bud
" Is eaten by the *canker*, ere it blow,
" Even ſo by love the young and tender wit

" Is

Thou haſt paſs'd by the ambuſh of young days,
Either not aſſail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſo thy praiſe,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
If ſome ſuſpect [5] of ill maſk'd not thy ſhow,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts ſhould'ſt owe [6].

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you ſhall hear the ſurly ſullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled [7]
From this vile world, with vileſt worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you ſo,
That I in your ſweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe.
O if (I ſay) you look upon this verſe,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay [8],
Do not ſo much as my poor name rehearſe;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Leſt the wiſe world ſhould look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, leſt the world ſhould taſk you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you ſhould love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;

Unleſs

" Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the *bud*,
" Loſing his verdure even in the *prime*," &c. MALONE.

5 *If ſome* ſuſpect—] See p. 61. n. 2. MALONE.

6 —*ſhould'ſt* owe.] That is, ſhould *poſſeſs*. MALONE.

7 *Than you ſhall hear the ſurly* ſullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled—] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" ———and his tongue
" Sounds ever after as a *ſullen bell*,
" *Remember'd knolling a departed friend*." MALONE.

8 *When I perhaps* compounded *am* with clay,] *Compounded* is *mixed*, blended. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.
" Only *compound* me *with* forgotten *duſt*." MALONE.

Unleſs you would deviſe ſome virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own deſert,
And hang more praiſe upon deceaſed I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, leſt your true love may ſeem falſe in this,
That you for love ſpeak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to ſhame nor me nor you.
For I am ſham'd by that which I bring forth,
And ſo ſhould you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang [9]
Upon thoſe boughs which ſhake againſt the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang [1].

In

[9] *When* yellow leaves, &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:

" —my way of life
" Is fallen into the ſear, the *yellow leaf*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Bare* ruin'd choirs, *where late the ſweet birds ſang*. The quarto has—Bare *ren'w'd* quiers,—from which the reader muſt extract what meaning he can. The edition of our authour's poems in 1640, has—*ruin'd*.—*Quires* or *choirs* here means that part of cathedrals where divine ſervice is performed, to which, when uncovered and in ruins,

" A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,"

the poet compares the trees at the end of autumn, ſtripped of that foliage which at once invited and ſheltered the feathered ſongſters of ſummer; whom Ford, a contemporary and friend of our authour's, with an alluſion to the ſame kind of imagery, calls in his *Lover's Melancholy* " the *quireſters* of the woods." So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —Then was I as a tree,
" Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
" A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
" Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my *leaves*,
" And left me *bare to weather*."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as *leaves*
" Do on the oak, have with one winter's bruſh,
" Fallen from their boughs, and left me *open*, *bare*,
" *For ev'ry ſtorm that blows*." MALONE.

This image was probably ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare by our deſolated monaſteries. The reſemblance between the vaulting of a Gothick iſle, and an avenue of trees whoſe upper branches meet and form an arch over-head, is too ſtriking not to be acknowledged. When the roof of the one is ſhattered, and the boughs of the other leafleſs, the compariſon becomes yet more ſolemn and pictureſque. STEEVENS.

In me thou ſeeſt the twilight of ſuch day
As after ſun-ſet fadeth in the weſt;
Which by and by black night doth take away [2],
Death's ſecond ſelf, that ſeals up all in reſt.
In me thou ſeeſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
That on the aſhes of his youth doth lie [3];
As the death-bed whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd with that which it was nouriſh'd by.
This thou perceiv'ſt, which makes thy love more ſtrong,
To love that well which thou muſt leave ere long:

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arreſt
Without all bail ſhall carry me away [4],
My life hath in this line ſome intereſt,
Which for memorial ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.
When thou receiveſt this, thou doſt review
The very part was conſecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth [5], which is his due;
My ſpirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou haſt but loſt the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conqueſt of a wretch's knife,
Too baſe of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains [6].

LXXV.

[2] *Which by and by black night doth take away,*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"And by and by a cloud takes all away. STEEVENS.

[3] —*the* glowing *of ſuch fire,*
That on the aſhes *of his youth doth lie*;] Mr. Gray perhaps remembered theſe lines:

"Even in our *aſhes* glow their wanted *fires*." MALONE.

[4] ——*when that* fell arreſt
Without all bail ſhall carry me away,] So, in *Hamlet:*

"Had I but time, (as this *fell ſerjeant, death,*
"Is ſtrict in his *arreſt*,) O I could tell you,—
"But let it be." C.

[5] *The earth can have but earth,*—] Shakſpeare ſeems here to have had the burial ſervice in his thoughts. MALONE.

[6] —*and this with thee remains.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"And I hence fleeting, here *remain with thee*." STEEVENS.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as ſweet-ſeaſon'd ſhowers are to the ground:
And for the peace of you I hold ſuch ſtriſe [7]
As 'twixt a miſer and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will ſteal his treaſure;
Now counting beſt to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may ſee my pleaſure:
Sometime, all full with feaſting on your ſight,
And by and by clean ſtarved for a look [8];
Poſſeſſing or purſuing no delight,
Save what is had or muſt from you be took.
Thus do I pine and ſurfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away [9].

LXXVI.

Why is my verſe ſo barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aſide
To new-found methods and to compounds ſtrange?

Why

[7] *And for the peace of you I hold ſuch ſtriſe*—] The context ſeems to require that we ſhould rather read:

—*and for the peace of you*—or—*for the ſake* of you.

The ſuffering agitations deſcribed by the poet were not produced by a regard to the eaſe or quiet of his friend, but by the value he ſet on his eſteem: yet as there ſeems to have been an oppoſition intended between *peace* and *ſtriſe*, I do not ſuſpect any corruption in the text.

MALONE.

[8] —clean ſtarved *for a look*;] That is, *wholly* ſtarved. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"*Clean* from the purpoſe of the things themſelves."

MALONE.

So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"While I at home *ſtarve for a* merry *look*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Or gluttoning on all, or all away.*] That is, either feeding on various diſhes, or having nothing on my board,—*all* being *away*.

MALONE.

Perhaps *or all away*, may ſignify, *or away with all!* i. e. I either devour like a glutton what is within my reach, or *command all proviſions to be removed out of my ſight*. STEEVENS.

Why write I ſtill all one, ever the ſame,
And keep invention in a noted weed [1],
That every word doth almoſt tell my name [2];
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, ſweet love, I always write of you
And you and love are ſtill my argument;
So all my beſt is dreſſing old words new,
Spending again what is already ſpent:
For as the ſun is daily new and old,
So is my love ſtill telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glaſs will ſhow thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waſte;
The vacant leaves* thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'ſt thou taſte [3].

The

[1] —*in a* noted *weed*,] i. e. in a dreſs by which it is always *known*, as thoſe perſons are who always wear the ſame colours. STEEVENS.

[2] *That every word doth* almoſt tell *my name*;] The quarto has:—*fel* my name. MALONE.

* The *vacant leaves*—] Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*Theſe* vacant leaves. So afterwards: "Commit to *theſe* waſte blanks."
MALONE.

[3] *And of* this *book this learning may'ſt thou taſte.*] *This*, *their*, and *thy*, are ſo often confounded in theſe Sonnets, that it is only by attending to the context that we can diſcover which was the authour's word. In the preſent inſtance, inſtead of *this* book, ſhould we not read *thy* book? So, in the laſt line of this Sonnet:

"Theſe offices, ſo oft as thou wilt look,
"Shall profit thee, and much enrich *thy* book."

Probably this Sonnet was deſigned to accompany a preſent of a book conſiſting of blank paper. Were ſuch the caſe, the old reading (*this* book) may ſtand. Lord Orrery ſent a birth-day gift of the ſame kind to Swift, together with a copy of verſes of the ſame tendency. STEEVENS.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. We learn from the 122d Sonnet that Shakſpeare received a *table-book* from his friend.

In his age it was cuſtomary for all ranks of people to make preſents on the firſt day of the new year. Even Queen Elizabeth condeſcended to receive new-year's gifts from the lords and ladies of her court.
MALONE.

The wrinkles which thy glaſs will truly ſhow,
Of mouthed graves [4] will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's ſhady ſtealth mayſt know
Time's thieviſh progreſs [5] to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to theſe waſte blanks [6], and thou ſhalt find
Thoſe childern nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, ſo oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muſe,
And found ſuch fair aſſiſtance in my verſe,
As every alien pen hath got my uſe,
And under thee their poeſy diſperſe.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to ſing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly [7],
Have added feathers to the learned's wing [8],
And given grace a double majeſty.
Yet be moſt proud of that which I compile,
Whoſe influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou doſt but mend the ſtile,
And arts with thy ſweet graces graced be;

But

[4] *Of* mouthed *graves*—] That is, of *all-devouring* graves. Thus, in *King Richard III:*

" —in the *ſwallowing* gulph
" Of dark forgetfulneſs and deep oblivion."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" What is thy body but a *ſwallowing grave!*" MALONE.

[5] *Time's thieviſh* progreſs—] So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
" Hath told the *thieviſh minutes* how they paſs."

Milton in one of his Sonnets has imitated our authour:

" How ſoon hath *time*, that ſubtle *thief*," &c. MALONE.

[6] —*to theſe waſte* blanks—] The old copy has—waſte *blacks*. The emendation was propoſed by Mr. Theobald. It is fully ſupported by a preceding line: The *vacant leaves*, &c. MALONE.

[7] *And* heavy ignorance *aloft to fly*,] So, in *Othello:* " *O heavy ignorance!* thou praiſeſt the worſt, beſt." MALONE.

[8] *Have added* feathers *to the learned's* wing,] So, in *Cymbeline:*

" —your lord,
" (The beſt *feather* of our *wing*,)—." STEEVENS.

But thou art all my art, and doſt advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilſt I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my ſick muſe doth give another place.
I grant, ſweet love, thy lovely argument
Deſerves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he ſtole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praiſe to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee thou thyſelf doſt pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better ſpirit doth uſe your name[9],
And in the praiſe thereof ſpends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, ſpeaking of your fame!
But ſince your worth (wide as the ocean is,)
The humble, as the proudeſt ſail doth bear[1],
My ſaucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.

Your

[9] *Knowing a* better ſpirit *doth uſe your name,*] *Spirit* is here, as in many other places, uſed as a monoſyllable. Curioſity will naturally endeavour to find out who this *better ſpirit* was, to whom even Shakſpeare acknowledges himſelf inferior. There was certainly no poet in his own time with whom he needed to have feared a compariſon; but theſe Sonnets being probably written when his name was but little known, and at a time when Spenſer was in the zenith of his reputation, I imagine he was the perſon here alluded to. MALONE.

[1] *The humble as the proudeſt ſail doth bear,*] The ſame thought occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" ——The ſea being ſmooth,
" How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
" Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
" With thoſe of nobler bulk?—where's then the *ſaucy* boat?"

See alſo in *Troilus and Creſſida*. STEEVENS.

Your ſhalloweſt help will hold me up afloat,
Whilſt he upon your ſoundleſs deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthleſs boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive; and I be caſt away,
The worſt was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I ſhall live your epitaph to make,
Or you ſurvive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life ſhall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world muſt die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes ſhall lie.
Your monument ſhall be my gentle verſe,
Which eyes not yet created ſhall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being ſhall rehearſe,
When all the breathers of this world are dead [2];
You ſtill ſhall live (ſuch virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath moſt breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muſe,
And therefore may'ſt without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers uſe
Of their fair ſubject, bleſſing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit paſt my praiſe;
And therefore art enforc'd to ſeek anew
Some freſher ſtamp of the time-bettering days.
And do ſo, love; yet when they have devis'd
What ſtrained touches Rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly ſympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;

And

[2] *When all the* breathers of this *world are dead;*] So, in *As you like it:* "I will chide no *breather in the world* but myſelf, againſt whom I know moſt faults." MALONE.

And their groſs painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never ſaw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting ſet;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt [3]:
And therefore have I ſlept in your report [4],
That you yourſelf, being extant, well might ſhow
How far a modern quill doth come too ſhort [5],
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow [6].
This ſilence for my ſin you did impute,
Which ſhall be moſt my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb [7].
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praiſe deviſe.

LXXXIV.

3 *The barren* tender *of a* poet's *debt:*] So, the poet in *Timon of Athens:*

" ——all minds
" ——*tender* down
" Their ſervices to lord Timon."

Again, in *King John:*

" And the like *tender* of our love we make." MALONE.

4 *And therefore have I* ſlept *in your report,*] And therefore I have not founded your praiſes. MALONE.

The ſame phraſe occurs in *K. Henry VIII*:

" ——Heaven will one day open
" The king's eyes, that ſo long have *ſlept* upon
" The bold, bad man."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" —hung their eyelids down,
" *Slept* in his face." STEEVENS.

5 — *How far a* modern *quill doth come too ſhort,*] *Modern* formerly ſignified *common* or *trite.* MALONE.

6 —what *worth in you doth grow.*] We might better read:

—*that* worth in you doth grow.

i. e. that worth, which, &c. MALONE.

7 *When other would give life, and bring a tomb.*] When others endeavour to celebrate your character, while in fact they diſgrace it by the meanneſs of their compoſitions. MALONE.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that ſays moſt? Which can ſay more,
Than this rich praiſe—that you alone are you?
In whoſe confine immured is the ſtore,
Which ſhould example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his ſubject lends not ſome ſmall glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, ſo dignifies his ſtory,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worſe what nature made ſo clear,
And ſuch a counter-part ſhall fame his wit,
Making his ſtyle admired every where.
You to your beauteous bleſſings add a curſe,
Being fond on praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe[8].

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muſe in manners holds her ſtill,
While comments of your praiſe, richly compil'd,
Reſerve their character with golden quill [9],
And precious phraſe by all the muſes fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilſt others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, ſtill cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able ſpirit affords,
In poliſhed form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I ſay *'tis ſo, 'tis true*,
And to the moſt of praiſe add ſomething more;
But that is in my thought, whoſe love to you,
Though words come hindmoſt, holds his rank before.
Then

[8] *Being* fond on *praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe.*] i. e. being fond of ſuch panegyrick as debaſes what is praiſe-worthy in you, inſtead of exalting it. *On* in ancient books is often printed for *of*. It may mean, "behaving fooliſhly *on* receiving praiſe." STEEVENS.

Fond on was certainly uſed by Shakſpeare for *fond of*. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—my maſter loves her dearly;
"And I, poor monſter, *fond* as much *on* him."

Again, in Holland's tranſlation of *Suetonius*, folio, 1606, p. 21: "He was *enamoured* alſo *upon* queenes." MALONE.

[9] Reſerve *their character with golden quill*,] *Reſerve* has here the ſenſe of *preſerve*. See p. 17. n. 2. MALONE.

Then others for the breath of words reſpect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, ſpeaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full ſail of his great verſe,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inherſe,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew[1]?
Was it his ſpirit, by ſpirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that ſtruck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verſe aſtoniſhed.
He, nor that affable familiar ghoſt,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence[2];
As victors, of my ſilence cannot boaſt;
I was not ſick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fil'd up his line[3],
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewel! thou art too dear for my poſſeſſing,
And like enough thou know'ſt thy eſtimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releaſing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate[4].
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches, where is my deſerving?

The

[1] *Making their* tomb *the* womb *wherein they grew?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"The earth, that's nature's *mother*, is her *tomb*;
"What is her burying *grave*, that is her *womb*."

Again, in *Pericles:*

"For he's their *parent*, and he is their *grave*." MALONE.

So alſo, Milton:

"The *womb* of nature, and perhaps her *grave*." MALONE.

[2] —*that affable familiar ghoſt*
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence;] Alluding perhaps to the celebrated D. Dee's pretended intercourſe with an angel, and other familiar ſpirits. STEEVENS.

[3] —fil'd *up his line,*] i. e. poliſh'd it. So, in Ben Jonſon's Verſes on Shakſpeare:

"In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines." STEEVENS.

[4] —*determinate.*] i. e. determined, ended, out of date. MALONE.

The cauſe of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And ſo my patent back again is ſwerving.
Thyſelf thou gaveſt, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'ſt it elſe miſtaking;
So thy great gift, upon miſpriſion growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In ſleep a king[5], but waking no ſuch matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou ſhalt be diſpos'd to ſet me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn[6],
Upon thy ſide againſt myſelf I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forſworn,
With mine own weakneſs being beſt acquainted,
Upon thy part I can ſet down a ſtory
Of faults conceal'd wherein I am attainted[7];
That thou, in loſing me, ſhalt win much glory;
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myſelf I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me,
Such is my love, to thee I ſo belong,
That for thy right, myſelf will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didſt forſake me for ſome fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameneſs[8], and I ſtraight will halt;
Againſt thy reaſons making no defence.

[5] *In ſleep a king,—*] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" —I *dreamt*, &c.
" That I reviv'd, and was an *emperor*." STEEVENS.

[6] *And place my merit in* the eye of Scorn,] Our authour has again perſonified *Scorn* in *Othello:*
" A fixed figure, for the time of *Scorn*
" To point his ſlow unmoving *finger* at." MALONE.

[7] —*I can ſet down a ſtory*
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;] So, in *Hamlet:* "—but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my mother had not borne me." STEEVENS.

[8] *Speak of my lameneſs*, &c.] See p. 36. n. 5. MALONE.

Thou canſt not, love, diſgrace me half ſo ill,
To ſet a form upon deſired change,
As I'll myſelf diſgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance ſtrangle [9], and look ſtrange;
Be abſent from thy walks [1]; and in my tongue
Thy ſweet beloved name no more ſhall dwell;
Leſt I too much profane ſhould do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee againſt myſelf I'll vow debate
For I muſt ne'er love him whom thou doſt hate:

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croſs,
Join with the ſpite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loſs:
Ah! do not when my heart hath ſcap'd this ſorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe [2];
Give

[9] *I will acquaintance* ſtrangle,—] I will *put an end* to our familiarity. This expreſſion is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Twelfth Night*:

" —It is the baſeneſs of thy fear
" That makes thee *ſtrangle* thy propriety."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" —he has *ſtrangled*
" His language in his tears."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" *Strangle* ſuch thoughts as theſe with any thing,
" That you behold the while."

Again, more appoſitely in *Antony and Cleopatra*: " You ſhall find the band that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, ſhall be the very *ſtrangler* of their *amity*." So alſo Daniel, in his *Cleopatra*, 1594:

" Rocks *ſtrangle* up thy waves,
" Stop cataracts thy fall!" MALONE.

This uncouth phraſe ſeems to have been a favourite with Shakſpeare, who uſes it again in *Macbeth*:

" —night *ſtrangles* the travelling lamp." STEEVENS.

[1] *Be abſent from thy* walks;] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
" Hop in his *walks*." MALONE.

[2] *Come in the* rearward *of a conquered woe;*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" But with a *rearward* following Tybalt's death," &c.
STEEVENS.

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

" And

Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me laſt,
When other petty griefs have done their ſpite,
But in the onſet come; ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of fortune's might;
And other ſtrains of woe, which now ſeem woe,
Compar'd with loſs of thee, will not ſeem ſo.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, ſome in their ſkill,
Some in their wealth, ſome in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, ſome in their horſe;
And every humor hath his adjunct pleaſure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the reſt;
But theſe particulars are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better in one general beſt.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' coſt [3],
Of more delight than hawks or horſes be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'ſt take
All this away, and me moſt wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worſt to ſteal thyſelf away,
For term of life thou art aſſured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will ſtay,
For it depends upon that love of thine,
Then need I not to fear the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end.
I ſee a better ſtate to me belongs
Than that which on thy humor doth depend:

" And in the *rearward* of reproaches," &c.
Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. " He *came* ever in the *rearward* of the faſhion." MALONE.

[3] *Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' coſt,*] So, in *Cymbeline:*

" Richer than doing nothing for a babe;
" Prouder than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk." STEEVENS.

Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's ſo bleſſed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'ſt be falſe, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So ſhall I live ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceived huſband[4]; ſo love's face

May

4 *So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,*
Like a deceived huſband;—] Mr. Oldys obſerves in one of his manuſcripts, that this and the preceding Sonnet "*ſeem to have been addreſſed by Shakſpeare to his* beautiful *wife on ſome ſuſpicion of her infidelity.*" He muſt have read our authour's poems with but little attention; otherwiſe he would have ſeen that theſe, as well as the preceding Sonnets, and many of thoſe that follow, are not addreſſed to a female. I do not know whether this antiquary had any other authority than his miſapprehenſion concerning theſe lines for the epithet by which he has deſcribed our great poet's wife. He had made very large collections for a life of our authour, and perhaps in the courſe of his reſearches had learned this particular. However this may have been, the other part of his conjecture (that Shakſpeare was jealous of her) may perhaps be thought to derive ſome probability from the following circumſtances; at leaſt, when connected with the well known ſtory of the Oxford vintner's wife, they give ſome room to ſuppoſe that he was not very ſtrongly attached to her. It is obſervable that his daughter, and not his wife, is his executrix; and in his will he bequeaths the latter only an old piece of furniture; nor did he even think of her till the whole was finiſhed, *the clauſe relating to her being an interlineation*. What proviſion was made for her by ſettlement, does not appear. It may likewiſe be remarked, that jealouſy is the principal hinge of *four* of his plays; and in his great performance (*Othello*) ſome of the paſſages are written with ſuch exquiſite feeling, as might lead us to ſuſpect that the authour, at ſome period of his life, had himſelf been *perplexed* with doubts, though not perhaps *in the extreme*.

By the ſame mode of reaſoning, it may be ſaid, he might be proved to have ſtabbed his friend, or to have had a *thankleſs* child; becauſe he has ſo admirably deſcribed the horrour conſequent on murder, and the effects of filial ingratitude, in *Macbeth*, and *K. Lear*. He could indeed aſſume all ſhapes; and therefore it muſt be acknowledged that the preſent hypotheſis is built on an uncertain foundation. All I mean to ſay is, that he appears to me to have written more immediately *from the heart* on the ſubject of jealouſly, than on any other; and it is

therefore

May ſtill ſeem love to me, though alter'd-new ;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :

therefore not improbable he might have felt it. The whole is mere conjecture. MALONE.

As all that is known with any degree of certainty containing Shakſpeare, is—*that he was born at Stratford upon Avon,—married and had children there,—went to London where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays,—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried*—I muſt confeſs my readineſs to combat every unfounded ſuppoſition reſpecting the particular occurrences of his life.

The miſapprehenſion of Oldys may be naturally accounted for, and will appear venial to thoſe who examine the two Sonnets before us. From the complaints of *inconſtancy*, and the praiſes of *beauty*, contained in them, they ſhould ſeem at firſt ſight to be addreſſed by an enamorato to a miſtreſs. Had our antiquarian informed himſelf of the tendency of ſuch pieces as precede and follow, he could not have failed to diſcover his miſtake.

Whether the wife of our authour was beautiful, or otherwiſe, was a circumſtance beyond the inveſtigation of Oldys, whoſe collections for his life I have peruſed; yet ſurely it was natural to impute charms to one who could engage and fix the heart of a young man of ſuch uncommon elegance of fancy.

That our poet was jealous of this lady, is likewiſe an unwarrantable conjecture. Having, in times of health and proſperity, provided for her by ſettlement, (or knowing that her father had already done ſo) he bequeathed to her at his death, not merely *an old piece of furniture*, but perhaps, as a mark of peculiar tenderneſs,

" The very bed that on his bridal night
" Receiv'd him to the arms of Belvidera."

His momentary forgetfulneſs as to this matter muſt be imputed to diſeaſe. He has many times given ſupport to the ſentiments of others, let him ſpeak for once in his own defence :

" Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office
" Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourſelves
" When nature being oppreſs'd, commands the mind
" To ſuffer with the body."

Mr. Malone therefore ceaſes to argue with his uſual candour, when he

" —takes the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
" For the ſound man."

The *perfect health* mentioned in the will, (on which Mr. Malone relies in a ſubſequent note) was introduced as a thing of courſe by the attorney who drew it up; and perhaps our authour was not ſufficiently recovered during the remaining two months of his life to attempt any alteration in this his laſt work. It was alſo natural for Shakſpeare to have choſen his daughter and not his wife for an executrix, becauſe the latter, for reaſons already given, was the leaſt intereſted of the two in the care of his effects.

That

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.

In

That Shakſpeare has written with his utmoſt power on the ſubject of jealouſy, is no proof that he had ever felt it. Becauſe he has, with equal vigour, expreſſed the varied averſions of Apemantus and Timon to the world, does it follow that he himſelf was a Cynic, or a wretch deſerted by his friends? Becauſe he has, with proportionable ſtrength of pencil, repreſented the vindictive cruelty of Shylock, are we to ſuppoſe he copied from a fiend-like original in his own boſom?

Let me add (reſpecting the four plays alluded to by Mr. Malone,) that in *Cymbeline* jealouſy is merely incidental. In the *Winter's Tale*, and the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, the folly of it is ſtudiouſly expoſed. *Othello* alone is wholly built on the fatal conſequences of that deſtructive paſſion. Surely we cannot wonder that our authour ſhould have laviſhed his warmeſt colouring on a commotion of mind the moſt vehement of all others; or that he ſhould have written with ſenſibility on a ſubject with which every man who loves is in ſome degree acquainted. Beſides, of different pieces by the ſame hand, one will prove the moſt highly wrought, though ſufficient reaſons cannot be aſſigned to account for its ſuperiority.

No argument, however, in my opinion, is more fallacious than that which imputes the ſucceſs of a poet to his intereſt in his ſubject. Accuracy of deſcription can be expected only from a mind at reſt. It is the unruffled lake that is a faithful mirror. STEEVENS.

Every authour who writes on a variety of topicks, will have ſometimes occaſion to deſcribe what he has himſelf felt. To attribute to our great poet (to whoſe amiable manners all his contemporaries bear teſtimony,) the moroſeneſs of a cynick, or the depravity of a murderer, would be to form an idea of him contradicted by the whole tenour of his character, and unſupported by any kind of evidence: but to ſuppoſe him to have felt a paſſion which it is ſaid "moſt men who ever loved have in ſome degree experienced," does not appear to me a very wild or extravagant conjecture.—Let it alſo be remembered, that he has not exhibited *four* Shylocks, nor *four* Timons, but *one* only of each of thoſe characters

Our author's forgetfulneſs of his wife, from whatever cauſe it aroſe, cannot well be imputed to the *indiſpoſed and ſickly fit*; for, from an imperfect eraſure in his will (which I have ſeen) it appears to have been written (though not executed) *two* months before his death; and in the firſt paragraph he has himſelf told us that he was, at the time of making it, in *perfect health*: words, which no honeſt attorney, I believe, ever inſerted in a will, when the teſtator was notoriouſly in a contrary ſtate. Any ſpeculation on this ſubject is indeed unneceſſary; for the various regulations and proviſions of our author's will ſhow that at the time of making it (whatever his *health* might have been,) he had the entire uſe of his *faculties*. Nor, ſuppoſing the contrary to have been the caſe, do I ſee what in the two ſucceeding months he was to recollect or to alter. His wife had not wholly eſcaped his memory;

he

In many's looks the falſe heart's hiſtory
Is writ s, in moods and frowns and wrinkles ſtrange;
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face ſweet love ſhould ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's working be,
Thy looks ſhould nothing thence but ſweetneſs tell,
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy ſweet virtue anſwer not thy ſhow!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they moſt do ſhow,
Who, moving others, are themſelves as ſtone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation ſlow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And huſband nature's riches from expence;

They

he had forgot her,—he had recollected her,—but ſo recollected her, as more ſtrongly to mark how little he eſteemed her; he had already (as it is vulgarly expreſſed) cut her off, not indeed with a ſhilling, but with an old bed.

However, I acknowledge, it does not follow, that becauſe he was inattentive to her in his will, he was therefore jealous of her. He might not have loved her; and perhaps ſhe might not have deſerved his affection.

This note having already been extended to too great a length, I ſhall only add, that I muſt ſtill think that a poet's intimate knowledge of the paſſions and manners which he deſcribes, will generally be of uſe to him; and that in ſome *few* caſes experience will give a warmth to his colouring, that mere obſervation may not ſupply. No man, I believe, who had not felt the magick power of beauty, ever compoſed love-verſes that were worth reading. Who (to uſe nearly our authour's words,)

" In leaden contemplation *e'er* found out
" Such firy numbers as the prompting eyes
" Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd *men* with?"

That in order to produce any ſucceſsful compoſition, the mind muſt be at eaſe, is, I conceive, an incontrovertible truth. It has not been ſuggeſted that Shakſpeare wrote on the ſubject of jealouſy during the paroxyſm of the fit. MALONE.

5 *In many's looks the falſe heart's hiſtory*
Is writ,] In *Macbeth* a contrary ſentiment is aſſerted:
" —There is *no* art
" To find the mind's conſtruction in the face." MALONE.
In many's looks, &c.] Thus, in Gray's *Church-yard Elegy*:
" And read their *hiſtory in a nation's eyes*. STEEVENS.

They are the lords and owners of their faces [6],
Others but ſtewards of their excellence.
The ſummer's flower is to the ſummer ſweet,
Though to itſelf it only live and die;
But if that flower with baſe infection meet,
The baſeſt weed out-braves his dignity:
For ſweeteſt things turn ſoureſt by their deeds:
Lilies that feſter, ſmell far worſe than weeds [7].

XCV.

How ſweet and lovely doſt thou make the ſhame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant roſe,
Doth ſpot the beauty of thy budding name?
O, in what ſweets doſt thou thy ſins encloſe!
That tongue that tells the ſtory of thy days,
Making laſcivious comments on thy ſport,
Cannot diſpraiſe but in a kind of praiſe;
Naming thy name bleſſes an ill report [8].
O, what a manſion have thoſe vices got,
Which for their habitation choſe out thee?
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can ſee!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardeſt knife ill-us'd doth loſe his edge.

XCVI.

Some ſay, thy fault is youth, ſome wantonneſs;
Some ſay, thy grace is youth, and gentle ſport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and leſs [9]:
Thou mak'ſt faults graces that to thee reſort.

As

[6] *They are the* lords *and owners* of their faces,] So, in *K. John*:
" *Lord of thy preſence*, and no land beſide." MALONE.

[7] *Lilies that feſter, ſmell far worſe than weeds.*] This line is likewiſe found in the anonymous play of *K. Edward III.* 1596. STEEVENS.

[8] *Naming thy name* bleſſes *an ill report.*] The ſame ideas offer in the ſpeech of Enobarbus to Agrippa in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——For vileſt things
" Become themſelves in her; that the holy prieſts
" *Bleſs* her when ſhe is riggiſh. STEEVENS.

[9] *Both grace and faults are lov'd of* more and leſs:] By great and ſmall. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
" The *more and leſs* came in," &c. MALONE.

As on the fingers of a throned queen
The baſeſt jewel will be well-eſteemed;
So are thoſe errors that in thee are ſeen,
To truths tranſlated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the ſtern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks tranſlate [1]!
How many gazers might'ſt thou lead away,
If thou would'ſt uſe the ſtrength of all thy ſtate!
But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort [2],
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my abſence been [3]
From thee, the pleaſure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days ſeen?
What old December's bareneſs every where!
And yet this time remov'd [4]! was ſummer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime [5],
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' deceaſe:

[1] *If like a lamb he could his looks* tranſlate!] If he could change his natural look, and aſſume the innocent viſage of the lamb. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" —to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
" *Tranſlates* his rivals." MALONE.

[2] *But do not ſo: I love thee in ſuch ſort*, &c. This is likewiſe the concluding couplet of the 36th Sonnet. MALONE.

[3] *How like a winter hath my abſence been*, &c.] In this and the two following Sonnets the pencil of Shakſpeare is very diſcernible. MALONE.

[4] *And yet this time* remov'd!—] This time in which I was *remote* or abſent from thee. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" He ever lov'd the life *remov'd*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" ——nor did he think it meet
" To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
" On any ſoul *remov'd*." MALONE.

[5] *The* teeming autumn, *big with rich* increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" ——The *ſpring*, the ſummer,
" The *childing autumn*, angry winter, change

" Their

Yet this abundant iſſue ſeem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For ſummer and his pleaſures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they ſing, 'tis with ſo dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been abſent in the ſpring,
When proud-pied April, dreſs'd in all his trim,
Hath put a ſpirit of youth in every thing [6];
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds [7], nor the ſweet ſmell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any ſummer's ſtory tell [8],
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew [9]:
Nor

" Their wonted livries; and the 'mazed world
" By their *increaſe* now knows not which is which."
The *prime* is the ſpring. *Increaſe* is the produce of the earth.
MALONE.

[6] ———*in the ſpring*,
When proud-pied April, *dreſs'd in all his trim*,
Hath put a ſpirit of youth *in every thing*;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Such comfort as do luſty *young men* feel
" When *well-apparel'd April* on the heel
" Of limping winter treads." MALONE.

[7] *Yet not the lays of birds*, &c.] So Milton, *Par. Loſt*, Book IV.
" Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
" With charm of earlieſt birds,—
" But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends," &c.
MALONE.

[8] *Could make me any* ſummer's ſtory *tell*,] By a *ſummer's ſtory* Shakſpeare ſeems to have meant ſome *gay fiction*. Thus, his comedy founded on the adventure of the king and queen of the fairies, he calls *A* Midſummer *Night's Dream*. On the other hand, in *The Winter's Tale* he tells us, " a *ſad tale's* beſt for *winter*." So alſo, in *Cymbeline*:
" —if it be *ſummer* news,
" Smile to it before: if winterly, thou need'ſt
" But keep that countenance ſtill." MALONE.

[9] *Or from their proud* lap *pluck them where they grew*:] So, in *King Richard II*:
" ——Who are the violets now—
" That ſtrew the green *lap* of the new-come *ſpring*."
MALONE.

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praiſe the deep vermillion in the roſe;
They were but ſweet, but figures of delight [1],
Drawn after you; you pattern of all thoſe.
Yet ſeem'd it winter ſtill, and, you away,
As with your ſhadow I with theſe did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that ſmells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy ſoft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou haſt too groſsly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand [2],
And buds of marjoram had ſtolen thy hair:
The roſes fearfully on thorns did ſtand,
One bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair [3];
A third,

[1] *They were* but *ſweet, but figures of delight*,] What more could be expected from flowers than that they ſhould be *ſweet*? To gratify the ſmell is their higheſt praiſe. I ſuſpect the compoſitor caught the word *but* from a ſubſequent part of the line, and would read:

They were, *my* ſweet, but figures of delight.—

So, in the 109th Sonnet:

"Save thou, *my roſe*; in it thou art my all." MALONE.

The old reading is ſurely the true one. The poet refuſes to enlarge on the beauty of the flowers, declaring that they are *only* ſweet, *only* delightful, ſo far as they reſemble his friend. STEEVENS.

Nearly this meaning the lines, after the emendation propoſed, will ſtill ſupply. In the preceding couplet the *colour*, not the *ſweetneſs*, of the flowers is mentioned; and in the ſubſequent line the words *drawn* and *pattern* relate only to their external appearance. MALONE.

[2] *The lily I condemned* for *thy hand*,] I condemned the lily for preſuming to emulate the whiteneſs of thy hand. MALONE.

[3] One *bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair*;] The old copy reads:

Our bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair.

Our was evidently a miſprint. MALONE.

All this conceit about the colour of the roſes is repeated again in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

"—Your cheeks do counterfeit our roſes,
"For pale they look with fear.
"——thy cheeks
"Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our roſes."

STEEVENS.

A third, nor red nor white, had ſtolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death [4].
More flowers I noted, yet I none could ſee,
But ſweet or colour it had ſtolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muſe, that thou forget'ſt ſo long
To ſpeak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'ſt thou thy fury on ſome worthleſs ſong,
Darkening thy power, to lend baſe ſubjects light
Return, forgetful Muſe, and ſtraight redeem
In gentle numbers time ſo idly ſpent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays eſteem,
And gives thy pen both ſkill and argument.
Riſe, reſtive Muſe, my love's ſweet face ſurvey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a ſatire to decay,
And make Time's ſpoils deſpiſed every where.
Give my love fame faſter than Time waſtes life;
So thou prevent'ſt his ſcythe [5], and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muſe, what ſhall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So doſt thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make anſwer, Muſe: wilt thou not haply ſay,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But beſt is beſt, if never intermix'd?
Becauſe he needs no praiſe, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuſe not ſilence ſo; for it lies in thee

To

[4] *A vengeful* canker eat *him* up *to* death.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"Full ſoon the *canker death eats up* that plant."
Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:
"This *canker*, that *eats up* love's tender ſpring." MALONE.

[5] *So thou* prevent'ſt *his ſcythe*, &c.] i. e. ſo by anticipation thou hindereſt the deſtructive effect of his weapons. STEEVENS.

To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muſe; I teach thee how
To make him ſeem long hence as he ſhows now.

CII.

My love is ſtrengthen'd, though more weak in ſeeming;
I love not leſs, though leſs the ſhow appear:
That love is merchandiz'd, [6] whoſe rich eſteeming
The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where [7].
Our love was new [8], and then but in the ſpring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in Summer's front doth ſing [9],
And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days;
Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now
Than when her mournful hymns did huſh the night,

But

[6] *That love is* merchandiz'd,—] This expreſſion may ſerve to ſupport the old reading of a paſſage in *Macbeth*:

" —the feaſt is *ſold*
" That is not often vouch'd," &c.

where Pope would read *cold*. MALONE.

[7] *That love is merchandiz'd, whoſe rich eſteeming*
The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where.] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" ——my beauty, though but mean,
" Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe:
" *Beauty* is bought by judgment of the eye,
" Not utter'd by baſe *ſale of chapmen's tongues*." C.

[8] *Our* love *was new*,] See p. 31. n. 8. MALONE.

[9] *As Philomel in* ſummer's front *doth* ſing,] In the beginning of ſummer. So, in *Othello*:

" The very head and *front* of my offending
" Hath this extent."

Again, more appoſitely, in the *Winter's Tale*:

" —no ſhepherdeſs, but Flora,
" Peering in *April's front*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*: "—one that converſes more with the buttock of the night than *the forehead of the morning*." We meet with a kindred expreſſion in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" —thou art a ſummer bird,
" Which ever in the *haunch of winter ſings*
" The lifting up of day." MALONE.

But that wild muſick burdens every bough[1],
And ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight[2].
Therefore, like her, I ſometime hold my tongue,
Becauſe I would not dull you with my ſong.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muſe brings forth,
That having ſuch a ſcope to ſhow her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praiſe beſide.
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glaſs, and there appears a face,
That over-grows my blunt invention quite[3],
Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace.
Were it not ſinful then, ſtriving to mend,
To mar the ſubject that before was well[4]?
For to no other paſs my verſes tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;

And

[1] *Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now*
Than when her mournful hymns did huſh the night,
But that wild muſick burdens every bough,] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
" When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
" No better a muſician than the wren." C.

[2] —*their* dear *delight.*] This epithet has been adopted by Pope:

" Peace is my *dear delight*, not Fleury's more." MALONE.

[3] ——*a face,*
That over-goes *my blunt invention quite,*] So, in *Othello:*

" ————a maid,
" One that excells the quirks of blazoning pens."

Again, in *The Tempeſt:*

" For thou wilt find ſhe will *out-ſtrip* all praiſe,
" And make it halt behind her." STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Winter's Tale:* " I never heard of ſuch another encounter, *which lames report to follow it*, and undoes deſcription to do it." MALONE.

[4] ——*Striving to mend,*
To mar the ſubject that before was well?] So, in *K. John:*

" When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
" They do confound their ſkill." STEEVENS.

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Lear:*

" Striving to better, oft we mar what's well." MALONE.

And more, much more, than in my verſe can ſit,
Your own glaſs ſhows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when firſt your eye I ey'd,
Such ſeems your beauty ſtill. Three winters cold
Have from the foreſts ſhook three ſummers' pride[5];
Three beauteous ſprings to yellow autumn turn'd[6],
In proceſs of the ſeaſons have I ſeen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd[7];
So your ſweet hue, which methinks ſtill doth ſtand,
Hath motion[8], and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born, was beauty's ſummer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be,
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch and ever ſo.

Kind

[5] *Have from the foreſts ſhook* three ſummer's pride,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Let two more *ſummers* wither in *their pride.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *Three beauteous* ſprings *to* yellow autumn *turn'd,*] So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——my way of life
" Is fallen into the ſear, the *yellow leaf.*" MALONE.

[7] *Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand,*
Steal *from his figure, and* no pace perceiv'd;] So, before:

" Thou by the dial's ſhady *ſtealth* may know
" Time's thieviſh progreſs to eternity."

Again, in *K. Richard III:*

" —mellow'd by the *ſtealing* hours of *time.*" MALONE.

[8] *So your ſweet hue, which methinks* ſtill doth ſtand,
Hath motion,—] So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" The *fixture* of her eye hath *motion* in it." MALONE.

Again, in *Othello:*

" ——for the *time* of ſcorn
" To point his *ſlow, unmoving* finger at." STEEVENS.

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Stil conſtant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verſe to conſtancy confin'd,
One thing expreſſing, leaves out difference,
Fair, kind ,and true is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention ſpent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous ſcope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept ſeat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of waſted time
I ſee deſcriptions of the faireſt wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praiſe of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of ſweet beauty's beſt,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow[9],
I ſee their antique pen would have expreſs'd
Even ſuch a beauty as you maſter now[1].
So all their praiſes are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not ſkill enough your worth to ſing[2]:
For we, which now behold theſe preſent days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praiſe.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetick ſoul[3]
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can

9 *Then in the* blazon *of ſweet beauty's beſt,*
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,] So, in *Twelfth Night:*
" Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, &c.
" Do give thee five-fold *blazon.*" STEEVENS.

1 —*ſuch a beauty as you* maſter *now.*] So, in *K. Henry V:*
" Between the promiſe of his greener days,
" And thoſe he *maſters* now." STEEVENS.

2 *They had not* ſkill *enough your worth to ſing:*] The old copy has; They had not *ſtill* enough. For the preſent emendation the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

3 —*the* prophetick ſoul—] So, in *Hamlet:*
" Oh my *prophetick ſoul!* mine uncle." STEEVENS.

Can yet the leaſe of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipſe endur'd [4],
And the ſad augurs mock their own preſage [5];
Incertainties now crown themſelves aſſur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endleſs age.
Now with the drops of this moſt balmy time
My love looks freſh, and death to me ſubſcribes,
Since, ſpite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he inſults o'er dull and ſpeechleſs tribes [6]:
And thou in this ſhalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' creſts and tombs of braſs are ſpent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true ſpirit?
What's new to ſpeak, what new to regiſter [7],
That may expreſs my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, ſweet boy; but yet like prayers divine,
I muſt each day ſay o'er the very ſame;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when firſt I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's freſh caſe [8]
Weighs not the duſt and injury of age [9],

Nor

[4] *The* mortal moon *hath her* eclipſe *endur'd,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Alas, our *terrene moon* is now *eclips'd!*" STEEVENS.

[5] *And the ſad augurs* mock *their own preſage,*] I ſuppoſe he means that they *laugh* at the futility of their own predictions. STEEVENS.

[6] —*and death to me* ſubſcribes,
Since, ſpite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he inſults o'er dull and ſpeechleſs tribes:] To *ſubſcribe*, is to acknowledge as a ſuperior; to obey. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" For Hector in his blaze of wrath *ſubſcribes*
" To tender objects." MALONE.

So, in Dr. Young's *Buſiris:*

" Like *death*, a ſolitary king I'll reign,
" *O'er ſilent ſubjects* and a deſert plain." STEEVENS.

[7] —*what* new *to regiſter,*] The quarto is here manifeſtly erroneous. It reads:

——what *now* to regiſter. MALONE.

[8] —*in love's freſh* caſe,] By the *caſe* of *love* the poet means his own compoſitions. MALONE.

[9] Weighs *not the duſt*, &c.] A paſſage in *Love's Labour's Loſt* will at once exemplify and explain this phraſe:

" You

Nor gives to neceſſary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the firſt conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would ſhow it dead.

CIX.

O, never ſay that I was falſe of heart,
Though abſence ſeem'd my flame to qualify.
As eaſy might I from myſelf depart,
As from my ſoul, which in thy breaſt doth lie [1];
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again [2];
Juſt to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myſelf bring water for my ſtain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that beſiege all kinds of blood [3],
That it could ſo prepoſterouſly be ſtain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy ſum of good;
For nothing this wide univerſe I call,
Save thou, my roſe, in it thou art my all.

CX.

"You *weigh* me not,—O, that's you *care not for me.*"
STEEVENS.

1 *As from my* ſoul, *which* in thy breaſt doth lie:] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breaſt.*"

See alſo *Venus and Adonis*, p. 43, n. 4. MALONE.

2 *That is* my home *of love: if I have rang'd,*
Like him that travels, I return *again*;] Thus, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"My heart with her but as gueſt-wiſe ſojourn'd,
"And now to Helen it is *home return'd.*"

So alſo, Prior:

"No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way,
"They were but my viſits, but thou art my *home.*"
MALONE.

3 *All frailties that* beſiege *all kinds of blood*,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"——Nature,
"To whom all ſores lay *ſiege.*" STEEVENS.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myſelf a motley to the view [4];
Gor'd mine own thoughts [5], ſold cheap what is moſt dear,
Made old offences of affections new:
Moſt true it is that I have looked on truth,
Aſkance and ſtrangely; but by all above,
Theſe blenches gave my heart another youth [6],
And worſe eſſays proved thee my beſt of love.
Now all is done, ſave what ſhall have no end [7]:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the beſt,
Even to thy pure and moſt moſt loving breaſt.

CXI.

O, for my ſake do you with fortune chide [8],
The guilty goddeſs of my harmful deeds,
That

[4] *And made myſelf a* motley *to the view,*] Appeared like a fool; (of whom the dreſs was formerly a *motley* coat) MALONE.

[5] Gor'd *mine own thoughts,*—] I know not whether this be a quaintneſs, or a corruption. STEEVENS.

The text is probably not corrupt, for our authour has employed the ſame word in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" My fame is ſhrewdly *gor'd.*"

The meaning ſeems to be, I have *wounded* my own thoughts; I have acted contrary to what I knew to be right. MALONE.

[6] *Theſe* blenches *gave my heart another youth,*] Theſe ſtarts or aberrations from rectitude. So, in *Hamlet:*

" —I'll obſerve his looks;
" I'll tent him to the quick; if he but *blench,*
" I know my courſe." MALONE.

[7] *Now all is done, ſave what ſhall have no end:*] The old copy reads —*have* what ſhall have, &c. This appearing to me unintelligible, I have adopted a conjectural reading ſuggeſted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

[8] *O, for my ſake do you* with *fortune chide,*] The quarto is here evidently corrupt. It reads—*wiſh* fortune chide. MALONE.

To *chide with* fortune is to quarrel with it. So, in *Othello:*

" The buſineſs of the ſtate does him offence,
" And he does *chide with* you." STEEVENS.

That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners breeds[9].
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almoſt thence my nature is ſubdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then, and wiſh I were renew'd;
Whilſt, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyſell, 'gainſt my ſtrong infection[1];
No bitterneſs that I will bitter think,
Nor double pennance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I aſſure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impreſſion fill
Which vulgar ſcandal ſtamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow[2]?
You are my all-the-world, and I muſt ſtrive,
To know my ſhames and praiſes from your tongue:
None elſe to me, nor I to none alive,
That my ſteel'd ſenſe or changes, right or wrong[3].
In

9 *Than publick means, which publick manners breeds.*] The authour ſeems here to lament his being reduced to the neceſſity of appearing on the ſtage, or writing for the theatre. MALONE.

1 *Potions of* eyſell *'gainſt my ſtrong* infection;] *Eyſell* is vinegar. So, in *A mery Geſte of the Frere and the Boye:*

" God that dyed for us all,
" And drank both *eyſell* and gall." STEEVENS.

Vinegar is eſteemed very efficacious in preventing the communication of the plague and other contagious diſtempers. MALONE.

2 *For what care I who calls me well or ill,*
So you o'er-green *my bad, my good* allow?] I am indifferent to the opinion of the world, if you do but throw a friendly veil over my faults, and approve of my virtues. The alluſion ſeems to be either to the practice of covering a bare coarſe piece of ground with freſh *green*-ſward, or to that of planting ivy or jeſſamine to conceal an unſightly building.

To *allow*, in ancient language, is to *approve*. MALONE.

I would read:—o'er-*grieve* my bad,—i. e. I care not what is ſaid of me, ſo that you *compaſſionate* my failings, and approve my virtues. STEEVENS.

3 *That my ſteel'd* ſenſe or *changes, right or wrong.*] It appears from the

In ſo profound abyſm I throw all care [4]
Of others' voices, that my adder's ſenſe
To critick and to flatterer ſtopped are [5].
Mark how with my neglect I do diſpenſe:—
You are ſo ſtrongly in my purpoſe bred,
That all the world beſides methinks they are dead [6].

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind [7];
And that which governs me to go about,

Doth

the next line but one, that *ſenſe* is here uſed for *ſenſes*. We might better read:—*e'er* changes, right or wrong. MALONE.

None elſe to me, nor I to none alive,
That my ſteel'd ſenſe or changes, right or wrong] The meaning of this purblind and obſcure ſtuff ſeems to be—You are the only perſon who has power to change my ſtubborn reſolution, *either* to what is right, or to what is wrong. STEEVENS.

[4] *In ſo profound* abyſm *I throw all care*] Our author uſes this word likewiſe in the *Tempeſt*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*: "—the *abyſm* of time," and "—the *abyſm* of hell." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*that my* adder's ſenſe
To critick *and to flatterer ſtopped are:*] That my ears are equally *deaf* to the *ſnarling cenſurer*, and the flattering encomiaſt. *Critick* for *cynick*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys."

Our authour again alludes to the deafneſs of the adder in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"—ears more *deaf* than *adders* to the voice
"Of any true deciſion. MALONE.

[6] *That all the world beſides methinks* they are *dead.*] The quarto has —That all the world beſides methinks *y'are* dead.

Y'are was, I ſuppoſe, an abbreviation for *they are* or *th'are*. Such unpleaſing contractions are often found in our old poets. MALONE.

The ſenſe is this.—I pay no regard to the ſentiments of mankind; and obſerve how I account for this my indifference. I think ſo much of you, that I have no leiſure to be anxious about the opinions of others. I proceed as if the world, yourſelf excepted, were no more. STEEVENS.

[7] —*mine eye is in my mind;*] We meet with the ſame phraſe in *Hamlet*:

"In my *mind's eye*, Horatio."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Was left unſeen, ſave to the *eye of mind*." MALONE.

Doth part his function [8], and is partly blind,
Seems ſeeing, but effectually is out [9]:
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or ſhape, which it doth latch [1];
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own viſion holds what it doth catch;
For if it ſee the rud'ſt or gentleſt ſight,
The moſt ſweet favour [2], or deformed'ſt creature,
The mountain or the ſea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it ſhapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My moſt true mind thus maketh mine untrue [3].

CXIV.

8 *Doth* part *his function*,—] That is, *partly* performs his office. MALONE.

9 *Seems ſeeing, but effectually is out*;] So, in *Macbeth*:

"*Doct.* You ſee her eyes are open."

"*Gent.* Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut." STEEVENS.

1 —*which it doth* latch;] The old copy reads—it doth *lack*. The correſponding rhyme ſhews that what I have now ſubſtituted was the authour's word. To *latch* formerly ſignified to *lay hold of*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——But I have words
"That ſhould be howl'd out in the deſert air,
"Where hearing ſhould not *latch* them." MALONE.

2 *The moſt ſweet* favour,] Favour is countenance. MALONE.

3 My *moſt true mind thus maketh mine* untrue.] I once ſuſpected that Shakſpeare wrote

My moſt true mind thus makes mine *eye* untrue.

Or,

Thy moſt true mind thus maketh mine untrue

but the text is undoubtedly right. The word *untrue* is uſed as a ſubſtantive. *The ſincerity of my affection is the cauſe of my untruth*; i. e. of my not ſeeing objects truly, ſuch as they appear to the reſt of mankind. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Say what you can, my falſe outweighs your *true*."

Again, in *King John*:

"This little abſtract doth contain that *large*,
"That dy'd in Geffrey."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"How eaſy is it for the proper *falſe*
"In women's waxen hearts to ſet their forms!"

Milton has taken the ſame liberty:

"—grace deſcending had remov'd
"The *ſtony* from their hearts." MALONE.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you [4],
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery, *
Or whether ſhall I ſay, mine eye ſaith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy,
To make, of monſters and things indigeſt,
Such cherubins as your ſweet ſelf reſemble,
Creating every bad a perfect beſt [5],
As faſt as objects to his beams aſſemble?
O, 'tis the firſt; 'tis flattery in my ſeeing,
And my great mind moſt kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his guſt is 'greeing [6],
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poiſon'd [7], 'tis the leſſer ſin
That mine eye loves it, and doth firſt begin.

CXV.

Thoſe lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even thoſe that ſaid I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reaſon why
My moſt full flame ſhould afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whoſe million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan ſacred beauty, blunt the ſharp'ſt intents,
Divert ſtrong minds to the courſe of altering things;
Alas!

[4] —*being* crown'd *with you*,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:
" And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are *crown'd*,
" That I account them bleſſings." MALONE.

* *Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,*
Drink up the *monarch's plague, this* flattery;] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" And how his ſilence *drinks up his applauſe*." MALONE.

[5] Creating *every bad a* perfect beſt,] So, in *The Tempeſt*:
" ——*creating* you
" *Of every creature's beſt*." STEEVENS.

[6] —*what with* his guſt *is 'greeing*,] That is, what is pleaſing to the *taſte* of my *mind*. MALONE.

[7] *If it be* poiſon'd, &c.] The alluſion here is to the taſters to princes. So, in *King John*:
" —who did *taſte* to him?
" *Hub.* A monk whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out."
STEEVENS.

Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then ſay, *now I love you beſt*,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the preſent, doubting of the reſt?
Love is a babe; then might I not ſay ſo,
To give full growth to that which ſtill doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds [8]
Admit impediments. Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds [9];
Or bends, with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark [1],
That looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken;
It is the ſtar to every wandering bark,
Whoſe worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool [2], though roſy lips and cheeks
Within his bending ſickle's compaſs come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom [3].

If

[8] —*to the* marriage *of true minds*—] To the ſympathetick union of ſouls. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 4to, 1590:
" Examine every *married* lineament—" MALONE.

[9] ——*Love is not love,*
Which alters when it alteration finds; &c.] So, in *K. Lear*:
" —*Love's not love,*
" When it is mingled with regards, that ſtand
" Aloof from th' entire point." STEEVENS.

[1] *O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,*
That looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken;] So, in *K. Hen. VIII*:
" ——though perils did
" Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
" Appear in forms more horrid, yet my *duty*,
" *As doth the rock againſt the chiding flood*,
" *Should the approach of this wild river break*,
" *And ſtand unſhaken yours.*"
Again, in *Coriolanus*:
" Like a great *ſea-mark*, *ſtanding every flaw*,
" And ſaving thoſe that eye thee." MALONE.

[2] *Love's not* Time's fool,—] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
" But thought's the ſlave of life, and life *Time's fool.*"
MALONE.

[3] *But* bears it *out even* to the edge *of doom*,] So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

" We'll

If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuſe me thus; that I have ſcanted all
Wherein I ſhould your great deſerts repay[4];
Forgot upon your deareſt love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day[5];
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear purchas'd right,
That I have hoiſted ſail to all the winds
Which ſhould tranſport me fartheſt from your ſight:
Book both my wilfulneſs and errors down,
And on juſt proof, ſurmiſe accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown[6],
But ſhoot not at me in your waken'd hate[7]:
Since my appeal ſays, I did ſtrive to prove
The conſtancy and virtue of your love.

" We'll ſtrive *to bear it* for your worthy ſake,
" To the extreme *edge* of hazard." MALONE.

[4] —*that I have* ſcanted *all*
Wherein I ſhould your great deſerts repay;] So, in *K. Lear*:
" Than ſhe to *ſcant* her duty." STEEVENS.

[5] *Whereto all* bonds do tie *me day by day*;] So, in *K. Richard II*:
" —There is my *bond* of faith,
" To *tie* thee to my ſtrong correction."
Again, in *Macbeth*:
" —to the which my *duties*
" Are with a moſt *indiſſoluble tie*
" For ever *knit*."
The expreſſion, *day by day*, was probably ſuggeſted by the *Magnificat*: " *Day by day* we magnify thee." MALONE.

[6] *Bring me* within the level *of your frown*,] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:
" —I ſtood i' *the level*
" Of a full-charg'd confederacy." STEEVENS.
Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:
" ——the harlot king
" Is quite beyond mine arm; *out of the blank*
" *And level* of my brain." MALONE.

[7] —*your* waken'd *hate*:] So, in *Othello*:
" Than anſwer my *wak'd* wrath." STEEVENS.

CXVIII.

Like as to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds [8] we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unſeen,
We ſicken to ſhun ſickneſs, when we purge;
Even ſo, being full of your ne'er cloying ſweetneſs,
To bitter ſawces did I frame my feeding;
And ſick, of welfare, found a kind of meetneſs
To be diſeaſed, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults aſſur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful ſtate,
Which, rank of goodneſs [9], would by ill be cur'd,
But thence I learn, and find the leſſon true,
Drugs poiſon him that ſo fell ſick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of ſyren tears,
Diſtill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still loſing when I ſaw myſelf to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilſt it hath thought itſelf ſo bleſſed never!
How have mine eyes out of their ſpheres been fitted,
In the diſtraction of this madding fever [1].
O benefit

8 *With eager compounds*—] *Eager* is ſour, tart, poignant. *Aigre*, Fr. So, in *Hamlet:*

" Did curd like *eager* droppings into milk." STEEVENS.

9 —rank *of goodneſs*,—] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" *Rank* of groſs diet." STEEVENS.

1 *How have mine* eyes *out of their* ſpheres *been* fitted,
In the diſtraction of this madding fever!] How have mine eyes been convulſed during the frantick *fits* of my feverous love! So, in *Macbeth:*

" Then comes my *fit* again; I had elſe been perfect,
" Whole as the marble," &c.

The particle *fitted*, is not, I believe, uſed by any other authour, in the ſenſe in which it is here employed.

In *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, we have the ſame image:

" Made me compare with Hermia's *ſphery eyne*." MALONE.

We meet in *Hamlet*, the ſame image as here:

" Make thy two *eyes*, like ſtars, *ſtart from their ſpheres*."
STEEVENS.

O benefit of ill! now I find true,
That better is by evil ſtill made better [2];
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew [3],
Grows fairer than at firſt, more ſtrong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have ſpent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that ſorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs muſt I under my tranſgreſſions bow,
Unleſs my nerves were braſs or hammer'd ſteel.
For if you were by my unkindneſs ſhaken,
As I by yours, you have paſs'd a hell of time [4];
And I, a tyrant, have no leiſure taken
To weigh how once I ſuffer'd in your crime.

[2] *O benefit of ill! now I find true,*
That better is by evil ſtill made better;] So, in *As you Like it*:
" Sweet are the uſes of adverſity." STEEVENS.

[3] *And* ruin'd love, *when it is* built *anew*,] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
" Shall *love* in *building* grow ſo *ruinate?*"
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——moſt noble Antony,
" Let not the piece of virtue which is ſet
" Betwixt us, as the *cement* of our love,
" To keep it *builded*, be the ram, to batter
" The fortreſs of it."
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" But the ſtrong baſe and *building* of my *love*
" Is as the very center to the earth,
" Drawing all things to it. MALONE.

[4] —*you have paſs'd a* hell of time;] So, in *Othello*;
" But oh, what *damned minutes* tells he o'er,
" Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!"
Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" And that deep torture may be call'd a *hell*,
" Where more is felt than one hath power to tell."
MALONE.
Again, in *King Richard III*:
" ——*for a ſeaſon after*,
" Could not believe but that *I was in hell*." STEEVENS.

O that our night of woe might have remember'd[5]
My deepeſt ſenſe, how hard true ſorrow hits;
And ſoon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble ſalve which wounded boſoms fits!
But that your treſpaſs now becomes a fee;
Mine ranſoms yours, and yours muſt ranſom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile eſteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the juſt pleaſure loſt, which is ſo deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' ſeeing.
For why ſhould others' falſe adulterate eyes
Give ſalutation to my ſportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer ſpies
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am[6]; and they that level
At my abuſes, reckon up their own:
I may be ſtraight, though they themſelves be bevel[7];
By their rank thoughts my deeds muſt not be ſhown;
Unleſs this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badneſs reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with laſting memory[8],

Which

5 —*might have* remember'd—] That is, might have *reminded*. So, in *King Richard II*:
" It doth *remember me* the more of ſorrow." MALONE.

6 —*I am that I am*;—] So, in *K. Richard III*:
" I am myſelf alone." STEEVENS.

7 —*bevel*;] i. e. crooked; a term uſed only, I believe, by maſons and joiners. STEEVENS.

8 ——*within my* brain
Full character'd *with laſting* memory,] So, in *Hamlet*:
" ———from the *table of my memory*
" I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,—
" And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
" Within the *book* and *volume* of my *brain*."
Again, in the ſame play:
" And theſe few precepts in thy *memory*
" Look thou *character*."

Again,

Which ſhall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity.
Or, at the leaſt, ſo long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to ſubſiſt[9];
Till each to rais'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miſs'd,
That poor retention could not ſo much hold[1],
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to ſcore;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To truſt theſe tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulneſs in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou ſhalt not boaſt that I do change:
Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing ſtrange;
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou doſt foiſt upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our deſire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy regiſters and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the preſent nor the paſt;
For thy records and what we ſee do lie,
Made more or leſs by thy continual haſte:
This I do vow, and this ſhall ever be,
I will be true, deſpite thy ſcythe and thee;

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" ———I do conjure thee,
" Who art the *table* wherein all my thoughts
" Are viſibly *charácter'd* and engrav'd;—." MALONE.

[9] *Or, at the leaſt, ſo long as brain and heart*
Have faculty by nature to ſubſiſt;] So, in *Hamlet:*

" ———Remember thee?
" Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
" In this diſtracted globe." STEEVENS.

[1] *That poor* retention *could not ſo much hold,*] *That poor retention* is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of *retaining*, or rather of containing, ſo much as the *tablet of the brain.* MALONE.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of ſtate,
It might for fortune's baſtard be unfather'd,
As ſubject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It ſuffers not in ſilent pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled diſcontent,
Whereto the inviting time our faſhion calls:
It fears not policy that heretick,
Which works on leaſes of ſhort number'd hours,
But all alone ſtands hugely politick [2],
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with ſhowers [3].
To this I witneſs call the fools of time,
Which die for goodneſs, who have liv'd for crime [4].

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring [5],

Or

[2] *But all alone ſtands hugely politick,*] This line brings to mind Dr. Akenſide's noble deſcription of the Pantheon:

"Mark how the dread Pantheon ſtands,
"Amid the domes of modern hands!
"Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
"How ſimply, how ſeverely great!" STEEVENS.

[3] *That it nor* grows *with heat, nor drowns with ſhowers.*] Though a building may be *drown'd*, i. e. deluged by rain, it can hardly *grow* under the influence of *heat*. I would read—*glows*. STEEVENS.

Our poet frequently ſtarts from one idea to another. Though he had compared his affections to a building, he ſeems to have deſerted that thought; and here, perhaps, meant to allude to the progreſs of vegetation, and the accidents that retard it. So, in the 15th *Sonnet*:

"When I perceive, that every thing that *grows*,
"Holds in perfection but a little moment,—
"When I perceive that *men* as *plants* increaſe,
"*Cheared* and *check'd* even by the ſelf-ſame *ſky*, &c." MALONE.

[4] ——*the fools of time,*
Which die for goodneſs, who have liv'd for crime.] Perhaps this is a ſtroke at ſome of *Fox's Martyrs*. STEEVENS.

[5] *With my* extern *the* outward *honouring?*] Thus in *Othello*:

"When

Or lay'd great baſes for eternity,
Which prove more ſhort than waſte or ruining?
Have I not ſeen dwellers on form and favour
Loſe all, and more, by paying too much rent;
For compound ſweet foregoing ſimple ſavour,
Pitiful thrivers in their gazing ſpent?
No;—let me be obſequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with ſeconds, knows no art[6],
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou ſuborn'd informer! a true ſoul,
When moſt impeached, ſtands leaſt in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy[7], who in thy power
Doſt hold Time's fickle glaſs, his ſickle, hour;
Who haſt by waning grown, and therein ſhow'ſt
Thy lovers withering, as thy ſweet ſelf grow'ſt;
If nature, ſovereign miſtreſs over wreck,
As thou goeſt onwards ſtill will pull thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpoſe, that her ſkill
May time diſgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleaſure;
She may detain, but not ſtill keep her treaſure:
Her audit, though delay'd, anſwer'd muſt be,
And her quietus is to render thee[8].

CXXVII.

" When my *outward* action doth demonſtrate
" The native act and figure of my heart
" In compliment *extern*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Which is not* mix'd with ſeconds,—] I am juſt informed by an old lady, that *ſeconds* is a provincial term for the *ſecond kind of flour*, which is collected after the ſmaller bran is ſifted. That our authour's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baſer matter*, is all that he meant to ſay. STEEVENS.

[7] *O thou, my lovely boy*,—] This Sonnet differs from all the others in the preſent collection, not being written in alternate rhimes. MALONE.

[8] *And her* quietus—] So, in *Hamlet*:
" —might his *quietus* make
" With a bare bodkin."
See note on that paſſage, Act. III, ſc. i.
This ſonnet conſiſts only of twelve lines. STEEVENS.

CXXVII.

In the old age [9] black was not counted fair[1],
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's ſucceſſive heir,
And beauty ſlander'd with a baſtard ſhame:

For

[9] *In the old age*, &c. The reader will find almoſt all that is ſaid here on the ſubject of complexion, is repeated in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
" That I may ſwear, beauty doth beauty lack,
" If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look?
" No face is *fair* that is not full ſo *black*.

" O, if in black my lady's brow be deck'd,
" It mourns, that painting and uſurping hair
" Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect;
" And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair."

STEEVENS.

[1] *In the old age*, &c.] All the remaining Sonnets are addreſſed to a female. MALONE.

A Sonnet was ſurely the contrivance of ſome literary Procruſtes. The ſingle thought of which it is to conſiſt, however luxuriant, muſt be cramped within fourteen verſes, or, however ſcanty, muſt be ſpun out into the ſame number. On a chain of certain links the exiſtence of this metrical whim depends; and its reception is ſecure as ſoon as the admirers of it have counted their expected and ſtatutable proportion of rhimes. The gratification of head or heart is no object of the writer's ambition. That a few of theſe trifles deſerving a better character may be found, I ſhall not venture to deny; for chance co-operating with art and genius, will occaſionally produce wonders.

Of the Sonnets before us, one hundred and twenty-ſix are inſcribed (as Mr. Malone obſerves) to a friend: the remaining twenty-eight (a ſmall proportion out of ſo many) are devoted to a miſtreſs. Yet if our authour's Ferdinand and Romeo had not expreſſed themſelves in terms more familiar to human underſtanding, I believe few readers would have rejoiced in the happineſs of the one, or ſympathized with the ſorrows of the other. Perhaps indeed quaintneſs, obſcurity, and tautology, are to be regarded as the conſtituent parts of this exotick ſpecies of compoſition. But, in whatever the excellence of it may conſiſt, I profeſs I am one of thoſe who ſhould have wiſhed it to have expired in the country where it was born, had it not fortunately provoked the ridicule of *Lope de Vega*, which, being faintly imitated by *Voiture*, was at laſt transfuſed into Engliſh by Mr. Roderick, and exhibited as follows, in the ſecond volume of Dodſley's Collection.

A SONNET.

For ſince each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's falſe-borrowed face,

F 5 Sweet

A SONNET.

" Capricious Wray a ſonnet needs muſt have;
" I ne'er was ſo put to't before :—a ſonnet!
" Why fourteen verſes muſt be ſpent upon it:
" 'Tis good, howe'er, to have conquer'd the firſt ſtave.

" Yet I ſhall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
" Said I, and found myſelf i' the midſt o' the ſecond,
" If twice four verſes were but fairly reckon'd,
" I ſhould turn back on th' hardeſt part, and laugh.

" Thus far, with good ſucceſs, I think I've ſcribled,
" And of the twice ſeven lines have clean got o'er ten.
" Courage! another'll finiſh the firſt triplet;
" Thanks to thee, Muſe, my work begins to ſhorten:
" There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet.
" 'Tis done. Count how you will, I warr'nt there's four-teen."

Let thoſe who might conceive this ſonnet to be unpoetical, if compared with others by more eminent writers, peruſe the next, being the eleventh in the collection of Milton.

" A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
" And woven cloſe, both matter, form, and ſtyle;
" The ſubject new: it walk'd the town awhile,
" Numb'ring good intellects; now ſeldom por'd on.

" Cries the ſtall-reader, Bleſs us! what a word on
" A title page is this! and ſome in file
" Stand ſpelling falſe, while one might walk to Mile-
" End Green. Why, is it harder, ſirs, than Gordon,

" Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Gallaſp?
" Thoſe rugged names to our like mouths grow ſleek,
" That would have made Quintilian ſtare and gaſp.
" Thy age, like ours, O ſoul of ſir John Cheek,
" Hated not learning worſe than toad or aſp,
" When thou taught'ſt Cambridge, and King Edward Greek."

The reader may now proceed to more pieces of the ſame ſtructure, which the friends of the late Mr. Edwards were willing to receive as effuſions of fancy as well as friendſhip. If the appetite for ſuch a mode of writing be even then unſatisfied, I hope that old Joſhua Sylveſter, (I confeſs myſelf unacquainted with the extent of his labours) has likewiſe been a ſonneteer; for ſurely his ſucceſs in this form of poetry muſt have been tranſcendent indeed, and could not fail to afford com-

plet-

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd if not lives in diſgrace.

Therefore

plete gratification to the admirers of a ſtated number of lines compoſed in the higheſt ſtrain of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonſenſe. In the mean time, let inferior writers be warned againſt a ſpecies of compoſition which has reduced the moſt exalted poets to a level with the meaneſt rhimers; has almoſt cut down Milton and Shakſpeare to the ſtandards of Pomfret and——, but the name of Pomfret is perhaps the loweſt in the ſcale of Engliſh verſifiers. As for Mr. Malone, whoſe animadverſions are to follow mine, "Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in." Let me however borrow ſomewhat in my own favour from the ſame ſpeech of Mercutio, by obſerving that "Laura had a better love to be-rhyme her." Let me adopt alſo the ſentiment which Shakſpeare himſelf, on his amended judgment, has put into the mouth of his favourite character in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Tut! none but minſtrels like of *Sonneting*." STEEVENS.

I do not feel any great propenſity to ſtand forth as the champion of theſe compoſitions. However, as it appears to me that they have been ſomewhat under-rated, I think it incumbent on me to do them that juſtice to which they ſeem entitled.

Of Petrarch (whoſe works I have never read) I cannot ſpeak; but I am ſlow to believe that a writer who has been warmly admired for four centuries by his own countrymen, is without merit, though he has been guilty of the heinous offence of addreſſing his miſtreſs in pieces of only that number of lines which by long uſage has been appropriated to the Sonnet.

The burleſque ſtanzas which have been produced to depreciate the poems before us, it muſt be acknowledged, are not ill executed; but they will never decide the merit of this ſpecies of compoſition, until it ſhall be eſtabliſhed that ridicule is the teſt of truth. The fourteen rugged lines that have been quoted from Milton for the ſame purpoſe, are equally inconcluſive; for it is well known that he generally failed when he attempted rhyme, whether his verſes aſſumed the ſhape of a ſonnet or any other form. Theſe pieces of our authour therefore muſt at laſt ſtand or fall by themſelves.

When they are deſcribed as a maſs of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonſenſe, the picture appears to me overcharged. Their great defects ſeem to be, a want of variety, and a majority of them not being directed to a female, to whom alone ſuch ardent expreſſions of eſteem could with propriety be addreſſed. It cannot be denied too that they contain ſome far-fetched conceits; but are our authour's plays entirely free from them? Many of the thoughts that occur in his dramatick productions, are found here likewiſe; as may appear from the numerous parallels that have been cited from his dramas, chiefly for the purpoſe of authenticating theſe poems. Had they therefore no other merit, they are entitled to our attention, as often illuſtrating obſcure paſſages in his plays.

I do

Therefore my miſtreſs' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes ſo ſuited[2]: and they mourners ſeem
At

I do not perceive that the verſification of theſe pieces is leſs ſmooth and harmonious than that of Shakſpeare's other compoſitions. Though many of them are not ſo ſimple and clear as they ought to be, yet ſome of them are written with perſpicuity and energy. A few have been already pointed out as deſerving this character; and many beautiful lines, ſcattered through theſe poems, will, it is ſuppoſed, ſtrike every reader who is not determined to allow no praiſe to any ſpecies of poetry except blank verſe or heroick couplets. MALONE.

The caſe of theſe Sonnets is certainly bad, when ſo little can be advanced in ſupport of them. Ridicule is always ſucceſsful where it is juſt. A burleſque on *Alexander's Feaſt* would do no injury to its original. Some of the rhyme compoſitions of Milton (Sonnets excepted,) are allowed to be eminently harmonious. Is it neceſſary on this occaſion to particularize his *Allegro*, *Penſeroſo*, and *Hymn on the Nativity?* I muſt add, that there is more conceit in any thirty-ſix of Shakſpeare's *Sonnets*, than in the ſame number of his *Plays*. When I know where that perſon is to be found who *allows no praiſe to any ſpecies of poetry, except blank verſes and heroick couplets*, it will be early enough for me to undertake his defence. STEEVENS.

That ridicule is generally ſucceſsful when it is juſt, cannot be denied; but whether it be juſt in the preſent inſtance, is the point to be proved. It may be ſucceſsful when it is not juſt; when neither the ſtructure nor the thoughts of the poem ridiculed, deſerve to be derided.

No burleſque on *Alexander's Feaſt* certainly would render it ridiculous; yet undoubtedly a ſucceſsful parody or burleſque piece might be formed upon it, which in itſelf might have intrinſick merit. The *ſucceſs* of the burleſque therefore does not neceſſarily depend upon, nor aſcertain, the *demerit* of the original. Of this Cotton's *Virgil Traveſtie* affords a deciſive proof. The moſt rigid muſcles muſt relax on the peruſal of it; yet the purity and majeſty of the *Eneid* will ever remain undiminiſhed.—With reſpect to Milton, (of whom I have only ſaid that he *generally*, not that he *always*, failed in rhyming compoſitions,) Dryden, at a time when all rivalry and competition between them were at an end, when he had ceaſed to write for the ſtage, and when of courſe it was indifferent to him what metre was conſidered as beſt ſuited to dramatick compoſitions, pronounced, that he compoſed his great poem in blank verſe, "becauſe rhyme was not his talent. He had neither (adds the Laureate) the eaſe of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifeſt in his *Juvenilia* or verſes written in his youth; *where his rhyme is always conſtrained, and forced, and comes hardly from him*,

[2] *Her eyes ſo* ſuited,—] Her eyes of the ſame colour as thoſe of the raven. MALONE.

At ſuch, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a falſe eſteem [3]:

Yet

him, at an age when the ſoul is moſt pliant, and the paſſion of love makes almoſt every man a rhymer, though not a poet." One of the moſt judicious criticks of the preſent, I might, I believe, with truth ſay of any, age, is of the ſame opinion: "If his Engliſh poems, (ſays Dr. Johnſon, ſpeaking of all his ſmaller pieces,) differ from the verſes of others, they differ for the worſe, for they are too often diſtinguiſhed by repulſive *harſhneſs*: the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleaſing, the *rhymes* and epithets ſeem to be laboriouſly ſought and violently applied. All that *ſhort compoſitions* can commonly attain is neatneſs and elegance. Milton never learned the art of doing little things with grace." *Life of Milton*. MALONE.

Cotton's work is an innocent parody, was deſigned as no ridicule on the Æneid, and conſequently will not operate to the diſadvantage of that immortal poem. The contrary is the caſe with Mr. Roderick's imitation of the Spaniard. He wrote it as a ridicule on the *ſtructure*, not the *words* of a *Sonnet*; and this is a purpoſe which it has completely anſwered. No one ever retired from a peruſal of it with a favourable opinion of the ſpecies of compoſition it was meant to deride.

The deciſions of Dryden are never leſs to be truſted than when he treats of blank verſe and rhyme, each of which he has extolled and depreciated in its turn. When this ſubject is before him, his judgment is rarely ſecure from the ſeductions of convenience, intereſt or jealouſy; and Gildon has well obſerved, that in his prefaces he had always confidence enough to defend and ſupport his own moſt glaring inconſiſtencies and ſelf-contradictions. What he has ſaid of the author of *Paradiſe Loſt*, is with a view to retaliation. Milton had invidiouſly aſſerted that Dryden was *only a rhymiſt*; and therefore Dryden, with as little regard to truth, has declared that Milton was *no rhymiſt at all*. Let my other ſentiments ſhift for themſelves. Here I ſhall drop the controverſy. STEEVENS.

In Juſtice to Shakſpeare, whoſe cauſe I have undertaken, however unequal to the taſk, I cannot forbear to add, that a literary Procruſtes may as well be called the inventor of the couplet, the ſtanza, or the ode, as of the Sonnet. They are all in a certain degree reſtraints on the writer; and all poetry, if the objection now made be carried to its utmoſt extent, will be reduced to blank verſe. The admirers of that inferior kind of metre have remarked with triumph that of the couplet the firſt line is generally for ſenſe, and the next for rhyme; and this certainly is often the caſe in the compoſitions of mere verſifiers; but is ſuch a redundancy an eſſential property of a couplet, and will the works of Dryden and Pope afford none of another character?—The bondage to which Pindar and his followers have ſubmitted in the ſtructure of ſtrophé, antiſtrophé, and epode, is much greater than that which the Sonnet impoſes. If the ſcanty thought be diſguſtingly dilated, or luxuriant ideas unnaturally compreſſed, what follows? Not ſurely that it is impoſſible to write good

Odes,

Yet ſo they mourn, becoming of their woe[4],
That every tongue ſays, beauty ſhould look ſo.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my muſick[5], muſick play'ſt,
Upon that bleſſed wood whoſe motion ſounds
With thy ſweet fingers, when thou gently ſway'ſt
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds[6],
Do I envy' thoſe jacks[7], that nimble leap
To kiſs the tender inward of thy hands[8],

Whilſt

Odes, or good Sonnets, but that the poet was injudicious in the choice of his ſubject, or knew not how to adjuſt his metre to his thoughts.

Suppoſing that Shakſpeare meant to deliver his own ſentiment in the paſſage quoted from *Love's Labour's Loſt*, (for which there does not ſeem to be any authority,) whether his judgment was *amended* or not, can not be aſcertained, until it ſhall be proved that theſe poems were compoſed before that play was written.—If however his opinion is to determine the merit of this ſpecies of poetry, it may be urged in favour of it, as well as againſt it, for in *A Lover's Complaint* he has honour'd it with the title of the "*deep-brain'd* Sonnet." MALONE.

3 ——*and they mourners ſeem*
At ſuch, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a falſe eſteem:] They ſeem to mourn that thoſe who are not born fair, are yet poſſeſſed of an artificial beauty, by which they paſs for what they are not, and thus diſhonour nature by their imperfect imitation and falſe pretenſions." MALONE.

4 —*becoming of their woe,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"—Fye, wrangling queen!
"Whom every thing *becomes*, to chide, to laugh,
"To *weep*." MALONE.

5 —*when thou*, my muſick,—] So, in *Pericles:*
"You are a viol, and your ſenſe the ſtrings,
"Which, finger'd to *make man his lawful muſick*," &c.
STEEVENS.

6 *The* wiry concord *that mine ear confounds*,] We had the ſame expreſſion before in the eighth *Sonnet:*
"If the true *concord* of well-tuned ſounds,
"By *unions married*, do offend thine ear." MALONE.

7 *Do I* envy *thoſe jacks*,—] This word is accented by other ancient writers in the ſame manner. So, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:
"If for theſe dignities thou be *envy'd*."
Again, in Sir John Davies's Epigrams, printed at Middlebourg, no date:
"Why doth not Ponticus their fame envy?" MALONE.

8 —*thoſe jacks that nimble leap*
To kiſs the tender inward of thy hand?] So, in *Chrononhotonthologus:*
"—the

Whilſt my poor lips, which ſhould that harveſt reap,
At the wood's boldneſs by thee bluſhing ſtand!
To be ſo tickled they would change their ſtate
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait[9],
Making dead wood more bleſs'd than living lips.
Since ſaucy jacks ſo happy are in this[1],
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiſs.

CXXIX.

The expence of ſpirit in a waſte of ſhame
Is luſt in action; and till action, luſt
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to truſt;
Enjoy'd no ſooner but deſpiſed ſtraight;
Paſt reaſon hunted; and, no ſooner had,
Paſt reaſon hated, as a ſwallow'd bait,
On purpoſe laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in purſuit[2], and in poſſeſſion ſo;
Had, having, and in queſt to have, extreme;
A bliſs in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe[3];
Before, a joy propos'd; behind a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To ſhun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

" —the tea-cups ſkip
" With eager haſte to kiſs your royal lip." STEEVENS.

There is ſcarcely a writer of love verſes, among our elder poets, who has not introduced hyperboles as extravagant as that in the text, which the foregoing quotation was produced to ridicule. Thus Waller, in his Addreſs *to a lady playing on a lute*:

" The trembling *ſtrings* about her fingers *crowd*,
" And tell their joy for ev'ry *kiſs* aloud." MALONE.

9 *O'er whom* thy *fingers walk with gentle gait*,] Here again *their* is printed in the old copy inſtead of *thy*. So alſo in the laſt line of this Sonnet. MALONE.

1 *Since ſaucy* jacks *ſo happy are in this*,] He is here ſpeaking of a ſmall kind of Spinnet, anciently called a *virginal*. So, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" Where be theſe raſcals that ſkip up and down,
" Like *virginal jacks*?" STEEVENS.

A virginal was ſhaped like a *piano forte*. MALONE.

2 *Mad in purſuit*,—] The old copy corruptly reads—*Made* in purſuit.

3 —*and prov'd*, a *very woe*;] The quarto is here evidently corrupt. It reads:

—and prov'd *and* very woe. MALONE.

CXXX.

My miſtreſs eyes are nothing like the ſun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If ſnow be white, why then her breaſts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have ſeen roſes damaſk'd, red and white,
But no ſuch roſes ſee I in her cheeks;
And in ſome perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my miſtreſs reeks.
I love to hear her ſpeak,—yet well I know
That muſick hath a far more pleaſing ſound;
I grant I never ſaw a goddeſs go,—
My miſtreſs, when ſhe walks treads on the ground:
And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any ſhe, bely'd with falſe compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, ſo as thou art,
As thoſe whoſe beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'ſt to my dear doating heart
Thou art the faireſt and moſt precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, ſome ſay that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To ſay they err, I dare not be ſo bold,
Although I ſwear it to myſelf alone.
And to be ſure, that is not falſe I ſwear,
A thouſand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck [4], do witneſs bear
Thy black is faireſt in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black, ſave in thy deeds,
And thence this ſlander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with diſdain;

Have

[4] *A thouſand* groans, *but thinking on thy face,*
One on another's neck—] So, in *Hamlet*:
"One *woe* doth tread upon *another's heels*,
"So faſt they follow." MALONE.

Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning ſun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the eaſt[5],
Nor that full ſtar that uſhers in the even
Doth half that glory to the ſober weſt[6],
As thoſe two mourning eyes become thy face[7]:
O, let it then as well beſeem thy heart
To mourn for me, ſince mourning, doth thee grace,
And ſuit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I ſwear, beauty herſelf is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beſhrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But ſlave to ſlavery my ſweet'ſt friend muſt be?
Me from myſelf thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next ſelf thou harder haſt engroſs'd;
Of him, myſelf, and thee, I am forſaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be croſs'd.
Priſon

5 *And truly not the morning* ſun *of heaven*
Better becomes the grey *cheeks of the eaſt*,] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" —it ſtruck upon him as the *ſun*
" In the *grey* vault of heaven." MALONE.

6 *Nor that full ſtar that uſhers in the* even
Doth half that glory to the ſober *weſt*,] Milton had perhaps theſe lines in his thoughts, when he wrote the deſcription of the evening in his fourth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*:
" Now came ſtill *evening* on, and twilight grey
" Had in her *ſober* livery all things clad.—" MALONE.

7 *As thoſe two* mourning *eyes become thy face*:] The old copy has—*morning*. The context, I think, clearly ſhows, that the poet wrote—*mourning*. So before:
" Thine eyes——
" Have put on *black*, and living *mourners* be."
The two words were, I imagine, in his time pronounced alike. In a Sonnnet of our authour's, printed by W. Jaggard, 1599, we find:
" In black *morne* I——"
The ſame Sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, and there the line ſtands:
" In black *mourn* I." MALONE.

Priſon my heart in thy ſteel boſom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canſt not then uſe rigour in my goal:
And yet thou wilt; for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me[8].

CXXXIV.

So now I have confeſs'd that he is thine,
And I myſelf am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myſelf I'll forfeit, ſo that other mine
Thou wilt reſtore, to be my comfort ſtill:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, ſurety like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as faſt doth bind.
The ſtatute of thy beauty[9] thou wilt take,
Thou uſurer, that puts forth all to uſe,
And ſue a friend, came debtor for my ſake;
So him I loſe thro' my unkind abuſe.
Him have I loſt; thou haſt both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet I am not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wiſh, thou haſt thy will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee ſtill,
To thy ſweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whoſe will is large and ſpacious,
Not once vouchſafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others ſeem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance ſhine?

The

[8] —*for I, being pent in thee,*
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"You take from me a great part of myſelf;
"Uſe me well in't."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you." MALONE.

[9] *The* ſtatute *of thy beauty*—] *Statute* has here its legal ſignification, that of a ſecurity or obligation for money. MALONE.

The ſea, all water, yet receives rain ſtill,
And in abundance addeth to his ſtore;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more?
Let no unkind, no fair beſeechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will.*

CXXXVI.

If thy ſoul check thee, that I come ſo near,
Swear to thy blind ſoul that I was thy *will*,
And will, thy ſoul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-ſuit ſweet fulfill.
Will, will fulfill the treaſure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one[1].
In things of great receipt with eaſe we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let one paſs untold[2],
Though in thy ſtores' account I one muſt be;
For nothing hold me, ſo it pleaſe thee hold
That nothing me, a ſomething ſweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that ſtill,
And then thou lov'ſt me,—for my name is *Will*,

CXXXVII.

Thou, blind fool, Love, what doſt thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and ſee not what they ſee?
They know what beauty is, ſee where it lies,
Yet what the beſt is, take the worſt to be.

If

[1] Ay, *fill it full with wills, and my will one.*] The modern editors, by following the old copy, in which the vowel *I* is here uſed inſtead of *ay*, have rendered this line unintelligible. MALONE.

[2] *Among a* number *one is* reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me paſs untold, &c.] The ſame conceit is found in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Search among view of many: mine being *one*,
"May ſtand in *number*, though *in reckoning none.*"

STEEVENS.

If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay [3] where all men ride.
Why of eyes' falſehood haſt thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd [4] ?
Why ſhould my heart think that a ſeveral plot [5],
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes ſeeing this, ſay this is not,
To put fair truth upon ſo foul a face [6] ?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this falſe plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love ſwears [7] that ſhe is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know ſhe lies;
That

[3] *Be* anchor'd *in the bay*—] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :
" There ſhould he *anchor* his *aſpect*, and die
" With looking on his life." MALONE.
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure* :
" Whilſt my intention, hearing not my tongue,
" *Anchors* on Iſabel." STEEVENS.

[4] ——hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart *is* ty'd ?] So, in *Hamlet* :
" Grapple them to thy *ſoul* with *hooks* of ſteel."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :
" My *heart* was to thy rudder *ty'd* with ſtrings."
STEEVENS.

[5] *Why ſhould my heart think that a* ſeveral *plot*,] The reader will find an account of a *ſeveral* or *ſeveral plot*, in a note on *Love's Labour's Loſt*. MALONE.

[6] *To put fair truth upon ſo foul a face ?*] So, in *Macbeth* :
" Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know."
STEEVENS.

[7] *When my love ſwears*, &c.] This Sonnet is alſo found (with ſome variations) in *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, a collection of verſes printed as Shakſpeare's in 1599. It there ſtands thus :
" When my love ſwears that ſhe is made of truth,
" I do believe her, though I know ſhe lies;
" That ſhe might think me ſome untutor'd youth,
" *Unſkilfull* in the world's falſe *forgeries*.
" Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinks me young,
" Although *I know* my *years* be paſt the beſt,
" I *ſmiling* credit her falſe-ſpeaking tongue,
" *Out-facing faults in love with love's ill reſt*.
" But wherefore ſays *my love that ſhe is young ?*
" And wherefore ſay not I that I am old ?
" O, love

That ſhe might think me ſome untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's falſe ſubtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinks me young,
Although ſhe knows my days are paſt the beſt,
Simply I credit her falſe-ſpeaking tongue;
On both ſides thus is ſimple truth ſuppreſs'd.
But wherefore ſays ſhe not, ſhe is unjuſt;
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O, love's beſt habit is in ſeeming truſt,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and ſhe with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to juſtify the wrong,
That thy unkindneſs lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue[8];
Uſe power with power, and ſlay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'ſt elſewhere; but in my ſight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aſide.
What need'ſt thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-preſs'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuſe thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face ſhe turns my foes,
That they elſewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not ſo; but ſince I am near ſlain,
Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

" O, love's beſt habit is *a ſoothing tongue*,
" And age in love loves not to have years told.
" Therefore I'll lie with *love*, and *love* with me,
" *Since that our* faults *in love thus ſmother'd* be." MALONE.

8. Wound *me not with thine* eye,—] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" —he's already dead; *ſtabb'd* with a white wench's black *eye*."
MALONE.

Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
" Ah, kill me with thy weapons, not thy words."
STEEVENS.

CXL.

Be wiſe as thou art cruel; do not preſs
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much diſdain;
Leſt ſorrow lend me words, and words expreſs
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me ſo [9];
(As teſty ſick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their phyſicians know;)
For, if I ſhould deſpair, I ſhould grow mad,
And in my madneſs might ſpeak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wreſting world is grown ſo bad,
Mad ſlanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be ſo, nor thou bely'd,
Bear thine eyes ſtraight, though thy proud heart go wide [1].

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thouſand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they deſpiſe,
Who in deſpite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to baſe touches prone,
Nor taſte nor ſmell, deſire to be invited
To any ſenſual feaſt with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five ſenſes can
Diſſuade [2] one fooliſh heart from ſerving thee,

Who

[9] —*to tell me* ſo;] To tell me, thou *doſt* love me. MALONE.

[1] *Bear thine eyes ſtraight*, though thy proud heart go wide.] That is, (as it is expreſſed in a former Sonnet)

" Thy looks with me, *thy heart in other place.*" MALONE.

[2] *But my five* wits nor *my five ſenſes can*
Diſſuade—] That is, but neither my wits nor ſenſes can, &c. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" More *nor* leſs to others paying—"

" The *wits*," " Dr. Johnſon obſerves," ſeem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five ſenſes, or the five inlets of ideas. *Wit* in our authour's time was the general term for the intellectual power." From Stephen Hawe's poem called GRAUNDE AMOUR AND LA BELE

Who leaves unſway'd the likeneſs of a man,
Thy proud heart's ſlave and vaſſal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That ſhe that makes me ſin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my ſin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my ſin, grounded on ſinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own ſtate,
And thou ſhalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from thoſe lips of thine,
That have profan'd their ſcarlet ornaments [3],
And ſeal'd falſe bonds of love as oft as mine [4];
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents [5].
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'ſt thoſe
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deſerve to pity'd be.
If thou doſt ſeek to have what thou doſt hide,
By ſelf-example may'ſt thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.

BELL PUCEL, 1554, ch. 24. it appears that the five wits were "common wit, imagination, fantaſy, eſtimation, and memory." MALONE.

3 *That have profan'd* their ſcarlet ornaments,] The ſame expreſſion is found in *King Edward III*, a tragedy, 1596:

"—when ſhe grew pale,
"His cheeks put on *their ſcarlet ornaments*." MALONE.

4 *And* ſeal'd *falſe* bonds of love *as oft as mine*;] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Pure *lips*, ſweet *ſeals* in my ſoft lips imprinted,
"What bargains may I make, ſtill to be *ſealing?*"

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Take, O take thoſe *lips* away,
"That ſo ſweetly were forſworn,—
"But my kiſſes bring again,
"*Seals* of *love*, but *ſeal'd in vain*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly,
"To *ſeal love's bonds* new made, than they are wont
"To keep obliged faith unforfeited."

In *Hamlet* we again meet with the *bonds of love*:

"Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
"The better to defile." MALONE.

5 *Robb'd others' beds* revenues *of their rents*.] So, in *Othello*:

"And pour our *treaſures into foreign laps*." STEEVENS.

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful houſe-wife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all ſwift diſpatch
In purſuit of the thing ſhe would have ſtay;
Whilſt her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whoſe buſy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's diſcontent [6];
So run'ſt thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilſt I thy babe chace thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiſs me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'ſt have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying ſtill [7].

CXLIV.

Two loves I have [8] of comfort and deſpair,
Which like two ſpirits do ſuggeſt me ſtill [9];
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worſer ſpirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me ſoon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my ſide [1],
And would corrupt my ſaint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride [2],

And

[6] *Not* prizing *her poor infant's diſcontent;*] Not regarding, nor making any account of, her child's uneaſineſs. MALONE.

[7] —*that thou may'ſt have thy* Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying ſtill.] The image with which this Sonnet begins, is at once pleaſing and natural; but the concluſion of it is lame and impotent indeed. We attend to the cries of the infant, but laugh at the loud blubberings of the great boy *Will*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Two loves I have*, &c.] This Sonnet was printed in *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, 1599, with ſome ſlight variations." MALONE.

[9] —*do* ſuggeſt *me ſtill:*] i. e. do tempt me ſtill. MALONE.

[1] *Tempteth my better angel from my* ſide,] So, in *Othello:*
" Yea, curſe his *better angel from his ſide.*" STEEVENS.
The quarto has—from my *ſight*. The true reading is found in *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*. MALONE.

[2] —*with her* foul *pride.*] The copy in *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* has—with her *fair* pride. MALONE.

And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suſpect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me [3], both to each friend,
I gueſs one angel in another's hell:
Yet this ſhall I ne'er know [4], but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out [5].

CXLV.

Thoſe lips that Love's own hand did make [6],
Breath'd forth the ſound that ſaid, *I hate*,
To me that languiſh'd for her ſake:
But when ſhe ſaw my woeful ſtate,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever ſweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate ſhe alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night [7], who, like a fiend [8],
From heaven to hell is flown away;
I hate from hate away ſhe threw,
And ſav'd my life, ſaying—*not you* [9].

CXLVI.

3 *But being both from me,*—] *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* reads—to me. MALONE.

4 *Yet this ſhall I ne'er* know,—] *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* reads—
The truth I ſhall not know—. MALONE.

5 *Till my bad angel* fire *my good one out.*] So, in *King Lear*:
" —and *fire* us hence, like foxes." STEEVENS.

6 *Thoſe lips that love's own hand did make,*]
——oſcula, quæ Venus
Quinta parte ſui nectaris imbuit. *Hor.* MALONE.

7 *That follow'd it as gentle day*
Doth follow night,—] So, in *Hamlet*:
" And it muſt *follow as the night the day*,
" Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man."

8 —*night, who, like a fiend,*] So, in *King Henry V*:
" ——*night*,
" *Who, like a foul and ugly witch.*" &c. STEEVENS.

9 I hate *from* hate *away ſhe* threw,
And ſav'd my life, ſaying—not you.] Such ſenſe as theſe Sonnets abound with, may perhaps be diſcovered as the words at preſent ſtand; but I had rather read:
I hate—away from hate ſhe *flew*, &c.

The

CXLVI.

Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful earth [1],
Fool'd by thoſe rebel powers that thee array [2],

Having pronounced the words *I hate*, ſhe left me with a declaration in my favour. STEEVENS.

The meaning is—ſhe removed the words *I hate* to a diſtance from *hatred*; ſhe changed their natural import, and rendered them inefficacious, and undeſcriptive of diſlike, by ſubjoining *not you*. The old copy is certainly right. The poet relates what the lady ſaid; ſhe is not herſelf the ſpeaker. We have the ſame kind of expreſſion in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" It cannot be, quoth ſhe, that ſo much guile
" (She would have ſaid) *can lurk in ſuch a look*;
" But Tarquin's ſhape came in her mind the while,
" And from her tongue *can lurk* from *cannot* took."

MALONE.

1 *Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful* earth,] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Than thou, fair ſun, which on my *earth* doth ſhine."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Can I go forward, while my heart is here?
" Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy *center* out."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" O, that the *earth* which kept the world in awe,
" Should patch a wall, to expel the winter's flaw!"

We meet with a ſimilar alluſion in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" Such harmony is in immortal *ſouls*:
" But while this *muddy* veſture of decay
" Doth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it." MALONE.

2 Fool'd by *thoſe rebel powers that thee array*,] The old copy reads:

Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful earth,
My ſinful earth theſe rebel pow'rs that thee array,

It is manifeſt that the compoſitor inadvertently repeated the laſt three words of the firſt verſe in the beginning of the ſecond, omitting two ſyllables, which are ſufficient to complete the metre. What the omitted word or words were, it is impoſſible now to determine. Rather than leave an hiatus, I have hazarded a conjecture, and filled up the line.

The ſame errour is found in the tragedy of *Nero*, by Nat. Lee, 1675:

" Thou ſavage mother, ſeed of rock, *more wild*
" *More wild* than the fierce tygreſs of her young beguil'd."

MALONE.

I would read: *Starv'd by* the rebel powers, &c. The dearth complained of in the ſucceeding line, appears to authoriſe the conjecture. The poet ſeems to allude to the ſhort commons and gaudy habit of ſoldiers. STEEVENS.

Why doſt thou pine within, and ſuffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls ſo coſtly gay?
Why ſo large coſt, having ſo ſhort a leaſe,
Doſt thou upon thy fading manſion ſpend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this exceſs,
Eat up thy change? Is this thy body's end?
Then, ſoul, live thou upon thy ſervant's loſs,
And let that pine to aggravate thy ſtore [3];
Buy terms divine in ſelling hours of droſs;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So ſhalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing ſtill
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe;
Feeding on that which doth preſerve the ill,
The uncertain ſickly appetite to pleaſe.
My reaſon, the phyſician to my love [4],
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I deſperate now approve,
Deſire is death, which phyſick did except.
Paſt cure I am, now reaſon is paſt care [5],
And frantick-mad with ever-more unreſt;
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly expreſs'd;

For

3 —*to aggravate* thy *ſtore*;] The error that has been ſo often already noticed, has happened here; the original copy, and all the ſubſequent impreſſions, reading *my* inſtead of *thy*. MALONE.

4 *My reaſon, the phyſician to my love,*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for though *love* uſe *reaſon* for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor." Dr. Farmer, with ſome probability, would here read—for his *phyſician*. MALONE.

5 Paſt cure *I am, now reaſon is* paſt care,] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Great *reaſon*; for *paſt cure* is ſtill *paſt care*."

It was a proverbial ſaying. See *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet publiſhed in 1632: "She has got this *adage* in her mouth; *Things paſt cure, paſt care*." MALONE.

For I have ſworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night [6].

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correſpondence with true ſight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That cenſures falſely [7] what they ſee aright?
If that be fair whereon my falſe eyes dote,
What means the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not ſo true as all men's: no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is ſo vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I miſtake my view;
The ſun itſelf ſees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'ſt me blind,
Leſt eyes well-ſeeing thy foul faults ſhould find.

CXLIX.

Canſt thou, O cruel! ſay I love thee not,
When I, againſt myſelf, with thee partake [8]?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myſelf, all tyrant, for thy ſake [9]?

[6] —*as black as hell, as dark as night.*] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" —Black is the badge of *hell*,
" The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of *night*."

STEEVENS.

[7] *That* cenſures *falſely*—] That *eſtimates* falſely. MALONE.

[8] *When I, againſt myſelf, with thee* partake?] i. e. take part with thee againſt myſelf. STEEVENS.

A *partaker* was in Shakſpeare's time the term for an aſſociate or confederate in any buſineſs. MALONE.

[9] —*all tyrant, for thy ſake?*] That is, for the ſake of *thee*, thou tyrant. Perhaps however the authour wrote:

———when I forgot
Am of myſelf, all *truant* for thy ſake?

So, in the 101ſt *Sonnet*:

" O *truant* Muſe, what ſhall be thy amends
" For thy *neglect* of truth.—" MALONE.

Who hateth thee, that I do call my friend [1]?
On whom frown'ſt thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'rſt on me, do I not ſpend
Revenge upon myſelf with preſent moan?
What merit do I in myſelf reſpect,
That is ſo proud by ſervice to deſpiſe,
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes [2]?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Thoſe that can ſee thou lov'ſt, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power haſt thou this powerful might,
With inſufficiency my heart to ſway?
To make me give the lie to my true ſight,
And ſwear that brightneſs doth not grace the day [3]?
Whence haſt thou this becoming of things ill [4],
That in the very refuſe of thy deeds
There is ſuch ſtrength and warrantiſe of ſkill,
That in my mind thy worſt all beſt exceeds?

Who

1 *Who hateth thee, that I do call my friend?*] This is from one of the Pſalms: "Do I not hate thoſe that hate thee?" &c. STEEVENS.

2 *Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?*] So, in *Coriolanus*:
"He wag'd me with his countenance." STEEVENS.
Again, more appoſitely, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
"So many mermaids, *tended her i' the eyes*,
"And make their bends adornings?" MALONE.

3 *And ſwear that brightneſs doth not grace the day?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo:
"*I'll ſay, yon grey is not the morning's eye*," &c. STEEVENS.

4 *Whence haſt thou this* becoming of things ill,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"—*vileſt things*
"*Become* themſelves in her."
Again, ibidem:
"Fie, wrangling queen!
"Whom every thing *becomes*; to chide, to laugh,
"To weep." MALONE.

Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and ſee juſt cauſe of hate ? [5]
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou ſhould'ſt not abhor my ſtate;
If thy unworthineſs rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conſcience is;
Yet who knows not, conſcience is born of love ?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiſs,
Leſt guilty of my faults thy ſweet ſelf prove.
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my groſs body's treaſon;
My ſoul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; fleſh ſtays no farther reaſon;
But riſing at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To ſtand in thy affairs, fall by thy ſide.
No want of conſcience hold it that I call
Her—love, for whoſe dear love I riſe and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'ſt I am forſworn,
But thou art twice forſworn, to me love ſwearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuſe thee,
When I break twenty ? I am perjur'd moſt;
For all my vows are oaths but to miſuſe thee,
And all my honeſt faith in thee is loſt:

For

[5] *Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,*
The more I hear and ſee juſt cauſe of hate?] So Catullus:
Odi et amo; quare id faciam, fortaſſe requiris:
Neſcio, ſed fieri ſentio et excrucior.
The following lines in one of Terence's Comedies contain the ſame ſentiment as the Sonnet before us:
" O indignum facinus! nunc ego
" Et illam ſceleſtam eſſe et me miſerum ſentio;
" Et tædet, et amore ardeo, et prudens, ſciens,
" Vivus, videnſque pereo, nec quid agam ſcio." MALONE.

For I have ſworn deep oaths of thy deep kindneſs,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy conſtancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindneſs,
Or made them ſwear againſt the thing they ſee [6];
For I have ſworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To ſwear, againſt the truth, ſo foul a lie [7]!

CLIII.

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell aſleep [8]:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly ſteep
In a cold valley fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from his holy fire of love
A dateleſs lively heat, ſtill to endure,
And grew a ſeething bath, which yet men prove,
Againſt ſtrange maladies a ſovereign cure.
But at my miſtreſs' eye love's brand new fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breaſt;
I ſick withal, the help of bath deſir'd,
And thither hied [9], a ſad diſtemper'd gueſt,

But

[6] —*ſwear againſt the thing they ſee;*] So, in *Timon:*
"Swear againſt *objects*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*more perjur'd* I],
To ſwear, againſt the truth, ſo foul a lie!] The quarto is here certainly corrupt. It reads—more perjur'd *eye*, &c. MALONE.

[8] *Cupid laid by his brand, and fell aſleep;*] This and the following Sonnet are compoſed of the very ſame thoughts differently verſified. They ſeem to have been early eſſays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined which he ſhould prefer. He hardly could have intended to ſend them both into the world. MALONE.

That the poet intended them alike for publication, may be inferred from the following lines in the 105th *Sonnet:*
"Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be,
"To one, of one, ſtill ſuch and ever ſo—."
Again:
"Therefore my verſe—
"One thing expreſſing, leaves out difference."
Again:
"Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
"Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words."
STEEVENS.

[9] —*the help of* bath *deſir'd,*
And thither *hied,*—] Query, whether we ſhould read *Bath* (i. e. the

But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire; my miſtreſs eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once aſleep,
Laid by his ſide his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilſt many nymphs that vow'd chaſte life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The faireſt votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And ſo the general of hot deſire
Was ſleeping by a virgin hand diſarm'd.
This brand ſhe quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diſeas'd; but I, my miſtreſs' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this, by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

the city of that name). The following words ſeem to authoriſe it. STEEVENS.

The old copy is certainly right, See the ſubſequent Sonnet, which contains the ſame thoughts differently verſified:

"Growing *a* bath, &c.
"—but I, my miſtreſs' thrall,
"Came *there* for cure."

So, before, in the preſent Sonnet:

"And grew *a* ſeething *bath*.—" MALONE.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.[1]

I.

SWEET Cytherea, ſitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, freſh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

She

[1] *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* was firſt publiſhed by William Jaggard in ſmall octavo in 1599, with our authour's name. Two of the Sonnets inſerted in that collection are alſo found (as has been already obſerved) in the larger collection printed in quarto in 1609; which having been already laid before the reader, (ſee before, Sonnet 138, and 144.) are here omitted. J. Jaggard in 1598 had printed a collection of Poems written by Richard Barnefield. Among theſe are found A Sonnet "addreſſed to his friend Maiſter R. L. in praiſe of muſique and poetrie," beginning with this line, "*If muſique and ſweete poetrie agree*, &c. and an Ode alſo written by Barnefielde, of which the firſt line is "*As it fell upon a day*—: notwithſtanding which, William Jaggard inſerted theſe two pieces in the *Paſſionate Pilgrim* as the productions of Shakſpeare.

In the year 1612 he went ſtill further, for he then added to the former miſcellany ſeveral pieces written by Thomas Heywood, and republiſhed the collection under the following title. "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, or *certain Amorous Sonnets betweene* Venus and Adonis, *newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakſpeare.* The third edition. Whereunto is newly added two love-epiſtles, the firſt from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and *Hellens* anſwere backe againe to *Paris.*" Heywood, being much offended with this proceeding, appears to have inſiſted on the printer's cancelling the original title-page, and ſubſtituting another that ſhould not aſcribe the whole to Shakſpeare. This I learn from my copy of theſe poems, in which the two title-pages by ſome negligence of the binder have been preſerved; one with,

and

She told him ſtories to delight his ear;
She ſhow'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, ſhe touch'd him here and there:
Touches ſo ſoft ſtill conquer chaſtity [2].

But

and the other without, the name of our authour. Heywood in his poſtſcript to his *Apology for Actors*, printed in 1612, thus ſpeaks of this tranſaction. "Here likewiſe I muſt neceſſarily inſert a manifeſt injury done to me in that worke, [*Britaynes Troy*,] by taking the two epiſtles of *Paris to Hellen*, and *Hellen to Paris*, and printing them in a leſs volume under the name of another; which may put the world in opinion I might ſteale them from him, and hee, to do himſelfe right, hath ſince publiſhed them in his own name: but as I muſt acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publiſhed them, ſo, the author, *I know*, much offended with Mr. Jaggard, that (altogether unknown to him,) preſumed to make ſo bold with his name."

In conſequence of Jaggard's conduct the two poems of Barnefield have till the preſent edition been printed as Shakſpeare's; and Heywood's tranſlations from Ovid, notwithſtanding the authour's remonſtrance, were again republiſhed in 1640, under the name of our poet: nor was the fallacy detected till the year 1766, when it was pointed out by Dr. Farmer in his very ingenious *Eſſays on the learning of Shakſpeare*.

Beſide the poems already enumerated, which the printer falſely aſcribed to Shakſpeare, he likewiſe inſerted a celebrated Madrigal written by Marlowe, beginning with the words—"*Come live with me, and be my love*," which is now rejected.

The title-page above given fully ſupports an obſervation I made ſome years ago, that ſeveral of the ſonnets in this collection ſeem to have been eſſays of the authour when he firſt conceived the notion of writing a poem on the ſubject of Venus and Adonis, and before the ſcheme of his work was completely adjuſted.

Many of theſe little pieces bear the ſtrongeſt mark of the hand of Shakſpeare.—I have not adhered to the order in which they ſtand in the old copy, having claſſed all thoſe that relate to Adonis together.

MALONE.

Why the preſent collection of Sonnets, &c. ſhould be entitled *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, I cannot diſcover, as it is made up of the looſe fragments of Shakſpeare, together with pieces of other writers. Perhaps it was ſo called by its firſt editor William Jaggard the bookſeller. We may be almoſt ſure that our author never deſigned the majority of theſe his unconnected ſcraps for the publick.

On the Stationers' books the following entry occurs: "Jan. 3. 1599. Amours by J. D. with certen Sonnets by W. S." This entry is made by Eleazar Edgar. STEEVENS.

2 Touches *ſo ſoft ſtill* conquer *chaſtity*.] Thus, in *Cymbeline*:

"——a *touch* more rare
"*Subdues* all pangs, all fears." STEEVENS.

But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But ſmile and jeſt at every gentle offer:
Then fell ſhe on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He roſe and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

II.

Scarce had the ſun dried up the dewy morn [3],
And ſcarce the herd gone to the hedge for ſhade,
When Cytherea all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an oſier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon us'd to cool his ſpleen:
Hot was the day; ſhe hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And ſtood ſtark naked on the brook's green brim;
The ſun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this queen on him:
He ſpying her, bounc'd in, whereas he ſtood;
O Jove, quoth ſhe, why was not I a flood?

III. Fair

[3] *Scarce had the ſun dried up the dewy morn*, &c.] Of this Sonnet the following tranſlation was made by the late Mr. Vincent Bourne:

Vix matutinum ebiberat de gramine rorem
Umbroſa invitans Phœbus ad antra boves,
Cum ſecum placidi Cytherea ad fluminis undas
Adventum expectans ſedit, Adoni, tuum.
Sub ſalicis ſedit ramis, ubi ſæpe ſolebat
Procumbens faſtum depoſuiſſe puer.
Æſtus erat gravis; at gravior ſub pectore divæ
Qui fuit, et longe ſævior, æſtus erat.
Mox puer advenit, poſuitque a corpore veſtem,
Tam prope vix Venerem delituiſſe ratus;
Utque deam vidit recubantem in margine ripæ,
Attonitus mediis inſiliebat aquis.
Crudelem decepta dolum fraudemque ſuperbam
Ut videt, his mæſtis ingemit illa modis:
Cur ex æquoreæ ſpumâ cum naſcerer undæ,
Non ipſa, o inquit Jupiter! unda fui! MALONE.

III.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * * * *,
Paler for ſorrow than her milk-white dove [4],
For Adon's ſake, a youngſter proud and wild;
Her ſtand ſhe takes upon a ſteep-up hill [5]:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She ſilly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he ſhould not paſs thoſe grounds;
Once, quoth ſhe, did I ſee a fair ſweet youth
Here in theſe brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a ſpectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh, quoth ſhe, here was the ſore [6]:
She ſhowed hers; he ſaw more wounds than one,
And bluſhing fled, and left her all alone.

IV. Fair

4 *Paler for ſorrow than her milk-white dove,*] The line preceding this is loſt. MALONE.

5 —*upon a ſteep-up hill:*] It has been ſuggeſted to me that this ought to be printed—upon a ſteep *up-hill*; but the other regulation is undoubtedly right. So, in a former ſonnet:

" And having climb'd the *ſteep-up* heavenly *hill*,—."

MALONE.

6 *See, in my thigh, quoth ſhe, here was the ſore,* &c.] Rabelais hath ſported with the ſame thought in a chapter where he relateth the ſtory of the *Old Woman and the Lion.* La Fontaine alſo indulgeth himſelf in *Le Diable de Papefiguiere*, after a manner no whit more chaſtiſed:

" Bref auſſitôt qu'il appercut l'enorme
" Solution de continuité,
" Il demeura ſi fort épouvanté,
" Qu'il prit la fuite, et laiſſa la Perrette "

The varlet Shakſpeare, however, on this occaſion might have remembered the ancient ballad of the *Gelding of the Devil*, which beginneth thus:

" A merry jeſt I will you tell," &c.

And now I bethink me, ſomewhat like the ſame fancy occurreth in the *Speculum Majus* of Vincentius Bellovacenſis, otherwiſe Vincent de Beauvais. AMNER.

IV.

Fair Venus with Adonis ſitting by her [7],
Under a myrtle ſhade began to woo him;
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her [8],
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him.
Even thus, quoth ſhe, the warlike god embrac'd me,
And then ſhe clipp'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, quoth ſhe, the warlike god unlac'd me,
As if the boy ſhould uſe like loving charms:
Even thus, quoth ſhe, he ſeized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure;
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he ſkips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiſs and clip me till I run away!

V.

Crabbed age and youth [9]
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleaſance,
Age is full of care:

Youth

[7] Fair *Venus with Adonis ſitting by her*,] The old copy reads:
Venus with Adonis ſitting by her.
The defect of the metre ſhows that a word was omitted at the preſs. This remark I owe to Dr. Farmer.

[8] *She told the younglnig how god Mars did try her*,] See *Venus and Adonis*, ante, p. 21:
" I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
" Even by the ſtern and direful god of war," &c.
MALONE.

—*how god* Mars did try her,] So, Prior:
" By Mars himſelf *that armour has been try'd.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *Crabbed age and youth*, &c.] This little poem is likewiſe found in the *Garland of Good Will*, Part III. Dr. Percy thinks that it was intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of *youthful* Adonis and *aged* Vulcan." See the *Reliques of Anc. Poet.* vol. I. p. 337. 2d edit.
This ſong is alluded to in *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer tam'd*, by B. and Fletcher.
" ———Thou fond man,
" Haſt thou forgot the ballad, *Crabbed age?*

Youth like ſummer morn,
  Age like winter weather;
Youth like ſummer brave,
  Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of ſport,
Age's breath is ſhort,
  Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
  Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth I do adore thee;
  O my love, my love is young;
Age, I do defy thee [1];
O ſweet ſhepherd, hie thee,
  For methinks thou ſtay'ſt too long.

VI.

Sweet roſe [2], fair flower, untimely pluck'd, ſoon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the ſpring [3]!

Bright

" Can May and January match together,
" And never a ſtorm between them? MALONE.

As we know not that Vulcan was much more *aged* than his brethren, Mars, Mercury, or Phœbus, and eſpecially as the fabled deities were ſuppoſed to enjoy a perpetuity of health, life, and pleaſure, I am unwilling to admit that the laughter-loving dame diſliked her huſband on any other account than his ungraceful form and his lameneſs. He who could forge the thunderbolts of Jove, was ſurely in full ſtrength, and equal to the taſk of diſcharging the higheſt claims and moſt terrifying exactions even of Venus herſelf. I do not, in ſhort, perceive how this little poem could have been put, with any ſingular propriety, into the mouth of the queen of Love, if due regard were paid to the claſſical ſituation of her and her huſband. STEEVENS.

[1] *Age, I do* defy *thee*;] I deſpiſe or reject thee. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" I do *defy* thy conjuration " MALONE.

[2] *Sweet roſe*, &c.] This ſeems to have been intended for a dirge to be ſung by Venus at the death of Adonis, MALONE.

[3] —*faded in the ſpring*.] The verb *fade* throughout theſe little fragments, &c. is always ſpelt *vaded*, either in compliance with ancient pronunciation, or in conſequence of a primitive which perhaps modern lexicographers may feel ſome reluctance to acknowledge. They tell us that we owe this word to the French *fade*; but I ſee no reaſon

Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely ſhaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too ſoon by death's ſharp ſting!
Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall ſhould be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cauſe I have;
For why? thou left'ſt me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'ſt me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee ſtill.
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee:
Thy diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me.

VII.

Fair is my love, but not ſo fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor truſty;
Brighter than glaſs, and yet, as glaſs is, brittle [4],
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, ruſty:
A lily pale*, with damaſk die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falſer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath ſhe join'd,
Between each kiſs her oaths of true love ſwearing!
How many tales to pleaſe me hath ſhe coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loſs thereof ſtill fearing!
Yet in the midſt of all her pure proteſtings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jeſtings.

She burned with love, as ſtraw with fire flameth;
She burned out love, as ſoon as ſtraw out-burneth [5];
She

reaſon why we may not as well impute its origin to the Latin *vado*, which equally ſerves to indicate departure, motion, and evaneſcence. STEEVENS.

[4] *Brighter than glaſs, and yet, as glaſs is, brittle,*] Quam digna inſcribi vitro, cum lubrica, lævis,
Pellucens, fragilis, vitrea tota nites!
Written under a lady's name on an inn widow. STEEVENS.

* *A lily pale, with damaſk die to grace her,*] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" ——a ſudden pale,
" Like lawn being laid upon the bluſhing roſe."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" This ſilent war of *lilies* and of *roſes*——." MALONE.

[5] *She burn'd out love, as ſoon as ſtraw out-burneth;*] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" ——raſh

She fram'd the love, and yet ſhe foil'd the framing;
She bade love laſt, and yet ſhe fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a letcher whether?
Bad in the beſt, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye,
'Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument[6],
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows for thee broke deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gained, cures all diſgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine[7],
Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To break an oath, to win a paradiſe[8]?

IX.

If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll conſtant prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.

Study

" ——raſh *bavin* wits,
" *Soon kindled and ſoon burnt*'" STEEVENS.

6 —can*not hold argument.*] This is the reading in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, where this Sonnet is alſo found. *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* has:—*could* not hold argument. MALONE.

7 —which *on* my *earth* doſt *ſhine,*] Such is the reading in *Love's Labour's Loſt*. *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* reads:

—*that* on *this* earth *doth* ſhine,
Exhale this vapour, &c. MALONE.

That thou, fair ſun, *which on my earth doſt ſhine,*
Exhal'ſt *this vapour*—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" It is ſome meteor that the *ſun exhales.*" STEEVENS.

8 *To break an oath, to win a paradiſe?*] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
" It is religion, to be thus forſworn." STEEVENS.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes [9],
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that ſoul that ſees thee without wonder;
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning ſeems, thy voice his dreadful thunder.
Which (not to anger bent) is muſick and ſweet fire [1].
Celeſtial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To ſing the heavens' praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue [2].

X.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A ſhining gloſs, that fadeth ſuddenly;
A flower that dies, when firſt it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glaſs, that's broken preſently;
A doubtful good, a gloſs, a glaſs, a flower,
Loſt, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods loſt are ſeld or never found,
As faded gloſs no rubbing will refreſh [3],

As

[9] —*makes his book thine eyes*,] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
" From women's *eyes* this *doctrine* I derive," &c.
Again, *ibidem*.
" —women's *eyes*—
" They are the *books*, the *arts*, the academes—"
MALONE.

[1] —*thy voice his dreadful* thunder,
Which (*not to anger bent*) *is* muſick *and ſweet fire*.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" —his *voice* was property'd
" As all the *tuned ſpheres*, and that to friends;
" But when he meant to quail and ſhake the orb,
" He was as rattling *thunder*." STEEVENS.

[2] This Sonnet is likewiſe found in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, with ſome ſlight alteration. The laſt couplet there ſtands thus:
" Celeſtial as thou art, *oh pardon*, *love*, *this* wrong,
" *That ſings* the heavens praiſe, &c. MALONE.

[3] *As faded gloſs no rubbing will* refreſh;] A copy of this poem ſaid to be printed from an ancient Mſ. and publiſhed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. XXIX. p. 39. reads:

As

As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glaſs no cement can redreſs,
So beauty blemiſh'd once, for ever's loſt,
In ſpite of phyſick, painting, pain, and coſt.

XI.

Good night, good reſt. Ah! neither be my ſhare:
She bade good night, that kept my reſt away;
And daff'd me [4] to a cabbin hang'd with care,
To deſcant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell, quoth ſhe, and come again to-morrow;
Fare well I could not, for I ſupp'd with ſorrow.

Yet at my parting ſweetly did ſhe ſmile,
In ſcorn or friendſhip, nill I conſtrue whether:
'Tmay be, ſhe joy'd to jeſt at my exile,
'Tmay be [5], again to make me wander thither;
Wander, a word for ſhadows like myſelf,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XII.

As faded gloſs no rubbing will *excite*,
and in the correſponding line:
As broken glaſs no cement can *unite*. MALONE.

Read the firſt of theſe lines how we will, it is founded on a falſe poſition. Every one knows that the gloſs or poliſh on all works of art may be reſtored, and that rubbing is the means of reſtoring it. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, I believe, alludes to faded ſilk, of which the colour, when once faded, cannot be reſtored but by a ſecond dying. MALONE.

[4] *And* daff'd *me*, &c.] So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*:
" —canſt thou ſo *daff* me?"
To *daff*, or *doff*, is to put off. MALONE.

[5] 'Tmay *be*, &c.] Thus the old copy. So alſo in the next line. I have obſerved the ſame eliſion in other poems of the ſame age, and once in *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, 1609, though I cannot at preſent turn to the inſtance that I had marked. MALONE.

I will never believe any poet could begin two lines together, with ſuch offenſive eliſions. They may both be omitted without injury to ſenſe or metre. STEEVENS.

XII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the eaſt!
My heart doth charge the watch [6]; the morning riſe
Doth cite each moving ſenſe from idle reſt.
Not daring truſt the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark [7];

For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty [8],
And drives away dark diſmal-dreaming night:
The night ſo pack'd, I poſt unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wiſhed ſight;
Sorrow chang'd to ſolace, ſolace mix'd with ſorrow:
For why? ſhe ſigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To ſpite me now, each minute ſeems a moon [9];
Yet not for me, ſhine ſun to ſuccour flowers!

Pack

[6] *My heart doth* charge the watch;—] The meaning of this phraſe is not very clear. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the poet, wiſhing for the approach of morning, enjoins the watch to haſten through their nocturnal duty. MALONE.

[7] *While Philomela ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,*
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark.] In *Romeo and Juliet*, the lark and nightingale are in like manner oppoſed to each other. MALONE.

[8] *For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"It was the *lark*, the *herald* of the *morn*." MALONE.

[9] —*each minute ſeems* a moon;] The old copy reads—each minute ſeems *an hour*. The want of rhyme to the correſponding line ſhews that it muſt be corrupt. I have therefore not heſitated to adopt an emendation propoſed by Mr. Steevens.—each minute ſeems a *moon*; i. e. month. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Which had ſuperfluous kings for meſſengers,
"Not many *moons* gone by."

Again, in *Othello*:

"—Since theſe arms had ſeven years pith
"Till now ſome nine *moons* waſted,—." MALONE.

In *Romeo and Juliet* our poet deſcribes the impatience of a lover not leſs ſtrongly than in the paſſage before us:

"I muſt

Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, night, to-night, and length thyſelf to-morrow.

XIII.

It was a lording's daughter, the faireſt one of three[1],
That liked of her maſter as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Engliſhman, the faireſt eye could see,
Her fancy fell a turning.

Long

" I muſt hear from thee *every day of the hour*,
" For *in a minute there are many days.*" MALONE.

Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To ſpite me now, each minute ſeems a moon;] Thus, in Dr. Young's *Revenge*:

" While in the luſtre of her charms I lay,
" Whole ſummer ſuns roll'd unperceiv'd away;—
" Now fate does rigidly her dues regain,
" And every moment is an age of pain."

Dr. Young, however, was no needy borrower, and therefore the coincidence between theſe paſſages may be regarded as the effect of accident. There are, however, certain hyperbolical expreſſions which the inamoratoes of all ages have claimed as right of commonage. STEEVENS.

[1] *It was a lording's daughter*, &c.] This and the five following Sonnets are ſaid in the old copy to have been ſet to muſick. Mr. Oldys in one of his MſS. ſays they were ſet by John and Thomas Morley. MALONE.

There is a wretched ditty, beginning:

" *It was a lady's daughter*
" *Of Paris, properly*," &c.

Another:

" *It was a blind beggar*
" *That long had loſt his ſight.*—"

Another:

" *It was an old man and his poor wife*
" *In great diſtreſs did fall.*—"

and twenty more *It was's*, that might as reputably be imputed to Shakſpeare, who excells in ballads, as this deſpicable compoſition. STEEVENS.

I am afraid our authour is himſelf anſwerable for one of theſe *It was's*. See *As you like it*:

" *It was* a lover and his laſs," &c. MALONE.

Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight,
To leave the maſter loveleſs, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas it was a ſpite
Unto the ſilly damſel.
But one muſt be refuſed, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be uſed, to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the truſty knight was wounded with diſdain:
Alas, ſhe could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man had got the lady gay;
For now my ſong is ended.

XIV.

On a day (alack the day [2]!)
Love, whoſe month was ever May [3],
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover [4], ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But alas! my hand hath ſworn [5]
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth, ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.

Do

[2] *On a day (alack the day!)* &c.] This Sonnet is likewiſe found in a collection of verſes entitled *England's Helicon*, printed in 1600. It is there called *The Paſſionate Sheepheard's Song*, and our authour's name is affixed to it. It occurs alſo in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. iii. MALONE.

[3] —*whoſe month* was *ever May*,] In *Love's Labour's Loſt*,—" is ever May." MALONE.

[4] *That the* lover,—] *England's Helicon* reads:
That the *ſhepherd*, &c. MALONE.

[5] *my hand* hath *ſworn*] In *Love's Labour's Loſt*, this line is printed with a ſlight variation:
But alas my hand *is* ſworn. MALONE.

Do not call it ſin in me [6],
That I am forſworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would ſwear [7]
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love [8].

XV.

My flocks feed not [9],
My ewes breed not,
My rams ſpeed not,
All is amiſs:
Love's denying [1].
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Cauſer of this [2].
All my merry jigs are quite forgot [3].
All my lady's love is loſt, God wot:

Where

[6] *Do not call it*, &c.] Theſe two lines are ſupplied from the play. They are wanting in *England's Helicon*, and in the *Paſſionate Pilgrim*. MALONE.

[7] *Thou for whom Jove would* ſwear.] *Swear* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

—*for* thy *love*.] *England's Helicon* reads:

Turning mortal for *my* love. MALONE.

[9] *My flocks feed not*, &c.] This Sonnet is alſo found in *England's Helicon*, 1600. It is there entitled *The Unknown Sheepheard's Complaint*; and ſubſcribed *Ignoto*. It is likewiſe printed with ſome variations, in a Collection of Madrigals, by Thomas Weelkes, quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[1] *Love's denying*, &c.] A denial of love, a breach of faith, &c. *being* the cauſe of all theſe misfortunes. *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* and Weelkes's book have—Love *is dying*, and—Heart's *denying*. The reading of the text is found in *England's Helicon*, except that it has —Love *is*, and Faith *is*. *Renying* is from the French, *renier*, to forſwear. MALONE.

[2] *Cauſer of this*.] Read—'*Cauſe* of this; i. e. *Becauſe* of this. STEEVENS.

The old copy is right. The word *cauſer* is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"And ſtudy too, the *cauſer* of your vow." MALONE.

[3] *All my merry* jiggs *are quite forgot*,] A *jig* was a metrical compoſition. So, in *Buſſy d' Amboiſe*, a tragedy by Chapman, 1607:

"'Tis one of the beſt *jigs* that ever was *acted*." MALONE.

Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay [4] is plac'd without remove.
One filly croſs
Wrought all my loſs;
O frowning fortune, curſed fickle dame!
For now I ſee
Inconſtancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I [5],
All fears ſcorn I,
Love hath forlorn me [6],
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel ſpeeding!)
Fraughted with gall.
My ſhepherd's pipe can ſound no deal [7],
My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but ſeems afraid;
My ſighs ſo deep [8],
Procure to weep,
In howling-wiſe, to ſee my doleful plight.

[4] *There* a nay—] So *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*. *Annoy*, Weelkes's Madrigals. MALONE.

[5] *In black* mourn *I*,] Jaggard's copy has—*morne*. The reading of the text was ſupplied by *England's Helicon*. MALONE.

[6] *Love* hath *forlorn* me;] As the metre as well as rhime in this paſſage is defective, I ſuſpect ſome corruption, and would read:

Love forlorn I,

i. e. I love-forlorn, i. e. deſerted, forſaken, &c. STEEVENS.

All the copies agree in the reading of the text. The metre is the ſame as in the correſponding line:

O cruel ſpeeding.

To the exactneſs of rhyme the authour appears to have paid little attention. We have juſt had *dame* and *remain*. MALONE.

[7] *My ſhepherd's pipe can ſound no* deal,] i. e. in no degree, more or leſs. Thus Fairfax:

"This change ſome *deal* thee haply honour may."

STEEVENS.

[8] My *ſighs ſo deep*,] Jaggard's copy and *England's Helicon* read—*With* ſighs, &c. I ſome years ago conjectured that Shakſpeare wrote—*My* ſighs, and the copy in Weelkes's Madrigals which I have

How ſighs reſound
Through harkleſs ground [9],
Like a thouſand vanquiſh'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells ſpring not,
Sweet birds ſing not,
Loud bells ring not
Cheerfully [1];
Herds ſtand weeping,
Flocks all ſleeping,
Nymphs back creeping [2]
Fearfully:
All our pleaſure known to us poor ſwains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening ſport from us is fled,
All our love is loſt, for love is dead.
Farewel, ſweet laſs [3],
Thy like ne'er was
For a ſweet content, the cauſe of all my moan [4]:
Poor

have lately ſeen, confirms my conjecture. After the word *procure*, *him*, or the dog, muſt be underſtood. MALONE.

The verb *procure* is uſed with great laxity by Shakſpeare in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" ——it is my lady mother:
" What unaccuſtom'd cauſe *procures* her hither."

STEEVENS.

9 —*through* harkleſs *ground*.] This is the reading furniſhed by Weelkes's copy. The other old editions have *heartleſs* ground. If *heartleſs* ground be the true reading, it means, I think, uncultivated, deſolated ground, correſponding in its appearance with the unhappy ſtate of its owner. An hypercritick will perhaps aſk, how can the ground be *harkleſs*, if ſighs *reſound*? The anſwer is, that no *other* noiſe is heard but that of ſighs: " The birds do not ſing, the bells ring not," &c. MALONE.

1 *Loud bells ring not*
Cheerfully;] Thus Weelkes's copy. The others have:
Green plants bring not
Forth: they die. MALONE.

2 —*back* creeping—,] So Weelkes. *England's Helicon* and *Paſſionate Pilgrim*—*peeping*. MALONE.

3 *Farewell, ſweet* laſs,] The *Paſſionate Pilgrim* and *England's Helicon* read—Farewell, ſweet *love*. When I printed this poem in 1780, I propoſed to read—ſweet *laſs*, and ſuch I now find is the reading in Weelkes's Madrigal. MALONE.

4 *For a ſweet content, the cauſe of all my* moan:] This reading was furniſhed

Poor Coridon
Muſt live alone,
Other help for him I ſee that there is none.

XVI.

When as thine eye hath choſe the dame,
And ſtall'd the deer that thou would'ſt ſtrike [5],
Let reaſon rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial tike [6]:
Take counſel of ſome wiſer head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'ſt thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk [7],
Leſt ſhe ſome ſubtle practice ſmell;
(A cripple ſoon can find a halt:)
But plainly ſay thou lov'ſt her well,
And ſet thy perſon forth to ſell [8].

furniſhed by the copy printed in *England's Helicon*. The rhyme ſhows it to be the true one. *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* and Weelkes's copy have—

——the cauſe of all my *woe*.

Perhaps we ought to read—*thou* cauſe, &c. MALONE.

[5] *And ſtall'd the deer that thou wouldſt ſtrike,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
" The elected deer before thee." MALONE.

[6] *As well as* fancy, *partial* tike:] *Fancy* here means *love*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" A martial man to be ſoft *fancy's* ſlave!"

The old copy reads—partial *might*. Mr. Steevens ſome years ago propoſed to read—partial *tike*; a term of contempt (as he obſerved,) employed by Shakſpeare and our old writers: and a manuſcript copy of this poem, of the age of Shakſpeare, in the poſſeſſion of Samuel Lyſons, Eſq., which has—partial *like*, adds ſuch ſupport to his conjecture, that I have adopted it. MALONE.

[7] —*with* filed *talk*,] With ſtudied or poliſhed language. So, in B. Jonſon's Verſes on our authour:

" In his well-torned and true-*filed lines*. MALONE.

[8] *And ſet thy perſon forth to* ſell.] The old copy has

And ſet *her* perſon forth to *ſale*.

Mr. Steevens conjectured that *ſell* was the authour's word, and ſuch is the reading of the manuſcript above mentioned. It likewiſe furniſhed the true reading in a former part of the line. MALONE.

And to her will [9] frame all thy ways;
Spare not to ſpend,—and chiefly there
Where thy deſert may merit praiſe,
By ringing always in her ear:
The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down [1].

Serve always with aſſured truſt,
And in thy ſuit be humble, true;
Unleſs thy lady prove unjuſt,
Seek never thou to chooſe anew:
When time ſhall ſerve, be thou not ſlack
To proffer, though ſhe put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear [2] ere night;

And

[9] *And to her will*, &c.] This ſtanza and the next in the *Paſſionate Pilgrim* follow the two ſtanzas which now ſucceed them. The preſent arrangement, which ſeems preferable, is that of the manuſcript already mentioned. MALONE.

[1] *Spare not to ſpend,—*
The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
"Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
"More than quick words do move a woman's mind."

A line of this ſtanza—

The ſtrongeſt *caſtle*, tower, and town,

and two in a ſucceeding ſtanza,

What though ſhe ſtrives to try her ſtrength,
And ban and brawl, *and ſay thee nay*,—

remind us of the following verſes in *The Hiſtorie of Graunde Amoure*, [ſign. I. 2.] written by Stephen Hawes, near a century before thoſe of Shakſpeare:

"Forſake her not, *though that ſhe ſaye nay*;
"A womans guiſe is evermore delay.
"No *caſtell* can be of ſo great a ſtrength,
"If that there be a ſure ſiege to it layed,
"It muſt yelde up, or els be won at length,
"Though that 'to-fore it hath bene long delayed;
"So continuance may you right well ayde:
"Some womans harte can not ſo harded be,
"But buſy labour may make it agree." MALONE.

[2] *Her cloudy lookes will* clear—] So the manuſcript copy; inſtead of

And then too late ſhe will repent
That ſhe diſſembled her delight;
And twice deſire, ere it be day,
That with ſuch ſcorn ſhe put away.

What though ſhe ſtrive to try her ſtrength,
And ban and brawl [3], and ſay thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to ſay,—
Had women been ſo ſtrong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Diſſembled with an outward ſhow,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them ſhall not know.
Have you not heard it ſaid full oft,
A woman's nay doth ſtand for nought?

Think, women love to match with men [4],
And not to live ſo like a ſaint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attaint.
Were kiſſes all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But ſoft; enough,—too much I fear;
For if my lady hear my ſong,

She

of which the *Paſſionate Pilgrim* reads—will *calm*. See the 148th Sonnet:

"The ſun itſelf ſees not, till heaven *clears*." MALONE.

[3] *And* ban *and brawl*,—] To *ban* is to curſe. So, in *King Richard III*:

"You bade me *ban*, and will you have me leave?"

MALONE.

[4] *Think, women love to match with men*, &c.] In printing this ſtanza I have followed the old manuſcript copy, which has likewiſe furniſhed ſome other minute variations now adopted. *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* reads:

Think women ſtill to *ſtrive* with men,
To ſin and never for to ſaint;
There is no heaven *by* holy then,
When time with age ſhall them attaint. MALONE.

She will not ſtick to ring mine ear,
To teach my tongue to be ſo long:
Yet will ſhe bluſh, here be it ſaid,
To hear her ſecrets ſo bewray'd [5].

XVII.

Take, oh, take thoſe lips away [6],
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain [7].

Hide, oh, hide thoſe hills of ſnow
Which thy frozen boſom bears,

On

5 *hear her ſecrets ſo bewray'd.*] The foregoing ſixteen Sonnets are all that are found in the Collection printed by W. Jaggard, in 1599, under the title of *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, excepting two, which have been already inſerted in their proper places; (p. 114, and 119,) a Madrigal, beginning with the words, *Come live with me*, &c. which has been omitted, as being the production, not of Shakſpeare, but Marlowe; and the two Sonnets that were written by Richard Barnefielde. In the room of theſe the two following ſmall pieces have been added, the authenticity of which ſeems unqueſtionable. MALONE.

6 *Take, oh, take thoſe lips away.*] This little poem is not printed in *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, probably becauſe it was not written ſo early as 1599. The firſt ſtanza of it is introduced in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. In Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* it is found entire. Whether the ſecond ſtanza was alſo written by Shakſpeare, cannot now be aſcertained. All the ſongs, however, introduced in our authour's plays, appear to have been his own compoſition; and the preſent contains an expreſſion of which he ſeems to have been peculiarly fond. See the next note. MALONE.

7 Seals of love, *but ſeal'd in vain.*] So, in Shakſpeare's 142d *Sonnet*:

" —not from thoſe lips of thine,
" That have profan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
" And *ſeal'd falſe bonds of love*, as oft as mine."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" Pure lips, ſweet *ſeals* in my ſoft lips imprinted,
" What bargains may I make, ſtill to be *ſealing?*" MALONE.

On whoſe tops the pinks that grow [8]
Are of thoſe that April wears:
But firſt ſet my poor heart free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

XVIII.

Let the bird of loudeſt lay [9],
On the ſole Arabian tree [1],

Herald

[8] *On whoſe tops the* pinks *that grow*,] The following thought in one of Prior's poems is akin to this:

"An ugly hard *roſe-bud* has fallen in my neck."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Let the bird of loudeſt lay*,] In 1601 a book was publiſhed, entitled LOVES MARTYR, *or* ROSALINS COMPLAINT, *Allegorically ſhadowing the Truth of Love, in the conſtant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A Poem enterlaced with much Varietie and Raritie; now firſt tranſlated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cœliano, by* Robert Cheſter. *With the true Legend of famous King Arthur, the laſt of the nine Worthies; being the firſt Eſſay of a new Britiſh Poet: collected out of diverſe authentical Records.*

To theſe are added ſome new Compoſitions of ſeveral modern Writers, whoſe names are ſubſcribed to their ſeveral Workes; upon the firſt Subject, viz. the Phœnix and Turtle.

Among theſe new compoſitions is the following poem, ſubſcribed with our poet's name. The ſecond title prefixed to theſe verſes, is yet more full "*Hereafter follow diverſe Poetical Eſſaies on the former Subject, viz. the Turtle and Phœnix. Done by the beſt and chiefeſt of our modern Writers, with their names ſubſcribed to their particular Workes.* Never before extant.

And now firſt conſecrated by them all generally to the Love and Merit of the true-noble Knight, Sir John Saliſburie."

The principal writers aſſociated with Shakſpeare in this collection are B Johnſon, Marſton, and Chapman. The above very particular account of theſe verſes leaves us, I think, no room to doubt of the genuineneſs of this little poem. MALONE.

[1] *On the* ſole *Arabian* tree,] A learned friend would read:

Sole on the Arabian tree.

As there are many Arabian trees, though fabulous narrations have celebrated but one Arabian bird, I was ſo thoroughly convinced of the propriety of this change, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But in emendation, as in determining on the life of man, *nulla unquam cunctatio longa eſt*; for the following paſſage in *The Tempeſt* fully ſupports the old copy:

"——Now

Herald ſad and trumpet be [2],
To whoſe ſound chaſte wings obey:

But thou ſhrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end [3],
To this troop come thou not near [4]!

From this ſeſſion interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king [5]:
Keep the obſequy ſo ſtrict.

Let the prieſt in ſurplice white,
That defunctive muſick can [6],

Be

" ——Now I will believe
" That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
" There is *one tree*, the *Phœnix'* throne; one phœnix
" At this hour reigning there."

This ſingular coincidence likewiſe ſerves to authenticate the preſent poem. MALONE.

2 Herald ſad *and* trumpet *be*,] So, in *King John*:

" —Be thou the *trumpet* of our wrath,
" And *ſullen preſage* of your own decay." STEEVENS.

3 *But thou* ſhrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer *of the fiend*,
Augur of the fever's end,] So, in *Hamlet*:

" And even the like *precurſe* of fierce events,—
" As *harbingers* preceding ſtill the *fates*,
" And *prologue to the omen coming on*—
" Have heaven and earth together demonſtrated
" Unto our climatures and countrymen."

The *ſhrieking harbinger* here addreſſed, is the ſcritch owl, the *foul precurrer* of death. So, in a *Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" Now the waſted brands do glow,
" While the *ſcritch-owl*, ſcritching loud,
" Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
" In remembrance of a ſhrowd."

4 *To this troop come thou not near!*] Part of this poem reſembles the ſong in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" Ye ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
" Thorny hedge-hogs be not ſeen;
" Newts, and blind worms, do no harm;
" *Come not near our fairy queen*," &c. STEEVENS.

5 —*the eagle*, feather'd *king*:] So, in Mr. Gray's *Ode on the Progreſs of Poetry*:

" —thy magick lulls the *feather'd king*
" With ruffled plumes and flagging wing." STEEVENS.

6 *That defunctive muſick can*,] That underſtands funereal muſick.

To

Be the death-divining ſwan,
Leſt the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow [7],
That thy ſable gender mak'ſt [8]
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,
'Mongſt our mourners ſhalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and conſtancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the eſſence but in one;
Two diſtincts, diviſion none:
Number there in love was ſlain.

Hearts remote, yet not aſunder;
Diſtance, and no ſpace was ſeen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder [9].

So between them love did ſhine,
That the turtle ſaw his right

To *con* in Saxon ſignifies to *know*. The modern editions read:

That defunctive muſick *ken*. MALONE.

[7] *And thou* treble-dated *crow*,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"To pluck the quills from *ancient* raven's wings."

MALONE.

——cornicum ut ſecla vetuſta.
Ter tres ætates humanas garrula vincit
Cornix.—*Lucret.* STEEVENS.

[8] That thy ſable gender mak'ſt
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,] I ſuppoſe this uncouth expreſſion means, that the *crow*, or *raven*, continues its race by the *breath* it *gives* to them as its parent, and by *that* which it *takes* from other animals: i. e. by firſt producing its young from itſelf, and then providing for their ſupport by depredation. Thus, in *King John*:

"——and vaſt confuſion waits
"(*As doth a raven on a ſick-fallen beaſt*)
"The imminent decay of wreſted pomp."

This is the beſt I can make of the paſſage. STEEVENS.

[9] But in them *it were a wonder*.] So extraordinary a phænomenon as *hearts remote, yet not aſunder*, &c. would have excited admiration, had it been found any where elſe *except in theſe* two birds. In them it was not wonderful. MALONE.

Flaming in the phœnix' ſight [1]:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the ſelf was not the ſame [2];
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reaſon, in itſelf confounded,
Saw diviſion grow together;
To themſelves yet either-neither *,
Simple were ſo well compounded;

That it cry'd how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one [3]!

Love

[1] *That the turtle ſaw his* right
Flaming in the Phœnix' ſight:] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read *light*; i. e. the turtle ſaw all the *day* he wanted, in the eyes of the phœnix. So, Antony ſpeaking to Cleopatra:

" —O thou *day* o' the world,
" Chain my arm'd neck!"

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

Baſſ. " We ſhould hold *day* with the Antipodes,
" *If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.*
Por. " Let me *give light*, but let me not be light." STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any need of change. The turtle ſaw thoſe qualities which were his *right*, which were peculiarly *appropriated* to him, in the phœnix.—*Light* certainly correſponds better with the word *flaming* in the next line; but Shakſpeare ſeldom puts his compariſons on four feet. MALONE.

[2] *Property was thus appall'd,*
That the ſelf was not the ſame;] This communication of *appropriated* qualities alarmed the power that preſides over *property*. Finding *that the ſelf was not the ſame*, he began to fear that nothing would remain diſtinct and individual; that all things would become common. MALONE.

* *To themſelves yet* either-neither,] So in Dayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

" ——fire ſeem'd to be water, water flame,
" *Either or neither, and yet both the ſame.*" MALONE.

[3] *That it cry'd, how true a* twain
Seemeth this concordant one!] So, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, quarto, 1599:

" Still in her breaſt his ſecret thoughts ſhe beares
" Nor can her tongue pronounce an *I*, but *wee*;

" Thus

Love hath reaſon, reaſon none,
If what parts can ſo remain [4].

Whereupon it made this threne [5];
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-ſupremes and ſtars of love;
As chorus to their tragick ſcene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all ſimplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' neſt;
And the turtle's loyal breaſt
To eternity doth reſt,

Leaving no poſterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chaſtity.

Truth may ſeem, but cannot be:
Beauty brag, but 'tis not ſhe;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let thoſe repair
That are either true or fair;
For theſe dead birds ſigh a prayer.

" *Thus two in one, and one in two they bee;*
" And as his ſoule poſſeſſed head and heart,
" She's all in all, and all in every part." MALONE.

4 *Love hath reaſon, reaſon none,*
If what parts *can ſo remain,*] Love is reaſonable, and reaſon is folly, [has no reaſon,] *if two that are diſunited* from each other, can yet remain together and undivided. MALONE.

5 *Whereupon it made this* threne;] This *funeral ſong*. So, in Kendale's poems, 1577:
" Of verſes, *threnes*, and epitaphs,
" Full fraught with teares of *teene*."
A book entitled David's *Threanes*, by J. Heywood, was publiſhed in 1620. Two years afterwards it was reprinted under the title of David's *Tears*: the former title probably was diſcarded as obſolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

A LOVER's COMPLAINT.

A

LOVER's COMPLAINT[1].

FROM off a hill whoſe concave womb re-worded[2]
A plaintful ſtory from a ſiſtering vale[3],
My ſpirits to attend this double voice accorded[4],
And down I lay to liſt the ſad-tun'd tale:
Ere long eſpy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with ſorrow's wind and rain[5].

Upon

[1] This beautiful poem was firſt printed in 1609, with our authour's name, at the end of the quarto edition of his *Sonnets*. I wonder that it has not attracted the attention of ſome Engliſh painter, the opening being uncommonly pictureſque. The figures, however, of the lady and the old man ſhould be ſtanding, not ſitting, by the river ſide; Shakſpeare reclining on a hill. MALONE.

[2] —*whoſe concave womb* re-worded] Repeated; re-echoed. The ſame verb is found in *Hamlet*:

" —Bring me to the teſt,
" And I the matter will *re-word*." MALONE.

[3] —*from a* ſiſtering *vale*,] This word is again employed in *Pericles*, 1609:

" That even her art *ſiſters* the natural roſes."

It is not, I believe, uſed by any other authour. MALONE.

[4] *My* ſpirits *to attend this double voice accorded*,] The poet meant, I think, that the word *ſpirits* ſhould be pronounced as if written *ſprights*. MALONE.

[5] *Storming her* world *with ſorrow's wind and rain.*] So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" —and

Upon her head a platted hive of ſtraw,
Which fortified her viſage from the ſun,
Whereon the thought might think ſometime it ſaw
The carcaſe of a beauty ſpent and done [6].
Time had not ſcythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of ſear'd age [7].

Oft did ſhe heave her napkin [8] to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters [9],
Laund'ring

" ——and the ſtate of a man,
" Like to a little *kingdom*, ſuffers then
" The nature of an inſurrection."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" ——Remember thee?
" Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
" In this diſtracted *globe*."

Again, in *King Lear*:

" Strives in his little *world* of man to out-ſcorn
" The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

Sorrow's *wind and rain* are *ſighs* and *tears*. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: " We cannot call her *winds* and *rains*, *ſighs* and *tears*." The modern editions read corruptedly:

Storming her *words* with *ſorrows*, wind, &c. MALONE.

6 —*ſpent and* done.] *Done*, it has been already obſerved, was anciently uſed in the ſenſe of *conſumed*. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" And, if poſſeſs'd, as ſoon decay'd and *done*." MALONE.

7 *Some* beauty *peep'd through* lattice *of* ſear'd *age*.] Thus, in the 3d *Sonnet*:

" So thou through *windows* of thine *age* ſhalt ſee,
" Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——or let her *beauty*
" *Look through a caſement*, to allure falſe hearts,
" And be falſe with them."

In *Macbeth* we meet with the ſame epithet applied as here:

" —my way of life
" Is fallen into the *ſear*, the yellow leaf." MALONE.

Shakſpeare has applied this image to a comick purpoſe in *King Henry VI.* P. II: " He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red *lattice*, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window: at laſt I ſpied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and *peep'd through*." STEEVENS.

8 *Oft did ſhe heave her* napkin—] Her *handkerchief*. MALONE.

9 *Which on it had* conceited characters,] Fanciful images. Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" Which the *conceited* painter drew ſo proud,—." MALONE.

Laund'ring the ſilken figures in the brine
That ſeaſon'd woe had pelleted in tears [1],
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often ſhrieking undiſtinguiſh'd woe,
In clamours of all ſize [2], both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride [3],
As they did battery to the ſpheres intend;
Sometime diverted [4] their poor balls are ty'd
To the orbed earth [5]; ſometimes they do extend
Their

[1] Laund'ring *the ſilken figures in the* brine
That ſeaſon'd *woe had* pelleted *in tears*,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" *Seaſoning* the earth with ſhowers of ſilver *brine*."

Laundering is *wetting*. The verb is now obſolete. To *pellet* is to form into *pellets*, to which, being *round*, Shakſpeare, with his uſual licence, compares falling tears. The word, I believe, is found no where but here and in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——My brave Egyptians all,
" By the diſcandying of this *pelleted* ſtorm,
" Lie graveleſs."

In *Julius Cæſar* we meet with a kindred thought:

" ——mine eyes,
" Seeing thoſe *beads* of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
" Began to water."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" —*beads* of ſweat have trod upon thy brow."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" A ſea of melting *pearl*, which ſome call *tears*."

MALONE.

Seaſon'd *woe had* pelleted *in tears*,] This phraſe is from the kitchen. *Pellet* was the ancient culinary term for *a forced meat ball*, a well-known *ſeaſoning*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*of all* ſize,—] Size is here uſed, with Shakſpeare's uſual negligence, for *ſizes*. MALONE.

[3] *Sometimes her* level'd *eyes their* carriage *ride*,] The alluſion, which is to a piece of ordnance, is very quaint and far-fetch'd. MALONE.

In *The Merchant of Venice*, the eyes of Portia's picture are repreſented as mounted on thoſe of Baſſanio:

" ——Move theſe eyes?
" Or whether, *riding* on the balls of mine,
" Seem they in motion?" STEEVENS.

[4] *Sometime* diverted—] Turned from their former direction. So, in *As you like it*:

" I rather will ſubject me to the malice
" Of a *diverted* blood, and bloody brother." MALONE.

[5] *To the* orbed earth;—] So, in the mock tragedy in *Hamlet*:

" —and Tellus' *orbed ground*." STEEVENS.

Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and ſight diſtractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor looſe, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careleſs hand of pride;
For ſome, untuck'd, deſcended her ſheav'd hat [6],
Hanging her pale and pined cheek [7] beſide;
Some in her threaden fillet [8] ſtill did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though ſlackly braided in looſe negligence.

A thouſand favours from a maund ſhe drew [9]
Of amber, cryſtal, and of bedded jet [1],
Which one by one ſhe in a river threw,
Upon whoſe weeping margent ſhe was ſet;
Like uſury, applying wet to wet [2],

Of

[6] —*her* ſheav'd *hat*,] Her *ſtraw* hat. MALONE.

[7] —pined *cheek*—] So, Spenſer, (as an anonymous writer has obſerved,) B. III. c. ii. ſt. 51. "—like a *pined* ghoſt." MALONE.

[8] *Some in* her *threaden fillet*—] I ſuſpect Shakſpeare wrote—in *their* threaden fillet. MALONE.

[9] —*from a* maund *ſhe drew*] A *maund* is a hand baſket. The word is yet uſed in Somerſetſhire. MALONE.

[1] *Of amber, cryſtal, and of* bedded *jet*,] Thus the quarto, 1609. If *bedded* be right, it muſt mean, *ſet* in ſome kind of metal. Our authour uſes the word in *The Tempeſt*:

"—my ſon i' the ooze is *bedded*."

The modern editions read—*beaded* jet, which may be right; *beads* made of jet. The conſtruction, I think, is,—ſhe drew from a maund a thouſand favours, of amber, cryſtal, &c. MALONE.

Baſkets made of *beads* were ſufficiently common even ſince the time of our authour. I have ſeen many of them. *Beaded* jet, is jet formed into *beads*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Upon whoſe* weeping margent *ſhe was ſet*,—
Like uſury, applying wet to wet,] In *King Henry VI.* P. III. we meet with a ſimilar thought:

"With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
"And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much."

Theſe

Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *ſome*[3], but where exceſs begs all.

Of folded ſchedules had ſhe many a one,
Which ſhe perus'd, ſigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of poſied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their ſepulchers in mud[4];
Found yet more letters ſadly pen'd in blood,

With

Theſe two lines are not in the old play on which the third part of *K. Henry VI.* is formed.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" With tears augmenting the freſh morning dew,
" Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs."

Again, in *As you like it:*

" —Thou mak'ſt a teſtament
" As worldings do, giving the ſum of more
" To that which hath too much."

Perhaps we ſhould read:

Upon whoſe *margent weeping* ſhe was ſet,

The words might have been accidentally tranſpoſed at the preſs. *Weeping margent*, however, is, I believe, right, being much in our authour's manner. *Weeping* for *weeped* or *be-weeped*; the margin wetted with tears. MALONE.

To *weep* is to drop. Milton talks of

" Groves whoſe rich trees *wept* od'rous gums and balm."

Pope ſpeaks of the " *weeping* amber," and Mortimer obſerves that " rye-graſs grows on weeping ground," i. e. lands abounding with wet, like the margin of the river on which this damſel is ſitting. The rock from which water drops, is likewiſe poetically called a *weeping* rock:

Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ ΔΑΚΡΥΟΕΣΣΗΣ. STEEVENS.

[3] *Where want* cries *ſome*,—] I once ſuſpected that our authour wrote:

Where want *craves* ſome—. MALONE.

I *cry* haves, is a common phraſe among ſchool-boys. STEEVENS.

[4] *Bidding them find their* ſepulchers in mud;] So, in *The Tempeſt:*

My ſon i' the *ooze* is *bedded*. MALONE.

Again, ibidem:

" ———I wiſh
" Myſelf were *mudded* in that oozy *bed*
" Where my ſon lies." STEEVENS.

With ſleided ſilk feat and affectedly [5]
Enſwath'd, and ſeal'd to curious ſecrecy [6].

Theſe often bath'd ſhe in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiſs'd, and often 'gan to tear [7];
Cry'd, O falſe blood! thou regiſter of lies,
What unapproved witneſs doſt thou bear!
Ink would have ſeem'd more black and damned here!
This ſaid, in top of rage the lines ſhe rents,
Big diſcontent ſo breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blufterer, that the ruffle knew [8]

Of

5 *With* ſleided *ſilk feat* and affectedly—] *Sleided* ſilk is, as Dr. Percy has elſewhere obſerved, untwiſted ſilk, prepared to be uſed in the weaver's *ſley* or *ſlay*. So, in *Pericles:*

" Bet, when ſhe weav'd the *ſleided ſilk*."

A weaver's *ſley* is formed with teeth like a comb. *Feat* is, curiouſly, nicely. MALONE.

6 *With* ſleided ſilk *feat and affectedly*
Enſwath'd, and ſeal'd *to curious ſecrecy.*] To be convinced of the propriety of this deſcription, let the reader conſult the *Royal Letters*, &c. in the Britiſh Muſeum, where he will find that anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the *ſeals* of letters, to connect them more cloſely. STEEVENS.

Florio's Italian and Engliſh Dialogues, entitled his *Second Frutes*, 1591, confirm Mr. Steevens's obſervation. In p. 89. a perſon, who is ſuppoſed to have juſt writen a letter, calls for "ſome wax, ſome *ſealing thread*, his duſt-box, and his ſeal." MALONE.

7 *And often kiſs'd, and often* 'gan *to tear,*] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly:

—and often *gave* to tear.

We might read:

—and often gave *a* tear.

But the correſponding rhyme rather favours the conjectural reading which I have inſerted in the text. Beſides, her *tears* had been mentioned in the preceding line. MALONE.

8 —*that the* ruffle *knew*—] *Ruffians* were a ſpecies of bullies in the time of Shakſpeare. "To *ruffle* in the common-wealth," is a phraſe in *Titus Andronicus*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's French and Engliſh Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's Dictionary, *Ruffle* and *hurliburly* are ſynonymous. MALONE.

Of court, of city, and had let go by
The ſwifteſt hours [9],) obſerved as they flew [1];
Towards this afflicted fancy [2] faſtly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, deſires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So ſlides he down upon his grained bat [3],
And comely-diſtant ſits he by her ſide;
When he again deſires her, being ſat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her ſuffering ecſtaſy [4] aſſuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, ſhe ſays, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blaſting hour [5],
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but ſorrow, over me hath power [6]:
I might

[9] —*and had let go by*
The ſwifteſt hours—] Had paſſed the prime of life, when time appears to move with his quickeſt pace. MALONE.

[1] —*obſerved* as they flew;] i. e. as the ſcattered fragments of paper flew. Perhaps, however, the parentheſis that I have inſerted, may not have been intended by the authour. If it be omitted, and *the ſwifteſt hours* be connected with what follows, the meaning will be, that this reverend man, though engaged in the buſtle of the court and city, had not ſuffered the buſy and gay period of youth to paſs by without gaining ſome knowledge of the world. MALONE.

[2] —*this afflicted* fancy—] This afflicted *love ſick* lady. *Fancy*, it has been already obſerved, was formerly ſometimes uſed in the ſenſe of *love*. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
" Sighs and tears, poor *fancy's* followers." MALONE.

[3] —*his* grained bat,] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" My *grained* aſh—."
His *grained bat* is his ſtaff on which the *grain* of the wood was viſible. STEEVENS.
A *bat* is a club. The word is again uſed in *King Lear*: " Iſe try whether your coſtard or my *bat* be the harder." MALONE.

[4] —*her ſuffering* ecſtaſy—] Her painful perturbation of mind. MALONE.

[5] *The injury of many a* blaſting hour,] So in *King Henry IV.* P. II:
" —every part about you *blaſted* with *antiquity*." MALONE.

[6] *Let it not tell your judgment I am* old;
Not age, but ſorrow, over me hath power:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Theſe

I might as yet have been a ſpreading flower,
Freſh to myſelf, if I had ſelf-apply'd
Love to myſelf, and to no love beſide.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful ſuit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards ſo commended[7],
That maidens' eyes ſtuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place[9];
And when in his fair parts ſhe did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occaſion of the wind
Upon his lips their ſilken parcels hurls.
What's ſweet to do, to do will aptly find[1]:
Each eye that ſaw him did enchant the mind;
For on his viſage was in little drawn,
What largeneſs thinks in paradiſe was ſawn[2].

Small

" Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe *ſorrows*, make me *old*."
Thus Luſignan, in Voltaire's *Zayre*;
" Mes maux m'ont affaibli plus encor que mes ans."
STEEVENS.

7 Of *one by nature's outwards ſo commended*,) The quarto reads:
O one by nature's outwards, &c.
Mr. Tyrwhitt propoſed this emendation inſerted in the text, which appears to me clearly right. MALONE.

9 —*made him her* place;] i. e. her ſeat, her manſion. In the ſacred writings the word is often uſed with this ſenſe. STEEVENS.
So, in *As you like it*:
" This is no *place*; this houſe is but a butchery."
Plas in the Welch language ſignifies a manſion-houſe. MALONE.

1 *What's ſweet to do, to do will aptly find*:] I ſuppoſe he means, things pleaſant to be done will eaſily find people enough to do them. STEEVENS.

2 —*in paradiſe was* ſawn.] i. e. ſeen. This irregular participle, which was forced upon the authour by the rhyme, is, I believe, uſed by no other writer. MALONE.
The ſame thought occurs in *King Henry V*:
" Leaving his body as a *paradiſe*."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" In mortal *paradiſe* of ſuch ſweet fleſh." STEEVENS.

Small ſhow of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down [3] began but to appear,
Like unſhorn velvet, on that termleſs ſkin,
Whoſe bare out-brag'd the web it ſeem'd to wear;
Yet ſhow'd his viſage [4] by that coſt moſt dear;
And nice affections wavering ſtood in doubt
If beſt 'twere as it was, or beſt without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm [5]
As oft 'twixt May and April is to ſee,
When winds breathe ſweet, unruly though they be [6].

His

[3] *His* phœnix *down*—] I ſuppoſe ſhe means *matchleſs*, *rare*, down. MALONE.

[4] *Yet ſhow'd his viſage*—] The words are placed out of their natural order for the ſake of the metre:

Yet his *viſage ſhow'd*, &c. MALONE.

[5] *Yet, if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm*, &c.] Thus alſo in *Troilus and Creſſida* that prince is deſcribed as one

" Not ſoon provok'd, nor being provok'd, ſoon calm'd."

So, alſo in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——his voice was property'd
" As all the tuned ſpheres, and that to friends;
" But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the orb,
" He was as rattling thunder."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
" Open as day to melting charity;
" Yet notwithſtanding, being *incens'd* he's flint;
" As humourous as winter, and as *ſudden*
" *As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.*"

Again, in *K. Henry VIII:*

" The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
" So much they love it; but to *ſtubborn ſpirits*
They ſwell and grow as terrible as ſtorms." MALONE.

Again, in *Cymbeline;*

" ——and yet as rough,
" Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudeſt wind,
" That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
" And make him ſtoop to the vale." STEEVENS.

[6] *When* winds breathe *ſweet*, unruly *though they be.*] So, Amiens in *As you like it*, addreſſing the wind:

" thou art not ſo unkind,
" Although thy *breath* be *rude.*" MALONE.

His rudeneſs ſo with his authoriz'd youth
Did livery falſeneſs in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would ſay,
That horſe his mettle from his rider takes [7]:
Proud of ſubjection, noble by the ſway,
What rounds, what bounds, what courſe, what ſtop he makes!
And controverſy hence a queſtion takes,
Whether the horſe by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing ſteed,

But quickly on this ſide [8] the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accompliſh'd in himſelf, not in his caſe:
All aids themſelves made fairer by their place;
Came for additions [9], yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him [1].

So on the tip of his ſubduing tongue
All kind of arguments and queſtion deep,
All replication prompt, and reaſon ſtrong,
For his advantage ſtill did wake and ſleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep;

He

7 *That horſe his* mettle *from his rider takes:*] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" For from his *metal* was his party ſteel'd." STEEVENS.

8 *But quickly on* this *ſide*—] Perhaps the authour wrote—*bis*. There is however no need of change. MALONE.

9 *All aids themſelves made fairer by their place;*
Came *for additions*,—] The old copy and the modern editions read—*can* for additions. This appearing to me unintelligible, I have ſubſtituted what I ſuppoſe to have been the authour's word. The ſame miſtake happened in *Macbeth*, where we find

" ——As thick as tale
" *Can* poſt with poſt—."

printed inſtead of—" *Came* poſt with poſt." MALONE.

1 ——*yet their purpos'd trim*
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" You mend the jewel by the wearing it." MALONE.

He had the dialect and different ſkill,
Catching all paſſions in his craft of will [2];

That he did in the general boſom reign [3]
Of young, of old; and ſexes both enchanted [4],
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In perſonal duty, following where he haunted [5]:
Conſents, bewitch'd, ere he deſire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Aſk'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To ſerve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination ſet
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and manſions, their's in thought aſſign'd;
And labouring in more pleaſures to beſtow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them [6]:

[2] *Catching all paſſions in his craft of will*;] Theſe lines, in which our poet has accidentally delineated his own character as a dramatiſt, would have been better adapted to his monumental inſcription, than ſuch as are placed on the ſcroll in Weſtminſter abbey. By our undiſcerning audiences, however, they are always heard with profounder ſilence, and followed by louder applauſe, than accompany any other paſſage throughout all his plays. The vulgar ſeem to think they were ſelected for publick view, as the brighteſt gems in his poetick crown. STEEVENS.

[3] *That he did in the* general boſom *reign*—] So, in *Hamlet*:
" And cleave the *general ear* with horrid ſpeech."
STEEVENS.

[4] —*he did in the general boſom reign*
Of young, of old; and ſexes both enchanted,—
Conſents, bewitch'd, &c.] So, in *Cymbeline*:
" ——Such a holy *witch*,
" That he *enchants* ſocieties to him.
A ſimilar panegyrick is beſtowed by our authour upon *Timon*:
" ——his large fortune
" Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
" Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
" All ſorts of hearts." MALONE.

[5] —*following where he* haunted:] Where he frequented. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" —here in the publick *haunt* of men." MALONE.

[6] —*the true* gouty landlord *which doth owe them*:] So, *Timon*, addreſſing himſelf to the gold he had found:
" ——Thou'lt

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly ſuppos'd them miſtreſs of his heart.
My woeful ſelf, that did in freedom ſtand,
And was my own fee-ſimple [7], (not in part,)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſerv'd the ſtalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as ſome my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being deſired, yielded;
Finding myſelf in honour ſo forbid,
With ſafeſt diſtance I mine honour ſhielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this falſe jewel [8], and his amorous ſpoil.

But ah! who ever ſhun'd by precedent
The deſtin'd ill ſhe muſt herſelf aſſay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainſt her own content,
To put the by-paſs'd perils in her way?
Counſel may ſtop a while what will not ſtay;
For when we rage, advice is often ſeen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it ſatisfaction to our blood *,
That we muſt curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the ſweets that ſeem ſo good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment ſtand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taſte,
Though reaſon weep, and cry—*it is thy laſt.*

For

" ——Thou'lt go, ſtrong thief,
" When *gouty keepers* of thee cannot ſtand." STEEVENS.

7 *And was my own* fee-ſimple—] Had an abſolute power over myſelf; as large as a tenant in fee has over his eſtate. MALONE.

8 ——*the* foil.
Of this falſe jewel,—] So, in *K. Richard II:*
" ——thy weary ſteps
" Eſteem a *foil*, in which thou art to ſet
" The precious *jewel* of thy home return." STEEVENS.

* —*to our* blood,—] i. e. to our paſſions. MALONE.

For further I could ſay, *this man's untrue*,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling [9];
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew [1],
Saw how deceits were gilded in his ſmiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling [2];
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art [3],
And baſtards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon theſe terms I held my city [4],
Till thus he 'gan beſiege me: "Gentle maid
Have of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you ſworn, to none was ever ſaid;
For feaſts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you ſee,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;

[9] —*the* patterns *of his foul beguiling*;] The example of his ſeduction. MALONE.

[1] —*in others'* orchards *grew*,] *Orchard* and *garden* were, in ancient language, ſynonymous. Our authour has a ſimilar alluſion in his 16th *Sonnet*:

"——many *maiden gardens* yet *unſet*,
"With virtuous wiſh would bear you living *flowers*,
"Much liker than your painted counterfeit." MALONE.

[2] *Knew* vows *were ever* brokers to defiling;] So, in *Hamlet*:

"Do not believe his *vows*; for they are *brokers*,
"Meer implorators of *unholy ſuits*." STEEVENS.

A *broker* formerly ſignified a pander. MALONE.

[3] Thought, *characters, and words, merely but art*,] *Thought* is here, I believe, a ſubſtantive. MALONE.

[4] *And long upon theſe terms I held* my city,] Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"So did I, Tarquin; ſo *my Troy* did periſh."

Again; *ibidem*:

"This moves in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
"To make the breach, and enter this ſweet *city*."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Virginity being blown down, man will quickly be blown up; marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your *city*." MALONE.

Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind [5]:
They ſought their ſhame that ſo their ſhame did find;
And ſo much leſs of ſhame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have ſeen [6],
Not one whoſe flame my heart ſo much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the ſmalleſt teen [7],
Or any of my leiſures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies ſent me [8],
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their paſſions likewiſe lent me
Of grief and bluſhes, aptly underſtood
In bloodleſs white and the encrimſon'd mood;

Effects

5 *Love made them not; with* acture *they may be,*
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:] Thus the old copy. I have not found the word *acture* in any other place, but ſuppoſe it to have been uſed as ſynonymous with *action*. His *offences* that might be *ſeen abroad* in the world, were the plants before mentioned, that he had ſet in others' gardens. The meaning of the paſſage then ſhould ſeem to be—My illicit amours were merely the effect of conſtitution, and not approved by my reaſon: Pure and genuine love had no ſhare in them or in their conſequences; for the mere congreſs of the ſexes may produce ſuch fruits, without the affections of the parties being at all engaged. MALONE.

6 *Among the many that mine eyes have ſeen*, &c.] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" Full many a lady
" I have ey'd with beſt regard,—but never any
" With ſo full ſoul,—." STEEVENS

7 *Or my affection* put to *the ſmalleſt* teen,] *Teen* is trouble. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" —O, my heart bleeds,
" To think of the *teen I have turn'd you to*." MALONE.

8 *Look here, what tributes wounded* fancies *ſent me*,] *Fancy* is here uſed for love or affection. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" A martial man to be ſoft *fancy's* ſlave."

Effects of terror and dear modeſty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly [9].

And lo! behold theſe talents of their hair [1],
With twiſted metal amorouſly impleach'd [2],
I have receiv'd from many a ſeveral fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beſeech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd ſonnets, that did amplify
Each ſtone's dear nature, worth, and quality [3].

The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend [4];
The deep-green emerald, in whoſe freſh regard
Weak ſights their ſickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued ſapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each ſeveral ſtone,
With wit well blazon'd, ſmil'd or made ſome moan.

Lo! all theſe trophies of affections hot,
Of penſiv'd and ſubdued deſires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myſelf muſt render,

That

[9] *Encamp'd in* hearts, *but* fighting *outwardly*.] So, in *Hamlet*:
" Sir, in my *heart* there was a kind of *fighting*."
STEEVENS.

[1] *And lo! behold theſe* talents *of their hair*, &c.] Theſe *lockets*, conſiſting of hair platted and ſet in *gold*. MALONE.

[2] —*amorouſly* impleach'd,] *Impleach'd* is *interwoven*; the ſame as *pleached*, a word which our authour uſes in *Much ado about Nothing*, and in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——Steal into the *pleached* bower,
" Where honey-ſuckles ripen'd by the ſun
" Forbid the ſun to enter."—
" ——with *pleach'd* arms bending down
" His corrigible neck." MALONE.

[3] *Each ſtone's dear nature, worth, and quality*.] In the age of Shakſpeare, peculiar virtues were imputed to every ſpecies of precious ſtones. STEEVENS.

[4] *Whereto his* invis'd *properties did tend*;] *Invis'd for Inviſible*. This is, I believe, a word of Shakſpeare's coining. His *inviſed* properties are the inviſible qualities of his mind. So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:
" Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
" Thy *inward beauty* and *inviſible*." MALONE.

That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For theſe, of force, muſt your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraſeleſs hand,
Whoſe white weighs down the airy ſcale of praiſe [5];
Take all theſe ſimiles to your own command,
Hallow'd with ſighs that burning lungs did raiſe;
What me your miniſter, for you obeys,
Work under you; and to your audit comes [6]
Their diſtract parcels in combined ſums.

Lo! this device was ſent me from a nun,
Or ſiſter ſanctified, of holieſt note [7];
Which late her noble ſuit in court did ſhun [8],
Whoſe rareſt havings made the bloſſoms dote [9];
For ſhe was ſought by ſpirits of richeſt coat [1],

But

5 *O then advance of yours that* phraſeleſs hand,
Whoſe white *weighs down the* airy *ſcale of praiſe*;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" ——they may ſeize
" On the *white wonder* of dear Juliet's *hand*."

The *airy* ſcale of praiſe is the ſcale filled with verbal elogiums. *Air* is often thus uſed by our authour. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

" Charm ache with *air*, and agony with words."

MALONE.

6 —*and to your* audit *comes*—] So, in *Macbeth*:

" ———in compt,
" To make their *audit* at your highneſs' pleaſure,
" Still to return your own." STEEVENS.

7 Or *ſiſter ſanctified, of honeſt note*;] The poet, I ſuſpect, wrote:
A ſiſter ſanctified, of holieſt note. MALONE.

8 *Which late her* noble ſuit *in court did ſhun*,] Who lately retired from the ſolicitation of her noble admirers. The word *ſuit*, in the ſenſe of *requeſt* or *petition*, was much uſed in Shakſpeare's time. MALONE.

9 *Whoſe rareſt* havings *made the* bloſſoms *dote*,] Whoſe accompliſhments were ſo extraordinary that the flower of the young nobility were paſſionately enamoured of her. MALONE.

1 *For ſhe was ſought by ſpirits* of richeſt coat,] By nobles; whoſe high deſcent is marked by the number of quarters in their *coats* of arms. So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Yea, though I die, the ſcandal will ſurvive,
" And be an eye-ſore in my *golden coat*." MALONE.

But kept cold diſtance, and did thence remove,
To ſpend her living in eternal love.

But O, my ſweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, maſtering what not ſtrives?
Paling the place which did no form receive;—
Man patient ſports in unconſtrained gyves[2]:
She that her fame ſo to herſelf contrives,

The

2 *But O, my ſweet, what labour is't to leave*
The thing we have not, maſtering what not ſtrives?
Paling *the place which did no form receive;—*
Man *patient ſports in unconſtrained gyves:*] The old copy reads:
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient ſports in unconſtrained gyves:
It does not require a long note to prove that this is a groſs corruption. How to amend it is the queſtion. *Playing* in the firſt line, I apprehend, was a miſprint for *paling*; and the compoſitor's eye after he had printed the former line, I ſuppoſe glanced again upon it, and caught the firſt word of it inſtead of the firſt word of the line he was then compoſing.—The lover is ſpeaking of a nun who had voluntarily retired from the world.—But what merit (he adds) could ſhe boaſt, or what was the difficulty of ſuch an action? What labour is there in leaving what we have not, i. e. what we do not enjoy, [See *Rape of Lucrece*, p. 103. 6.] or in reſtraining deſires that do not agitate our breaſt? *Paling the place*, &c. ſecuring within the pale of a cloiſter that heart which had never received the impreſſion of love.—When fetters are put upon us by our conſent, they do not appear irkſome, &c. Such is the meaning of the text as now regulated.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the verb to *pale* is uſed in the ſenſe of to hem in:

" What'er the ocean *pales*, or ſky inclips,
" Is thine, if thou wilt have it."

The word *form*, which I once ſuſpected to be corrupt, is undoubtedly right. The ſame phraſeology is found in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" —the *impreſſion* of ſtrange kinds
" Is *form'd* in them, [women,] by force, by fraud, or ſkill."

It is alſo ſtill more ſtrongly ſupported by the paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth Night*. MALONE.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the words

——did no *form receive*,

as the ſame expreſſion occurs again in the laſt ſtanza but three:

" ——a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
" Applied to cautels, all ſtrange *forms receives*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

" How eaſy is it for the proper falſe
" In women's waxen hearts *to ſet their forms*? STEEVENS.

The ſcars of battle ſcapeth by the flight [3],
And makes her abſence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boaſt is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force ſubdue,
And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter fly:
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would ſhe be immur'd [4],
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken boſoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I ſtrong o'er them, and you o'er me being ſtrong,
Muſt for your victory us all congeſt,
As compound love to phyſick your cold breaſt.

My parts had power to charm a ſacred ſun [5],
Who, diſciplin'd and dieted in grace,

Believ'd

3 *by* the *flight*,] Perhaps the authour wrote—by *her* flight. STEEVENS.

4 *Not to be tempted, would ſhe be immur'd*,] The quarto has *enur'd*; for which the modern editions have properly given *immur'd*. MALONE.

Immur'd is a verb uſed by Shakſpeare in *K. Richard III.* and *The Merchant of Venice*. We have likewiſe *immures*, ſubſt. in the Prologue to *Troilus and Creſſida*. STEEVENS.

5 *My parts had power to charm a ſacred ſun*,] Perhaps the poet wrote:

———a ſacred *nun*.

If *ſun* be right, it muſt mean, *the brighteſt luminary of the cloiſter*. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

" ——When theſe *ſuns*
" (For ſo they phraſe him) by their heralds challeng'd
" The noble ſpirits to arms, they did perform
" Beyond thought's compaſs." MALONE.

In *Coriolanus*, the chaſte Valeria is called " the *moon* of Rome." STEEVENS.

Believ'd her eyes, when they to aſſail begun,
All vows and conſecrations giving place [6]:
O moſt potential love! vow, bond, nor ſpace,
In thee hath neither ſting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things elſe are thine.

When thou impreſſeſt, what are precepts worth
Of ſtale example? When thou wilt inflame [7],
How coldly thoſe impediments ſtand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainſt rule, gainſt ſenſe, 'gainſt
ſhame [8];

[6] *My parts had power to charm a ſacred ſun,*
Who, diſciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes, when they to aſſail begun,
All vows and conſecrations giving place;] The old copy reads:
My parts had power to charm a ſacred ſun,
Who diſciplin'd *I* died in grace.—
For the preſent regulation of the text, the propriety of which, I think, will at once ſtrike every reader, I am indebted to an anonymous correſpondent, whoſe communications have been already acknowledged.
The ſame gentleman would read
—when *I* the aſſail begun—
and I formerly admitted that emendation, but it does not ſeem abſolutely neceſſary. The nun believ'd or yielded to her eyes, when they, captivated by the external appearance of her wooer, began to aſſail her chaſtity. MALONE.

[7] —*When thou wilt inflame,*
How coldly thoſe impediments ſtands forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?] Thus, in Rowe's *Lady Jane Gray*:
" —every other joy, how dear ſoever,
" Gives away to that, and we leave all for love.
" At the imperious tyrant's lordly call,
" In ſpite of reaſon, and reſtraint we come,
" Leave kindred, parents, and our native home.
" The trembling maid, with all her fears he charms," &c.
STEEVENS.

[8] *Love's arms are* peace, *'gainſt rule*, &c.] I ſuſpect our authour wrote:
Love's arms are *proof* 'gainſt rule, &c.
The meaning, however, of the text as it ſtands, may be—The *warfare* that love carries on againſt rule, ſenſe, &c. produces to the parties engagd a *peaceful* enjoyment, *and ſweetens*, &c. The conſtruction
in

And ſweetens, in the ſuffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, ſhocks, and fears [9].

Now all theſe hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And ſupplicant their ſighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainſt mine,
Lending ſoft audience to my ſweet deſign,
And credent ſoul to that ſtrong-bonded oath
That ſhall prefer and undertake my troth."

This ſaid, his watery eyes he did diſmount,
Whoſe ſights till then were level'd on my face [1];
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With briniſh current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the ſtream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with cryſtal, gate the glowing roſes
That flame [2] through water which their hue incloſes.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the ſmall orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breaſt ſo cold that is not warmed here?

O cleſt

in the text line is perhaps irregular.—Love's arms are peace, &c. and *love* ſweetens—. MALONE.

Perhaps we ſhould read:

Love *aims at peace*—
Yet ſweetens, &c. STEEVENS.

9 *And ſweetens in the ſuffering pangs it bears,*
The aloes of all forces, ſhocks, and fears.] So, in *Cymbeline*:
" — a touch more rare
" Subdues all pangs, all fears." STEEVENS.

1 *This ſaid, his watery eyes he did diſmount,*
Whoſe ſights *till then were* level'd *on my face;*] The alluſion is to the old Engliſh fire-arms, which were ſupported on what was called a *reſt*. MALONE.

2 —gate *the glowing roſes*
That flame—] That is, procured for the glowing roſes in his cheeks that flame, &c. *Gate* is the ancient perfect tenſe of the verb *to get*. MALONE.

O cleft effect [3]! cold modeſty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

For lo! his paſſion, but an art of craft,
Even there reſolv'd my reaſon into tears [4];
There my white ſtole of chaſtity I daff'd [5],
Shook off my ſober guards, and civil fears [*];
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poiſon'd me, and mine did him reſtore.

In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
Applied to cautels [6], all ſtrange forms receives,
Of burning bluſhes, or of weeping water,
Or ſwooning paleneſs; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptneſs, as it beſt deceives,
To bluſh at ſpeeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and ſwoon at tragick ſhows:

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could ſcape the hail of his all-hurting aim [7],

Showing

[3] O *cleft effect!*—] O divided and diſcordant effect!—*O* cleft, &c. is the modern reading. The old copy has—*Or* cleft effect, from which it is difficult to draw any meaning. MALONE.

[4] —reſolv'd *my reaſon* into tears;] So, in *Hamlet:*

" Thaw, and *reſolve* itſelf *into a dew.*" STEEVENS.

[5] —*my white ſtole of chaſtity I* daff'd] To *daff* or *doff* is to put off,—*do off.* MALONE.

[*] —*and* civil *fears,*] *Civil* formerly ſignified *grave, decorous.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" —Come, *civil* night,
" Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black." MALONE.

[6] *Applied to* cautels,—] Applied to inſidious purpoſes, with ſubtilty and cunning. So, in *Hamlet:*

" Perhaps he loves you now;—
" And now no ſoil of *cautel* doth beſmirch
" The virtue of his will." MALONE.

[7] —*not a heart which in his* level *came,*
Could ſcape the hail *of his all-hurting aim,*] So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —I ſtood i' the *level*
" Of a full-charg'd confederacy." STEEVENS.

Again, in our authour's 117th *Sonnet:*

" Bring

Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim;
Againſt the thing he ſought he would exclaim:
When he moſt burn'd in heart-wiſh'd luxury [8],
He preach'd pure maid [9], and prais'd cold chaſtity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd [1].
Who, young and ſimple, would not be ſo lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do queſtion make
What I ſhould do again for ſuch a ſake.

O, that infected moiſture of his eye,
O, that falſe fire which in his cheeks ſo glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly [2],
O, that ſad breath his ſpungy lungs beſtow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion, ſeeming ow'd [3],

Would

" Bring me within the *level* of your frown,
" But ſhoot not at me in your waken'd hate."

Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

" I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
" Myſelf againſt the *level* of my *aim*."

I ſuſpect that for *hail* we ought to read *ill*. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece:*

" End thy *ill aim*, before thy ſhoot be ended." MALONE.

8 —*in heart-wiſh'd* luxury,] *Luxury* formerly was uſed for *laſciviouſneſs*. MALONE.

9 *He preach'd pure maid,*—] We meet with a ſimilar phraſeology in *K. John*:

" He *ſpeaks plain cannon fire*, and bounce, and ſmoke."

Again, in *K. Henry V:*

" *I ſpeak to thee plain ſoldier*." MALONE.

1 —*like a* cherubin *above them hover'd.*] So, in *Macbeth:*

" —or heaven's *cherubin* hors'd
" Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air." STEEVENS.

2 *O, that forc'd* thunder *from his heart did fly,*] So, in *Twelfth Night:*

" With groans that *thunder* love and ſighs of fire."
MALONE.

3 —*that borrow'd motion, ſeeming* ow'd,] That paſſion which he copied from others ſo naturally that it ſeemed real and his *own*. *Ow'd* has here, as in many other places in our authour's works, the ſignification of *owned*. MALONE.

Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid [4] !

4 In this beautiful poem, in every part of which the hand of Shakſpeare is viſible, he perhaps meant to break a lance with Spenſer. It appears to me to have more of the ſimplicity and pathetick tenderneſs of the elder poet, in his ſmaller pieces, than any other poem of that time; and ſtrongly reminds us of our authour's deſcription of an ancient ſong, in *Twelfth Night:*

" —It is ſilly ſooth,
" And dallies with the innocence of youth,
" Like the old age." MALONE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

A TRAGEDY ERRONEOUSLY ASCRIBED TO

SHAKSPEARE.

Perſons Repreſented.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declared Emperor himſelf.*
Baſſianus, *Brother to* Saturninus; *in love with* Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, *a noble* Roman, *General againſt the* Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to* Titus.
Lucius, Quintus, Martius, Mutius, } *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.
Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.
Publius, *Son to* Marcus *the Tribune.*
Æmilius, *a noble* Roman.
Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, } *Sons to* Tamora.
Aaron, *a Moor, beloved by* Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Meſſenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths, and Romans.

Tamora, *Queen of the* Goths.
Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
A Nurſe, and a black Child.

Kinſmen of Titus, *Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Rome; *and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The tomb of the Andronici *appearing; the* Tribunes *and* Senators *aloft, as in the ſenate. Enter, below,* SATURNINUS *and his followers, on one ſide; and* BASSIANUS *and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the juſtice of my cauſe with arms;
And,

[1] On what principle the editors of the firſt complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume, cannot now be aſcertained. The moſt probable reaſon that can be aſſigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave ſome aſſiſtance to the authour, in reviſing it, or in ſome other way aided him in bringing it forward on the ſtage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenſcroft in the time of King Charles II. warrants us in making one or other of theſe ſuppoſitions. "I have been told" (ſays he in his preface to an alteration of this play publiſhed in 1687,) by ſome anciently converſant with the ſtage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave ſome maſter touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

A booke entitled "*A noble Roman Hiſtorie of Titus Andronicus*" was entered at Stationers-Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have ſeen the firſt edition,) and acted by the ſervants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Suſſex. It is obſervable that in the entry no authour's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the ſame company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houſes of Yorke*

and

And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my ſucceſſive title [2] with your ſword:

I am

and Lancaſter, *The* old *Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.* by whom not one of Shakſpeare's plays is ſaid to have been performed. See the *Diſſertation on King Henry VI.*

From Ben Jonſon's Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty five or thirty years before; that is, according to the loweſt computation in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more juſt, in 1587.

To enter into a long diſquiſition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakſpeare, would be an idle waſte of time. To thoſe who are not converſant with his writings, if particular paſſages were examined, more words would be neceſſary than the ſubject is worth; thoſe who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the queſtion.—I will however mention one mode by which it may be eaſily aſcertained. Let the reader only peruſe a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Giſmund*, *the Battle of Alcazar*, *Jeronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *the Wounds of Civil War*, *the Wars of Cyrus*, *Locrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *King Edward I*, *the Spaniſh Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perſeda*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakſpeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the ſame mint.

The teſtimony of Meres, mentioned in a ſubſequent note, alone remains to be conſidered. His *enumerating* this among Shakſpeare's plays may be accounted for in the ſame way in which we may account for its being *printed* by his fellow-comedians in the firſt folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and *probably* acquainted with ſome of the dramatick poets of the time, from ſome or other of whom he might have heard that Shakſpeare intereſted himſelf about the tragedy, or had written a few lines for the authour. The internal evidence furniſhed by the piece itſelf, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakſpeare, greatly outweighs any ſingle teſtimony on the other ſide. Meres might have been miſinformed, or inconſiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For ſix of the plays which he has mentioned, (excluſive of the evidence which the repreſentation of the pieces themſelves might have furniſhed,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whiſper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes; for Shakſpeare's name is *not* in the title-page of the edition printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the

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[2] *my* ſucceſſive *title*—] i. e. my title to the ſucceſſion. MALONE.

I am his firſt-born ſon, that was the laſt
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;

Then

the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impreſſion. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakſpeare, can it be ſuppoſed that the bookſeller would not have endeavoured to procure a ſale for it by ſtamping his name upon it?

In ſhort, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the ſtationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of our authour, its being performed by the ſervants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the ſtately march of the verſification, the whole colour of the compoſition, its reſemblance to ſeveral of our moſt ancient dramas, the diſſimilitude of the ſtyle from our authour's undoubted compoſitions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenſcroft, when ſome of his contemporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Reſtoration, and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himſelf written for the ſtage in 1629, did not die till April 1668;) all theſe circumſtances combined, prove with irreſiſtible force the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneouſly aſcribed to Shakſpeare.—I once intended not to have admitted it into the preſent edition; but that every reader may be enabled to judge for himſelf, I have inſerted it here, having firſt placed our authour's poems as a barrier between this ſpurious piece, and his undoubted dramas.

MALONE.

It is obſervable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactneſs equal to that of the other books of thoſe times. The firſt edition was probably corrected by the authour, ſo that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much moleſted this piece with officious criticiſm.

JOHNSON.

There is an authority for aſcribing this play to Shakſpeare, which I think a very ſtrong one, though not made uſe of, as I remember, by any one of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maiſter of arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies, are the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Errors*, the *Love's Labour Loſt*, the *Love's Labour's Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this liſt, as it ſerves ſo far to aſcertain the date of theſe plays; and alſo, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakſpeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know attributed to him by any other authority. If there ſhould be a play in being, with that title, though without Shakſpeare's name, I ſhould be glad

to

Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Baſ.

to ſee it; and I think the editor would be ſure of the publick thanks, even if it ſhould prove no better than the *Love's Labour Loſt*.

TYRWHITT.

The work of criticiſm on the plays of this authour, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itſelf in proportion to the value of the piece under conſideration; and we ſhall always do little where we deſire but little ſhould be done. I know not that this piece ſtands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in ſome countries,—any experiments might be juſtifiably made on it.

The authour, whoever he was, might have borrowed the ſtory, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the ſame ſubject. "John Danter] Feb. 6. 1595. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Hiſtorie of Titus Andronicus.*"

"Entered unto him alſo the ballad thereof."

Entered again April, 19, 1602. by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. Dr. Percy adds that "there is reaſon to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakſpeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the ſtyle is leſs figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with diſcredit in the induction to Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty or thirty years;" which, if we take the loweſt number, throws it back to the year 1598, at which time Shakſpeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, ſhews at leaſt it was a firſt attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramatic writer from the imputation of having produced this ſanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumſtance of its being diſcreditably mentioned by Ben Jonſon, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very ſparingly cenſured the *Tempeſt*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the moſt finiſhed works of Shakſpeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious ſneer on him.

Sir W. Painter in his *Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. II. ſpeaks of the ſtory of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora*: and in *Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following alluſion to it:

"——as welcome ſhall you be
"To me, my daughters, and my ſon-in-law,
"As *Titus* was unto the Roman ſenators,
"When he had made a conqueſt on the *Goths*."

Whatever

Baſ. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Baſſianus, Cæſar's ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this paſſage to the Capitol;
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
The imperial ſeat, to virtue conſecrate,
To juſtice, continence, and nobility:
But let deſert in pure election ſhine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS *aloft, with the crown.*

Mar. Princes,—that ſtrive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiouſly for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Choſen Andronicus, ſurnamed Pius
For many good and great deſerts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the ſenate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barbarous Goths;
That, with his ſons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent, ſince firſt he undertook
This cauſe of Rome, and chaſtiſed with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field;
And now at laſt, laden with honour's ſpoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flouriſhing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,

Whom

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among thoſe of Shakſpeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to poſterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a Therſites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

See the notes on the concluſion of this piece. STEEVENS.

Whom, worthily, you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and ſenate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and, as ſuitors ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humbleneſs,

Sat. How fair the tribune ſpeaks to calm my thoughts!

Baſ. Marcus Andronicus, ſo I do affy
In thy uprightneſs and integrity,
And ſo I love and honour thee, and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his ſons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cauſe in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the followers of* Baſſianus.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myſelf, my perſon, and the cauſe.

[*Exeunt the followers of* Saturninus.

Rome, be as juſt and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates and let me in.

Baſ. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[Sat. *and* Baſ. *go into the Capitol, and exeunt with* Senators, Marcus, &c.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter a Captain, *and Others.*

Cap. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's beſt Champion,
Succeſsful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumſcribed with his ſword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flouriſh.

Flouriſh of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS *and* MARTIUS: *after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then* QUINTUS *and* LUCIUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, *and other Goths, priſoners; ſoldiers, and people, following. The bearers ſet down the coffin, and* TITUS *ſpeaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds[3]!
Lo, as the bark, that hath diſcharg'd her fraught[4]
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-ſalute his country with his tears:
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol[5],
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant ſons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
Theſe, that ſurvive, let Rome reward with love;
Theſe, that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With burial amongſt their anceſtors:
Here Goths have given me leave to ſheath my ſword.
Titus, unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons, unburied yet,

To

[3] *Hail, Rome, victorious in* thy *mourning weeds!*] I ſuſpect that the poet wrote—*in* my *mourning weeds!* i. e. Titus would ſay; Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am a mourner for thoſe ſons which I have loſt in obtaining that victory. WARBURTON.

Thy is as well as *my*. We may ſuppoſe the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead ſons of Andronicus with mourning habits. JOHNSON.

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was juſt dead. STEEVENS.

[4] —her *fraught,*] Old Copies—*his* fraught. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

[5] *Thou great defender of this Capitol,*] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was ſacred. JOHNSON.

To hover on the dreadful ſhore of Styx [6] ?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your country's wars!
O ſacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many ſons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudeſt priſoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh,
Before this earthly priſon of their bones;
That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth [7].

Tit. I give him you; the nobleſt that ſurvives,
The eldeſt ſon of this diſtreſſed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I ſhed,
A mother's tears in paſſion for her ſon:
And, if thy ſons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my ſon to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke!
But muſt my ſons be ſlaughter'd in the ſtreets,
For valiant doings in their country's cauſe?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe.
Andronicus, ſtain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful [8]:

Sweet

[6] *To hover on the dreadful ſhore of Styx?*] Here we have one of the numerous claſſical notions that are ſcattered with a pedantick profuſion through this piece. MALONE.

[7] *Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.*] It was ſuppoſed by the ancients, that the ghoſts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to ſolicit the rites of funeral. STEEVENS.

[8] *Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?*
Draw near them then in being merciful:] "Homines enim ad deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam ſalutem hominibus dando." *Cicero pro Ligario.* From this paſſage Mr. Whalley infers the learning of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, ſpare my firſt-born ſon.
Tit. Patient yourſelf [9], madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren ſlain,
Religiouſly they aſk a ſacrifice:
To this your ſon is mark'd; and die he muſt,
To appeaſe their groaning ſhadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him! and make a fire ſtraight;
And with our ſwords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean conſum'd.
[*Exeunt* Lucius, Quintus, Martius, *and* Mutius, *with* Alarbus.
Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppoſe not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to reſt; and we ſurvive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, ſtand reſolv'd; but hope withal,
The ſelf-ſame gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent [1],
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,

[9] Patient *yourſelf*, &c.] This verb is uſed by other dramatic writers. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:
"*Patient* yourſelf, we cannot help it now."
Again, in *King Edward I.* 1593:
"*Patient* your highneſs, 'tis but mother's love."
STEEVENS.

[1] *The ſelf-ſame gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy*
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent, &c.] I read, againſt the authority of all the copies:—in her *tent*, i. e. in the tent where ſhe and the other Trojan captive women were kept: for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymneſtor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from Euripides's *Hecuba*; the only author, that I can at preſent remember, from whom our writer muſt have gleaned this circumſtance. THEOBALD.
Mr. Theobald ſhould firſt have proved to us that our author underſtood Greek, or elſe that this play of Euripides had been tranſlated. In the mean time, becauſe neither of theſe particulars are verified, we may as well ſuppoſe he took it from the old ſtory-book of the *Trojan War*, or the old tranſlation of *Ovid*. See Metam. xiii. The writer

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their ſwords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the ſacrificing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke, like incenſe, doth perfume the ſky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be ſo, and let Andronicus.
Make this his lateſt farewel to their ſouls.

[*Trumpet ſounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons;
Rome's readieſt champions, repoſe you here in reſt,
Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps!
Here lurks no treaſon, here no envy ſwells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no ſtorms,
No noiſe; but ſilence and eternal ſleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obſequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortunes Rome's beſt citizens applaud.

Tit.

writer of the play, whoever he was, might have been miſled by the paſſage in *Ovid:* "—vadit ad *artificem*," and therefore took it for granted that ſhe found him in *his tent.* STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the writer of this play had read Euripides in the original. Mr. Steevens juſtly obſerves in a ſubſequent note near the end of this ſcene, that there is "a plain alluſion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no tranſlation was extant in the time of Shakſpeare." MALONE.

Tit. Kind Rome, that haſt thus lovingly reſerv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praiſe [2]!

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and Others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!
Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.
Mar. And welcome, nephews, from ſucceſsful wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's ſervice drew your ſwords:
But ſafer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aſpir'd to Solon's happineſs [3],
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their truſt,
This palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With theſe our late-deceaſed emperor's ſons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to ſet a head on headleſs Rome.
Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:

[2] And *fame's eternal date, for virtue's praiſe!*] This abſurd wiſh is made ſenſe of, by changing *and* into *in*. WARBURTON.

To *live in fame's date* is, if an allowable, yet a harſh expreſſion. To *outlive* an *eternal date*, is, though not philoſophical, yet poetical ſenſe. He wiſhes that her life may be longer than his, and her praiſe longer than fame. JOHNSON.

[3] *That hath aſpir'd to Solon's happineſs,*] The maxim of Solon here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy before his death:

——ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, ſupremaque funera, debet. Ovid.

MALONE.

What! ſhould I don this robe[4], and trouble you?
Be choſen with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, reſign my life,
And ſet abroad new buſineſs for you all?
Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſsfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant ſons,
Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In right and ſervice of their noble country:
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it laſt.

Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtain and aſk the empery[5].

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canſt thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert ſhipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturninus! interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.

Baſ. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends[6],
I will moſt thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I aſk your voices, and your ſuffrages;
Will you beſtow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his ſafe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit.

4 —don *this robe;*] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on. So, in *Hamlet:*

"Then up he roſe, and *don'd* his clothes." STEEVENS.

5 *Titus, thou ſhalt* obtain *and* aſk *the empery.*] Here is rather too much of the ὕστερον πρότερον. STEEVENS.

6 —*thy* friends,] Old Copies—*friend.* Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this ſuit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Lord Saturnine; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and ſay,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And ſay,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!* [*A long flouriſh.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deſerts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleneſs:
And, for an onſet, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empreſs,
Rome's royal miſtreſs, miſtreſs of my heart,
And in the ſacred Pantheon her eſpouſe:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion pleaſe thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in ſight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I conſecrate
My ſword, my chariot, and my priſoners;
Preſents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's enſigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome ſhall record; and, when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe unſpeakable deſerts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you priſoner to an emperor;
[*to* Tamora.
To him, that for your honour and your ſtate,
Will uſe you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, truſt me; of the hue
That I would chooſe, were I to chooſe anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;

Though

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorn to Rome:
Princely ſhall be thy uſage every way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not diſpleas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord [7]; ſith true nobility
Warrants theſe words in princely courteſy.

Sat. Thanks, ſweet Lavinia:—Romans, let us go:
Ranſomleſs here we ſet our priſoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Baſ. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*ſeizing* Lavinia.

Tit. How, ſir? Are you in earneſt then, my lord?

Baſ. Ay, noble Titus; and reſolv'd withal.
To do myſelf this reaſon and this right.
[*The emperor courts* Tamora *in dumb ſhew.*

Mar. Suum cuique is our Roman juſtice:
This prince in juſtice ſeizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and ſhall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treaſon, my lord; Lavinia is ſurpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?

Baſ. By him that juſtly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt* Marcus *and* Baſſianus, *with* Lavinia.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my ſword I'll keep this door ſafe.
[*Exeunt* Lucius, Quintus, *and* Martius.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you paſs not here.

Tit.

[7] *Lav. Not I, my lord;*—] It was pity to part a couple who ſeem to have correſponded in diſpoſition ſo exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has juſt promiſed to eſpouſe her, already wiſhes he were to chooſe again; and ſhe who was engaged to Baſſianus (whom ſhe afterwards marries) expreſſes no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her ſubſequent raillery to Tamora is of ſo coarſe a nature, that if her tongue had been all ſhe was condemned to loſe, perhaps the author (whoever he was) would have eſcaped cenſures on the ſcore of poetic juſtice. STEEVENS.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'ſt me my way in Rome? [Titus *kills* Mutius.
Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjuſt; and, more than ſo,
In wrongful quarrel you have ſlain your ſon.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſons of mine;
My ſons would never ſo diſhonour me:
Traitor, reſtore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*
Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy flock:
I'll truſt, by leiſure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty ſons,
Confederates all thus to diſhonour me.
Was there none elſe in Rome to make a ſtale,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree theſe deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monſtrous! what reproachful words are theſe?
Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece[9]
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his ſword:
A valiant ſon-in-law thou ſhalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawful ſons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome[1].

Tit.

[9] —*changing piece*—] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, uſed perſonally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON.
So in *Britannia's Paſtorals* by Brown, 1613:
" ——her huſband, weaken'd *piece*,
" Muſt have his cullis mix'd with ambergreaſe;
" Pheaſant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
" Grated with gold." STEEVENS.

[1] *To* ruffle *in the common-wealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is ſo called in a ſtatute made for the puniſhment of vagabonds in the 27th year of King Henry VIII. See Greene's *Ground-work of Coney-catching*, 1592. Hence, I ſuppoſe, this ſenſe of the verb, to *ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewiſe enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinſhed. Vol. I. p. 183. STEEVENS.
To *ruffle* meant, to be noiſy, *diſorderly*, turbulent. A ruffler was boiſterous ſwaggerer. MALONE.

Tit. Theſe words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the ſtately Phœbe 'mongſt her nymphs,
Doſt over-ſhine the gallant'ſt dames of Rome [2],—
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden choice,
Behold, I chooſe thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empereſs of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, doſt thou applaud my choice?
And here I ſwear by all the Roman Gods,—
Sith prieſt and holy water are ſo near,
And tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for Hymeneus ſtand,
I will not re-ſalute the ſtreets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead eſpous'd my bride along with me.
Tam. And here, in ſight of heaven to Rome I ſwear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his deſires,
A loving nurſe, a mother to his youth.
Sat. Aſcend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whoſe wiſdom hath her fortune conquered:
There ſhall we conſummate our ſpouſal rites.

[*Exeunt* SATURNINUS, *and his followers*; TAMORA, *and her ſons*; AARON *and Goths.*

Tit. I am not bid [3] to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, ſee, O, ſee, what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel ſlain a virtuous ſon.
Tit. No, fooliſh tribune, no; no ſon of mine,—
Nor

[2] *That, like the ſtately* Phœbe *'mongſt her nymphs,*
Doſt over-ſhine the gallant'ſt dames of Rome,]
—*Micat* inter omnes
Julium ſidus, *velut inter ignes*
Luna minores. Hor. MALONE.

[3] *I am not* bid—] i. e. invited. MALONE.

Nor thou, nor theſe, confederates in the deed
That hath diſhonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy ſons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he reſts not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified;
Here none but ſoldiers, and Rome's ſervitors,
Repoſe in fame; none baſely ſlain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He muſt be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And ſhall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And ſhall? What villain was it ſpoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my deſpight?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou haſt ſtruck upon my creſt,
And, with theſe boys, mine honour thou haſt wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himſelf; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[Marcus *and the ſons of* Titus *kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my ſoul,—

Luc. Dear father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's neſt,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cauſe.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe Laertes' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals[4].

[4] *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,*
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe Laertes' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals.] This paſſage alone ſufficiently

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Riſe, Marcus, riſe;—
The diſmall'ſt day is this, that e'er I ſaw,
To be diſhonour'd by my ſons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[Mutius is *put into the tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, ſweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—
All. No man ſhed tear [5] for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cauſe.
Mar. My lord,—to ſtep out of theſe dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the ſubtle queen of Goths
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn ſo far?
Yes [6], and will nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh. Re-enter, at one ſide, SATURNINUS, *attended;* TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS *and* AARON: *At the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and Others.*

Sat. So, Baſſianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, ſir, of your gallant bride.

ently convinces me, that the play before us was the work of one who was converſant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain alluſion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no tranſlation was extant in the time of Shakſpeare. In that piece, Agamemnon conſents at laſt to allow Ajax the rites of ſepulture, and Ulyſſes is the pleader, whoſe arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

[5] *No man ſhed tears*, &c.] This is evidently a tranſlation of the diſtich of Ennius:

Nemo me lacrumeis decoret: nec funera fletu
Faciſit. quur? volito vivu' per ora virûm. STEEVENS.

[6] *Yes*, &c.] This line is not in the quarto. I ſuſpect, when it was added by the editor of the folio, he inadvertently omitted to prefix the name of the ſpeaker, and that it belongs to Marcus. In the ſecond line of this ſpeech the modern editors read—*If* by device, &c. MALONE.

Baſ.

Baſ. And you of yours, my lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs; and ſo I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this rape.
Baſ. Rape, call you it, my lord, to ſeize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, ſir: You are very ſhort with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.
Baſ. My lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life,
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the reſcue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſon,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath expreſs'd himſelf, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince Baſſianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak indifferently for all;
And at my ſuit, ſweet, pardon what is paſt.
Sat. What! madam! be diſhonour'd openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not ſo, my lord; the gods of Rome forefend,
I ſhould be author to diſhonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whoſe fury, not diſſembled, ſpeaks his griefs;
Then, at my ſuit, look graciouſly on him;
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefs and diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Leſt then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a juſt ſurvey, take Titus' part,
And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous ſin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone: [Aſide.
I'll find a day to maſſacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous ſons
To whom I ſued for my dear ſon's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain —
Come, come, ſweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.

Sat. Riſe, Titus, riſe; my empreſs hath prevail'd

Tit. I thank your majeſty, and her, my lord:
Theſe words, theſe looks, infuſe new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And muſt adviſe the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Baſſianus, I have paſt
My word and promiſe to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aſk pardon of his majeſty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highneſs,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our ſiſter's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do proteſt,

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, ſweet emperor, we muſt all be friends:

The

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy ſake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit theſe young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and ſure as death I ſwore,
I would not part a bachelor from the prieſt.
Come, if the emperor's court can feaſt two brides,
You are my gueſt, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day ſhall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it pleaſe your majeſty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.
Sat. Be it ſo, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.[1]

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's ſhot; and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flaſh;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his gliſtering coach,
And over-looks the higheſt-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
Upon her wit[2] doth earthly honour wait,

And

[1] In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he ſays nothing. This ſcene ought to continue the firſt act. JOHNSON.

[2] *Upon her* wit—] We ſhould read,
Upon her will— WARBURTON.
I think *wit*, for which ſhe is eminent in the drama, is right.
JOHNSON.

The

And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faſter bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucaſus.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empereſs.
To wait, ſaid I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddeſs, this Semiramis;—this queen[3],
This ſyren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And ſee his ſhipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla, what ſtorm is this?

Enter CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *braving.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'ſt, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt over-ween in all;
And ſo in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me leſs gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſions for Lavinia's love.
Aar. Clubs, clubs[4]! theſe lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother unadvis'd,
Gave

The *wit* of Tamora is again mentioned in this ſcene:
" Come, come, our empreſs with her ſacred *wit*," &c.
MALONE.

3 —*this* queen,] The compoſitor probably repeated the word *queen* inadvertently; [ſee the preceding line:] what was the poet's word, it is hardly worth while to conjecture. MALONE.

4 *Clubs, clubs!* &c.] The uſual exclamation formerly, when an affray aroſe. MALONE.

Gave you a dancing rapier by your ſide [5],
Are you ſo deſperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your ſheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, ſir, with the little ſkill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain ſuch a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be ſo diſhonour'd in the court of Rome.
For ſhame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have ſheath'd
My rapier in his boſom, and, withal,
Thruſt theſe reproachful ſpeeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full reſolv'd,—
Foul-ſpoken coward! that thunder'ſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.

Aar. Away, I ſay.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become ſo looſe,
Or Baſſianus ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, juſtice or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an ſhould the empreſs know
This diſcord's ground, the muſick would not pleaſe.

Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome meaner choice:

Lavinia

[5] —a dancing rapier *by your ſide*,] So in *All's Well that Ends Well*;

" ——no *ſword* worn
" But one to *dance* with." STEEVENS.

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thouſand deaths
Would I propoſe [6], to achieve her whom I do love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a woman *, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill [7]
Than wots the miller of; and eaſy it is
Of a cut loaf to ſteal a ſhive [8], we know;
Though Baſſianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn † Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What,

[6] ——*a thouſand deaths*
Would I propoſe,] Whether Chiron means he would *contrive* a thouſand deaths for others, or *imagine* as many cruel ones for himſelf, I am unable to determine. STEEVENS.

Aaron's words, to which theſe are an anſwer, ſeem to lead to the latter interpretation. MALONE.

* *She is a woman, &c.*] Suffolk in the firſt part of *King Henry VI.* makes uſe of almoſt the ſame words:

" She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
" She is a woman; therefore to be won." ANONYMUS.

[7] —*more water glideth by the mill, &c.*] A Scots proverb. " Mickle water goes by the miller when he ſleeps." STEEVENS.

[8] —*to ſteal a* ſhive,] A *ſhive* is a *ſlice*. So in the Tale of *Argentile and Curan* in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:

" A *ſheeve* of bread as browne as nut.

Demetrius is again indebted to a Scots proverb:

" It is ſafe taking a *ſhive* of a cut loaf." STEEVENS.

† —*have* worn—] *Worn* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. The modern editors, however, after the ſecond folio, read—have *yet* worn. MALONE.

What, haſt thou not full often ſtruck a doe [9],
And born her cleanly by the keeper's noſe?
Aar. Why then, it ſeem, ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.
Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerv'd.
Dem. Aaron, thou haſt hit it.
Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you ſuch fools,
To ſquare for this [1]? Would it offend you then
That both ſhould ſpeed?
Chi. 'Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, ſo I were one.
Aar. For ſhame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do
That you affect; and ſo muſt you reſolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaſte
Than this Lavinia, Baſſianus' love.
A ſpeedier courſe than lingering languiſhment [2]
Muſt we purſue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The foreſt walks are wide and ſpacious;

And

[9] —*ſtruck a doe,*] Mr. Holt is willing to infer from this paſſage that *Titus Andronicus* was not only the work of Shakſpeare, but one of his earlieſt performances, becauſe the ſtratagems of his former profeſſion ſeem to have been yet freſh in his mind. I had made the ſame obſervation in *K. Henry VI.* before I had ſeen his; but when we conſider how many phraſes are borrowed from the ſports of the field which were more followed in our author's time, than any other amuſement; I do not think there is much in either his remark or my own.—Let me add, that we have here Demetrius, the ſon of a queen, demanding of his brother prince if he has not often been reduced to practice the common artifices of a deer-ſtealer:—an abſurdity right worthy of the reſt of the piece. STEEVENS.

Demetrius ſurely here addreſſes Aaron, not his brother. MALONE.

[1] *To* ſquare *for this?*] To *ſquare* is to *quarrel.* STEEVENS.

[2] —than *lingering languiſhment*] The quarto and folio read:

A ſpeedier courſe *this* lingering languiſhment—

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind [3] for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our empreſs, with her ſacred wit *,
To villainy and vengeance conſecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend:
And we ſhall file our engines with advice [4],
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare yourſelves,
But to your wiſhes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the houſe of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns:
There ſerve your luſt, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treaſury.

Chi. Thy counſel, lad, ſmells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the ſtream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm theſe fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor [5]. [*Exeunt.*

[3] —*by kind*—] That is, by *nature*, which is the old ſignification of *kind*. JOHNSON.

* —*with her* ſacred *wit*,] *Sacred* here ſignifies *accurſed*; a Latiniſm.

quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri *ſacra* fames? Virg. MALONE.

[4] —file *our engines with advice*,] i. e. remove all impediments from our deſigns by advice. The alluſion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring ſmoothneſs, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compoſe an engine or piece of machinery. STEEVENS.

[5] *Per Styga*, &c.] Theſe ſcraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from ſome of Seneca's tragedies. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II[6].

A Foreſt near Rome. *A Lodge ſeen at a diſtance. Horns, and cry of hounds, heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey [7],
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wade the emperor, and his lovely bride,
And rouſe the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's perſon carefully:

I have

[6] The diviſion of this play into acts, which was firſt made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the ſecond act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

[7] —*the morn is bright and grey*,] i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a ſign of ſtorms and rain, but *gray*, which foretold fair weather. Yet the Oxford editor alters *gray* to *gay*. WARBURTON.

Surely the Oxford editor is in the right; unleſs we reaſon like the Witches in *Macbeth*, and ſay,

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair." STEEVENS.

The old copy is, I think, right, nor did *grey* anciently denote any thing of an uncheerful hue. It ſignifies *blue*, "of heaven's own tinct." So, in Shakſpeare's 132d Sonnet:

"And truely not the *morning* ſun of heaven
"Better becomes the *grey* cheeks of the eaſt,—."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"—it ſtruck upon him as the ſun
"In the *grey* vault of heaven.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"The *grey-ey'd morn ſmiles* on the frowning night"—.

Again, *ibidem:*

"I'll ſay yon *grey* is not the morning's eye."

Again, more appoſitely in *Venus and Adonis*, which deciſively ſupports the reading of the old copy:

"Mine eyes are *grey and bright*, and quick in twining."

MALONE.

I have been troubled in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majeſty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promiſed your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Baſ. Lavinia, how ſay you?
Lav. I ſay, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport:—Madam, now ſhall ye ſee
Our Roman hunting. [*to* Tamora.
Mar. I have dogs my lord,
Will rouſe the proudeſt panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory top.
Tit. And I have horſe will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like ſwallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A deſart part of the foreſt.

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it [a].
Let him, that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know, that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very

[a] —*to* inherit it.] To *inherit* formerly ſignified to poſſeſs. MALONE.

A very excellent piece of villainy:
And ſo repoſe, ſweet gold, for their unreſt [9],
[hides the gold.
That have their alms out of the empreſs' cheſt [1].

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad [2],
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
The birds chaunt melody on every buſh;
The ſnake lies rolled in the cheerful ſun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd ſhadow [3] on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, Aaron, let us ſit,
And—whilſt the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying,

[9] —*for their unreſt,*] *Unreſt*, for *diſquiet*, is a word frequently uſed by the old writers. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:
"Thus therefore will I reſt me, in *unreſt*." STEEVENS.

[1] *That have their alms*, &c.] This is obſcure. It ſeems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empreſs are to ſuffer by it. JOHNSON.

[2] *My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,*] In the courſe of the following notes ſeveral examples of the ſavage genius of Ravenſcroft, who altered this play in the reign of K. Charles II. are ſet down for the entertainment of the reader. The following is a ſpecimen of his deſcriptive talents. Inſtead of the line with which this ſpeech of Tamora begins, ſhe is made to ſay:

The emperor, with *wine* and *luxury* o'ercome,
Is fallen *aſleep*; in's *pendant couch* he's laid,
That *hangs* in yonder grotto *rock'd* by winds,
Which rais'd by art do give it gentle motion:
And troops of ſlaves ſtand round with fans perfum'd,
Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian birds,
And cool him into golden ſlumbers:
This time I choſe to come to thee, my Moor.
My lovely Aaron, wherefore, &c.

An emperor who has had too large a doſe of love and wine, and in conſequence of ſatiety in both, falls aſleep on a bed which partakes of the nature of a ſailor's hammock and of a child's cradle, is a curioſity which only Ravenſcroft could have ventured to deſcribe on the ſtage. I hope I may be excuſed for tranſplanting a few of his flowers into the barren deſart of our comments on this tragedy. STEEVENS.

[3] —*a* chequer'd *ſhadow*—] Milton has the ſame expreſſion:
"— many a maid
"Dancing in the *chequer'd* ſhade." STEEVENS.

Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us ſit down, and mark their yelling noiſe:
And—after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our paſtimes done, poſſeſs a golden ſlumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your deſires,
Saturn is dominator over mine[4]:
What ſignifies my deadly-ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when ſhe doth unroll
To do ſome fatal execution?
No, madam, theſe are no venereal ſigns;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empreſs of my ſoul,
Which never hopes more heaven than reſts in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Baſſianus;
His Philomel muſt loſe her tongue to-day:
Thy ſons make pillage of her chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in Baſſianus' blood.
Seeſt thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted ſcroll:—

Now

4 —*though* Venus *govern your deſires*,
Saturn *is dominator over mine*:] The meaning of this paſſage may be illuſtrated by the aſtronomical deſcription of *Saturn*, which *Venus* gives in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585. "The ſtar of *Saturn* is eſpecially *cooling*, and ſomewhat *drie*, &c." Again, in the *Sea Voyage*, by B. and Fletcher.

"—for your aſpect,
"You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that
"Tells me, the *ſullen Saturn* had predominance
"At your nativity, a malignant planet!
"And if not qualified by a ſweet conjunction
"Of a ſoft ruddy wench, born under Venus,
"It may prove fatal." COLLINS.

Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' deſtruction.
Tam. Ah, my ſweet Moor, ſweeter to me than life!
Aar. No more, great empreſs, Baſſianus comes:
Be croſs with him; and I'll go fetch thy ſons
To back thy quarrels, whatſoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Baſ. Who have we here? Rome's royal empereſs,
Unfurniſh'd of her * well-beſeeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To ſee the general hunting in this foreſt?
Tam. Saucy controller of our private ſteps!
Had I the power, that, ſome ſay, Dian had,
Thy temples ſhould be planted preſently
With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs [6],
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!
Lav. Under your patience, gentle empereſs,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Jove ſhield your huſband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they ſhould take him for a ſtag.
Baſ. Believe me, queen, your ſwarth Cimmerian [7]
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted,

* —*of* her—] Old Copies—of *our*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[6] *Should* drive *upon thy new-transformed limbs*,] The author of the *Reviſal* ſuſpects that the poet wrote:

Should thrive *upon thy new-transformed limbs*,

as the former is an expreſſion that ſuggeſts no image to the fancy. But *drive*, I think, may ſtand, with this meaning: *the hounds ſhould purſue with impetuous haſte*, &c. So, in *Hamlet*:

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, &c.

i. e. flies with impetuoſity at him. STEEVENS.

The old copies have—upon *his* new-transformed limbs. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe.

[7] —*ſwarth Cimmerian*] *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackneſs to darkneſs. JOHNSON.

Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſter'd from all your train?
Diſmounted from your ſnow-white goodly ſteed,
And wander'd hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my noble lord be rated
For ſaucineſs.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.

Baſ. The king, my brother, ſhall have notice of this.

Lav. Ay, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long[8]:
Good king! to be ſo mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear ſovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highneſs look ſo pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren deteſted vale, you ſee, it is:
The trees, though ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſletoe.
Here never ſhines the ſun[9]; here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should

[8] —*noted long*:] He had not yet been married but one night. JOHNSON.

[9] *Here never ſhines the ſun*, &c.] Mr. Rowe ſeems to have thought on this paſſage in his *Jane Shore*:

"This is the houſe where the ſun never dawns;
"The bird of night ſits ſcreaming o'er its roof;
"Grim ſpectres ſweep along the horrid gloom,
"And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings."

STEEVENS.

Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly [1].
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a diſmal yew;
And leave me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adultereſs,
Laſcivious Goth, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever ear did hear to ſuch effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy ſon.
[*ſtabs* Baſſianus.

Chi. And this for me, ſtruck home to ſhew my ſtrength.
[*ſtabbing him likewiſe.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you ſhall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand ſhall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
Firſt, thraſh the corn, then after burn the ſtraw:
This minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightineſs [2]:
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if ſhe do, I would I were an eunuch,
Drag hence her huſband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our luſt.

Tam. But when you have the honey you deſire *,
Let not this waſp out-live us both to ſting.

[1] *Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.*] This is ſaid in fabulous phyſiology, of thoſe that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. JOHNSON.

The ſame thought and almoſt the ſame expreſſions occur in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

[2] *And with that painted* hope *braves your mightineſs:*] *Painted hope* is only *ſpecious* hope, or ground of confidence more plauſible than ſolid. JOHNSON.

* —you *deſire*,—] Old copies—*we* deſire. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory,
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'st from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [*to Chiron.*
Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.
Lav. O, let me teach thee; for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent;
Therefore away with her; and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam.

Tam. What begg'ſt thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis preſent death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O keep me from their worſe than killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſons of their fee:
No, let them ſatisfy their luſt on thee.

Dem. Away; for thou haſt ſtaid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beaſtly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confuſion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll ſtop your mouth:—Bring thou her huſband; [*dragging off* Lavinia.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my ſons: ſee, that you make her ſure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to ſeek my lovely Moor,
And let my ſpleenful ſons this trull deflow'r. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathſome pit,
Where I eſy'd the panther faſt aſleep.

Quin. My ſight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promiſe you; wer't not for ſhame,
Well could I leave our ſport to ſleep a while.
[Martius *falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What ſubtle hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whoſe leaves are drops of new-ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning's dew diſtill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it ſeems to me:—
Speak, brother, haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O, brother, with the diſmalleſt object
That ever eye, with ſight, made heart lament.
Aar. [*Aſide.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here;
That he thereby may have a likely gueſs,
How theſe were they, that made away his brother.
[*Exit* Aaron.
Mart. Why doſt not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained hole?
Quin. I am ſurprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling ſweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart ſuſpects more than mine eye can ſee.
Mart. To prove thou haſt a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And ſee a fearful ſight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Baſſianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a ſlaughter'd lamb,
In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring [3], that lightens all the hole,
Which,

3 *A precious ring,*—] There is ſuppoſed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its exiſtence. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Geſta Romanorum*, hiſtory the ſixth: "He farther beheld and ſaw a *carbuncle* in the hall that lighted all the houſe."
Again, in Lydgate's *Deſcription of king Priam's Palace*, l. 2:

"And for moſt chefe all dirkneſs to confound,
"A *carbuncle* was ſet as kyng of ſtones all,
"To recomforte and gladden all the hall;
"And it to illumine in the black night
"With the freſhnes of his ruddy light."

Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Roſe*, attributes the ſame properties to the *carbuncle*:

"Soche light yſprang out of the ſtone." STEEVENS.

So in *King Henry VIII:*

"——

Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And ſhews the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did ſhine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood,
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' miſty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluck'd into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Baſſianus' grave.
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loſe again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to the. [*falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS, *and* AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll ſee what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy ſon of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Baſſianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou doſt but jeſt:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north ſide of this pleaſant chaſe;
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter

"——a gem,
"To lighten all this iſle."
So alſo, Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, b. vi. c. xi.
"——like a diamond of rich regard,
"In doubtful ſhadow of the darkſome night." MALONE.

Enter TAMORA, *with Attendants*; TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Baſſianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound;
Poor Baſſianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*giving a letter.*
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyranny.
Sat. [reads.] *An if we miſs to meet him handſomely,—*
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'ſt our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.
O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, ſirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murdered Baſſianus here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*ſhewing it.*
Sat. Two of thy whelps, (*to* Tit.] fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life;—
Sirs, drag them from the pit into the priſon;
There let them bide, until we have deviſ'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſons,
Accurſed, if the fault be proved in them.—

Sat.

Sat. If it be prov'd! you ſee, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himſelf did take it up.
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They ſhall be ready at your highneſs' will,
To anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them; ſee, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, ſome the murderers:
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; ſtay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

The ſame.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *raviſh'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can ſpeak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo;
And, if thy ſtumps will let thee, play the ſcribe.
Dem. See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcowl.
Chi. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh;
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang myſelf.
Dem. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word; Where is your huſband?

If

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me[4]!
If I do wake, ſome planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what ſtern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? thoſe ſweet ornaments,
Whoſe circling ſhadows kings have ſought to ſleep in;
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs,
As half thy love? Why doſt not ſpeak to me?—
Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain ſtirr'd with wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, ſure, ſome Tereus hath deflow'red thee;
And, leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect him[5], cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame!
And, notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,—
As from a conduit with their iſſuing ſpouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Bluſhing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind!
Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven ſtopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could have better ſew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lily hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them;

He

4 *If I do dream*, &c.] If this be a dream, I would give all my poſſeſſions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON.

5 —*leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect* him, &c.] Old Copies—detect *them*. The ſame miſtake has happened in many other old plays. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Tereus, having raviſhed Philomela, his wife's ſiſter, cut out her tongue, to prevent a diſcovery. MALONE.

He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell aſleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go; and make thy father blind;
For ſuch a ſight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's ſtorm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning eaſe thy miſery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of juſtice, with Martius *and* Quintus, *bound, paſſing on to the place of execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, ſtay!
For pity of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel ſhed;
For all the froſty nights that I have watch'd;
And for theſe bitter tears, which now you ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned ſons,
Whoſe ſouls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty ſons I never wept,
Becauſe they died in honour's lofty bed.
For theſe, theſe, tribunes *, in the duſt I write
[*throwing himſelf on the ground.*

* *For theſe, theſe, tribunes,*] The latter *theſe* was added for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

My heart's deep languor, and my ſoul's ſad tears.
Let my tears ſtanch the earth's dry appetite;
My ſons' ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh.

[*Exeunt* Senators, Tribunes, &c. *with the priſoners.*

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
That ſhall diſtil from theſe two ancient urns[6],
Than youthful April ſhall with all his ſhowers:
In ſummer's drought, I'll drop upon thee ſtill:
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the ſnow,
And keep eternal ſpring-time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drink my dear ſons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his ſword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! O gentle aged men!
Unbind my ſons, reverſe the doom of death;
And let me ſay, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrows to a ſtone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you ſpeak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootleſs unto them, they would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my ſorrows to the ſtones;
Who, though they cannot anſwer my diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and ſeem to weep with me;
And, were they but attir'd in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is ſoft as wax, tribunes more hard than ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To reſcue my two brothers from their death:

For

[6] —*two ancient* urns,] Oxford editor.—Vulg. *two ancient* ruins. JOHNSON.

For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlaſting doom of baniſhment.
Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, fooliſh Lucius, doſt thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderneſs of tygers?
Tygers muſt prey, and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not ſo, thy noble heart to break;
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it conſume me? let me ſee it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Tit. Why, Marcus, ſo ſhe is.
Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!
Tit. Faint hearted boy, ariſe, and look upon her:—
Speak, Lavinia, what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſs in thy father's ſight?
What fool hath added water to the ſea;
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'ſt,
And now like Nilus, it diſdaineth bounds.—
Give me a ſword, I'll chop off my hands too[7];
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeling life;
In bootleſs prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe:
Now, all the ſervice I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—

'Tis

[7] —I'll *chop off my hands too*;] Perhaps we ſhould read:—or *chop off*, &c. It is not eaſy to diſcover how Titus, when he had chopp'd off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopp'd off the other. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt the text is as the author wrote it. Let him anſwer for the blunder. In a ſubſequent line Titus ſuppoſes himſelf his own executioner: "Now, all the ſervice I require of *them*, &c." MALONE.

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou haſt no hands;
For hands, to do Rome ſervice, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts *,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a ſweet melodious bird, it ſung
Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide herſelf; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer [8]; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I ſtand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone;
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my ſoul.—
Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; What ſhall I do
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy huſband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, ſon Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks: as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almoſt wither'd.

Mar.

* *O, that delightful* engine of her thoughts,] This piece furniſhes ſcarce any reſemblance to Shakſpeare's works; this one expreſſion, however, is found in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Once more *the engine of her thoughts* began." MALONE.

8 *It was my deer*;—] The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been uſed by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle,

"The pale that held my lovely *deer*," JOHNSON.

Mar. Perchance, ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her huſband:
Perchance, becauſe ſhe knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy huſband, then be joyful,
Becauſe the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed;
Witneſs the ſorrow, that their ſiſter makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiſs thy lips;
Or make ſome ſign how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, ſit round about ſome fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are ſtain'd; like meadows*, yet not dry
With miry ſlime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumb ſhows
Paſs the remainder of our hateful days?
What ſhall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot ſome device of further miſery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.
Luc. Sweet father, ceaſe your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I underſtand her ſigns:
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.

O, what

* —like *meadows*—] Old Copies—*in* meadows. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

O, what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliſs †.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that if thou love thy ſons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyſelf, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the king: he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſons alive;
And that ſhall be the ranſom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven ſing ſo like a lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the ſun's upriſe?
With all my heart, I'll ſend the emperor my hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent; my hand will ſerve the turn:
My youth can better ſpare my blood than you:
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing deſtruction on the enemy's caſtle?

O, none

† —*as* limbo *is from bliſs.*] The *limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that ſchoolmen ſuppoſed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the ſouls of the patriarchs were detained, and thoſe good men who died before our Saviour's reſurrection. Milton gives the name of *limbo* to his Paradiſe of Fools. REED.

9 *Writing deſtruction on the enemy's caſtle?*] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the ſagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of aukward mirth, corrects it to *caſque*; and this, he ſays, he'll ſtand by. And the Oxford editor, taking his ſecurity, will ſtand by it too. But what a ſlippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all imaginary. A cloſe helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *caſtle*, and, I ſuppoſe, for that very reaſon. Don Quixote's barber, at leaſt as good a critic, as theſe editors, ſays, (in Shelton's tranſlation, 1612), "I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a cloſe *caſtle*, and other things touching warfare." Lib. iv. cap. 18. And the original, *celada de encaxe* has

O, none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it ſerve
To ranſom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whoſe hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall go.

Luc. By heaven, it ſhall not go.

Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more: ſuch wither'd herbs as theſe
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſon,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's ſake, and mother's care,
Now let me ſhew a brother's love to thee.

Tit.

has ſomething of the ſame ſignification. Shakſpeare uſes the word again in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" ——and, Diomede,
" Stand faſt, and wear a *caſtle* on thy head."

WARBURTON.

" Dr. Warburton's proof (ſays the author of the *Reviſal*) reſts wholly on two miſtakes; one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *cloſe caſtle* is an error of the preſs for a *cloſe caſque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spaniſh original, *celada de encaxe*; this Dr. Warburton muſt have ſeen, if he had underſtood Spaniſh as well as he pretends to do. For the primitive *caxa*, from whence the word, *encaxe*, is derived, ſignifies a *box*, or *coffer*; but never a *caſtle*. His other proof is taken from this paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" ——and, Diomede,
" Stand faſt, and wear a *caſtle* on thy *head*."

wherein Troilus doth not adviſe Diomede to wear a helmet on his head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in battle; but to guard his head with the moſt impenetrable armour, to ſhut it up even in a *caſtle*, if it were poſſible, or elſe his ſword ſhould reach it."

After all this reaſoning, however, it appears that a *caſtle* did actually ſignify a *cloſe helmet*. So in Holinſhed, vol. II. p. 815:— " Then ſuddenlie with great noiſe of trumpets entered ſir Thomas Knevet in a *caſtell* of cole blacke, and over the *caſtell* was written, The dolorous *caſtell*, and ſo he and the earle of Eſſex, &c. run their courſes with the king." &c. STEEVENS.

The inſtance quoted does not appear to me to prove what it was adduced for; wooden caſtles having been ſometimes introduced in ancient tourneaments. The paſſage in the text is itſelf much more deciſive. MALONE.

Tit. Agree between you; I will ſpare my hand.
Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.
Mar. But I will uſe the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never, whilſt I live, deceive men ſo:—
But I'll deceive you in another ſort,
And that you'll ſay, ere half an hour paſs. [*Aſide.*

[*He cuts off* Titus's *hand.*

Enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now, ſtay your ſtrife; what ſhall be, is diſpatch'd.—
Good Aaron, gives his majeſty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my ſons, ſay, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an eaſy price;
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.
Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy ſons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aſide.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his ſoul black like his face. [*Exit.*
Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*to* Lavinia.

Do then, dear heart; for heaven ſhall hear our prayers;
Or with our ſighs we breathe the welkin dim,
And ſtain the ſun with fog, as ſometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting boſoms.
Mar. O! brother ſpeak with poſſibilities,
And do not break into theſe deep extremes.
Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.

Mar.

Mar. But yet let reaſon govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-ſwoln face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the ſea; hark, how her ſighs do blow[9]!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moved with her ſighs;
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger, *with two heads and a hand.*

Meſſ. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſons;
And here's thy hand, in ſcorn to thee ſent back;
Thy griefs their ſports, thy reſolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
Theſe miſeries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth eaſe ſome deal,
But ſorrow flouted at is double death.
Luc. Ah, that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And, yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat!
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breath!
[Lavinia *kiſſes him.*
Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.

Tit.

[9] —*do* blow!] Old Copies—do *flow*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewel, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou doſt not ſlumber: ſee, thy two ſons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other baniſh'd ſon, with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs; and thy brother, I,
Even like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs [1]:
Rent off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this diſmal ſight
The cloſing up of our moſt wretched eyes!
Now is a time to ſtorm; why art thou ſtill?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why doſt thou laugh! it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way ſhall I find revenge's cave?
For theſe two heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me;
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me ſee what taſk I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my ſoul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employed in theſe things [2];
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my ſight;
Thou art an exile, and thou muſt not ſtay:

Hie

[1] —*thy griefs*:] The old copies have *my* griefs. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[2] *Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employed in theſe things*;] Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto 1611 thus:

And, Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employed in theſe *arms*.

STEEVENS.

The folio alſo reads—*And* Lavinia; the reſt as above. The compoſitor probably caught the word *And* from the preceding line. MALONE.

Hie to the Goths, and raiſe an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful'ſt man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewel, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves * his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewel, Lavinia, my noble ſiſter;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore haſt been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empreſs
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raiſe a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome, and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II[3].

A Room in Titus's *Houſe. A banquet ſet out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a boy.*

Tit. So, ſo; now ſit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot †;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,

And

* *He* leaves, &c.] Old Copies—He *loves*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] This ſcene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet ſeems to have the ſame author with the reſt, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

† Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot;] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" ——————ſitting
" In that *ſad knot*." MALONE.

And cannot paſſionate † our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt;
And when ‡ my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſigns!
[*to* Lavinia.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill.
Wound it with ſighing, girl, kill it with groans:
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that ſink, and ſoaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in ſea-ſalt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has ſorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man ſhould be mad but I,
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands *;
Leſt we remember ſtill, that we have none.—
Fye, fye, how frantickly I ſquare my talk!
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what ſhe ſays;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd ſigns;—

She

† *And cannot* paſſionate, &c.] This obſolete verb is likewiſe found in Spenſer:

"Great pleaſure mix'd with pitiful regard,
"That godly king and queen did *paſſionate*." STEEVENS.

‡ And *when*, &c.] Old Copies—*Who* when—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

* O, handle *not the theme, to talk of hands*;] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"——— thou ———.
"*Handleſt* in thy diſcourſe, O, that her *hand*—. MALONE.

She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears †,
Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her cheeks ⁵;
Speechleſs complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I, of theſe, will wreſt an alphabet,
And by ſtill practice ⁶, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandſire, leave theſe bitter deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with ſome pleaſing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his grandſire's heavineſs.

Tit. Peace, tender ſapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[Marcus *ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.*
What doſt thou ſtrike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'ſt my heart *;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;
I ſee, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother ⁷?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,

And

† —*ſhe drinks no drink but tears*;] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

" Ye ſee, *I drink the water of my eyes.*"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis.*

" Doſt thou *drink tears* that thou provok'ſt ſuch weeping?"

MALONE.

⁵ —meſh'd *upon her cheeks*:] A very coarſe alluſion to brewing.

STEEVENS.

⁶ —*by ſtill practice*,—] By *conſtant* or *continual* practice.

JOHNSON.

* *Out on thee, murderer!* thou kill'ſt my heart.] So, in *K. Henry V.*

" The king hath *kill'd his heart.*"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" That they have *murder'd this poor heart* of mine."

⁷ —*a father and* mother?] *Mother* perhaps ſhould be omitted, as the following line ſpeaks only in the ſingular number, and Titus moſt probably confines his thoughts to the ſufferings of a father.

STEEVENS.

And buz lamenting doings in the air [8] ?
Poor harmleſs fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou haſt kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, ſir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empreſs' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him;
Flattering myſelf, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.—
There's for thyſelf, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, ſirrah †, yet I think we are not brought ſo low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy cloſet; and go read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old,—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

[8] *And buz lamenting* doings *in the air?*] *Lamenting doings* is a very idle expreſſion, and conveys no idea. I read—dolings—. The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition of a ſingle letter, is a great increaſe of the ſenſe; and though, indeed, there is ſomewhat of a tautology in the epithet and ſubſtantive annexed to it, yet that's no new thing with our author, THEOBALD.

There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event, is a common though not elegant expreſſion. STEEVENS.

† *Ah*, Sirrah,—] This was formerly not a diſreſpectful expreſſion. Poins uſes the ſame addreſs to the Prince of Wales. MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame. Before Titus's *Houſe.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS, LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help grandſire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, ſee how ſwift ſhe comes!
Alas, ſweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, ſhe did.
Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by theſe ſigns?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth ſhe mean:—
See, Lucius, ſee how much ſhe makes of thee:
Somewhither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator[9].
Canſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit or frenzy do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through ſorrow; That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Cauſeleſs, perhaps: But pardon me, ſweet aunt:
And,

[9] *Tully's* Orator.] Tully's treatiſe on eloquence, addreſſed to Brutus, and entitled *Orator*. The quantity of Latin words was formerly little attended to. Mr. Rowe and all the ſubſequent editors read Tully's *oratory*, MALONE.

And, Madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will moſt willingly attend your ladyſhip.
Mar. Lucius, I will.

[Lavinia *turns over the books which* Lucius *has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee:—
Which is it, girl, of theſe?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better ſkill'd;
Come and take choice of all my library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:—
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?
Mar. I think, ſhe means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
Or elſe to heaven ſhe heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?
Boy. Grandſire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoſis;
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft! ſee, how buſily ſhe turns the leaves*!
Help her: What would ſhe find? Lavinia, ſhall I read?
This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treaſon, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother ſee; note, how ſhe quotes the leaves†.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?—
See, ſee!——
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here deſcribes,

By

* *Soft!* ſee, how *buſily*, &c.] Old Copies—Soft, ſo buſily, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

† —*how ſhe* quotes *the leaves.*] To *quote* is to obſerve. STEEVENS.

By nature made for murders, and for rapes.
Mar. O, why ſhould nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the gods delight in tragedies!
Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet girl,——for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durſt do the deed:
Or ſlunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in Lucrece' bed?
Mar. Sit down, ſweet niece;—brother, ſit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This ſandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canſt,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this ſhift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here diſplay at laſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!
[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.*
Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.
Mar. What, what!—the luſtful ſons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Tit.—*Magne Dominator poli* [2],
Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tam lentus vides?
Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, ſweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

[2] *Magne Regnator Deûm*, &c. is the exclamation of *Hippolitus* when *Phædra* diſcovers the ſecret of her inceſtuous paſſion in *Seneca's* tragedy. STEEVENS.

And ſwear with me,—as with the woeful feere[3],
And father, of that chaſte diſhonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus ſware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will proſecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon theſe traiterous Goths,
And ſee their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis ſute enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt theſe bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if ſhe wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply ſtill in league,
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And, when he ſleeps, will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You're a young huntſman, Marcus; let it alone:
And, come, I will go get a leaf of braſs,
And with a gad of ſteel* will write theſe words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow theſe ſands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your leſſon then?—Boy, what ſay you?

Boy. I ſay, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe
For theſe bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, ſo will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empreſs' ſons

Preſents,

3 *And ſwear with me, as with the woeful* feere,] *Feere* ſignifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *huſband*. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is deſcribed at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the huſband and father of Lucretia. So, in *Eglamour of Artoys*, ſig. A 4,

" Chriſtabell, your daughter free,
" When ſhall ſhe have a *fere?*" *i. e.* a huſband.

Sir Thomas More's *Lamentation on the Death of Q. Elizabeth, Wife of Henry VII:*

" Was I not a kings *fere* in marriage?" TYRWHITT.

The word *feere* or *pheere* very frequently occurs among the old dramatic writers and others. STEEVENS.

* *And with* a gad *of ſteel*—] *A gad*, from the Saxon gad, i. e. the point of a ſpear, is uſed here for ſome ſimilar pointed inſtrument. MALONE.

Preſents, that I intend to ſend them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy meſſage, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their boſoms, grandſire.
Tit. No, boy, not ſo; I'll teach thee another courſe.
Lavinia, come;—Marcus, look to my houſe;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, ſir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, *and* BOY.
Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecſtaſy:
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd ſhield:
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens [4] for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *at one door: at another door, young* LUCIUS, *and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the ſon of Lucius;
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver to us.
Aar. Ay, ſome mad meſſage from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aſide.*

[4] *Revenge* the *heavens*—] We ſhould read:
Revenge thee, *heavens?*— WARBURTON.
It ſhould be:
Revenge, ye *heavens!*
Ye was by the tranſcriber taken for *ye*, the. JOHNSON.
I believe the old reading is right, and ſignifies—*may the heavens revenge*, &c. MALONE.
I believe we ſhould read
Revenge then *heavens.* TYRWHITT.

Dem. Gramercy [5], lovely Lucius; What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it pleaſe you,
My grandſire, well-advis'd, hath ſent by me
The goodlieſt weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for ſo he bade me ſay;
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your lordſhips, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And ſo I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt* Boy *and* Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A ſcroll; and written round about?
Let's ſee;
Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verſe in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, juſt;—a verſe in Horace;—right, you have it.
Now, what a thing it is to be an aſs!
Here's no ſound jeſt [6]! the old man hath found their guilt,
And ſends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines;
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empreſs well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her reſt in her unreſt a while.— *Aside.*
And now, young lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to Rome, ſtrangers, and, more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem.

5 *Gramercy,—*] i. e. *grand mercy*; *great thanks.* Steevens.

6 *Here's no* ſound *jeſt!*] Thus the old copies. This mode of expreſſion was common formerly; So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "Here's no fine villainy!"—We talk of giving a *ſound* drubbing. Mr. Theobald, however, and the modern editors, read—Here's no *fine* jeſt. Malone.

Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.
Aar. Had he no reaſon, lord Demetrius?
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would, we had a thouſand Roman dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.
Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to ſay amen.
Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.
[*Aſide. Flouriſh.*
Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a ſon.
Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you ſee Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more, or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee ever more!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling doſt thou keep?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empreſs' ſhame, and ſtately Rome's diſgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, ſhe is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean ſhe is brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God
Give her good reſt! What hath he ſent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then ſhe is the devil's dam; a joyful iſſue.
Nur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black, and ſorrowful iſſue:
Here is the babe, as loathſome as a toad
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime.
The empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, you whore! is black ſo baſe a hue?—
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom, ſure.
Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aar. That which thou
Canſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother[7].
Dem. And therein, helliſh dog, thou haſt undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of ſo foul a fiend!
Chi. It ſhall not live.
Aar. It ſhall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it muſt; the mother wills it ſo.
Aar. What, muſt it, nurſe? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole[8] on my rapier's point:
Nurſe, give it me; my ſword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.
Aar. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels up.
[*takes the child from the nurſe, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the ſky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my ſcymitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall ſeize this prey, out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye ſanguine, ſhallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limn'd walls[9]! ye alehouſe painted ſigns!
Coal-black is better than another hue,

In

[7] *Villain, I have* done *thy mother.*] To *do* is here uſed obſcenely. So, in Taylor the water poet's character of a *Proſtitute:*

" She's *facile fieri*, (quick wonne,)
" Or, conſt'ring truly, eaſy to be *done.*" COLLINS.

[8] *I'll broach the tadpole*—] A *broach* is a *ſpit.* I'll *ſpit* the tadpole. JOHNSON.

In Greene's *Pleaſant Diſcovery of the Coſenage of Colliers*, 1592: " —with that ſhe caught a *ſpit* in her hand, and ſwore if he offered to ſtirre, ſhe ſhould therewith *broach* him." COLLINS.

[9] *Ye white* limn'd *walls*—] The old copies have—white *limb'd.* The word intended, I think, was white *limn'd.* Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read white-*lim'd.* MALONE.

In that it ſcorns to bear another hue [1]:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the ſwan's black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the flood.—
Tell the empreſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuſe it how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?
Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, myſelf;
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chi. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape [2].
Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
Chi. I bluſh to think upon this ignomy [3].
Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart [*]!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer [4]:
Look, how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father,
As who ſhould ſay, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood that firſt gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you impriſon'd were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:

Nay,

[1] *In that it* ſcorns *to bear another hue:*] Thus both the quarto and folio. Some modern editions had *ſeems* inſtead of *ſcorns*, which was reſtored by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

[2] —*for this foul* eſcape.] This foul illegitimate child. MALONE.

[3] —*this ignomy,*] i. e. ignominy. MALONE.

[*] *The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart!*] So, in *Othello*:
" They are *cloſe* denotements working from the *heart*."
MALONE.

[4] —*another* leer:] *Leer* is complexion, or hue. So, in *As you like it*: "—a Roſalind of a better *leer* than you." See Mr. Tollet's note on Act IV. ſc. i. In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, late edit. Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is ſuppoſed to mean *ſkin*. So, in *Iſumbras*, MS. *Cott*, Cal. 11. fol. 129:
" His lady is white as wales bone,
" Here *lere* brygte to ſe upon,
" So faire as bloſme on tre." STEEVENS.

Nay, he's your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeal be ſtamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what ſhall I ſay unto the empreſs?

Dem. Adviſe thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, ſo we may all be ſafe.

Aar. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My ſon and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.

[*They ſit on the ground.*

Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?

Aar. Why, ſo, brave lords; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chaſed boar, the mountain lioneſs,
The ocean ſwells not ſo as Aaron ſtorms.—
But, ſay again, how many ſaw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myſelf,
And no one elſe, but the deliver'd empreſs.

Aar. The empreſs, the midwife, and yourſelf:
Two may keep counſel, when the third's away[5]:
Go to the empreſs; tell her this I ſaid:—

[*ſtabbing her.*

Weke, weke!—ſo cries a pig, prepar'd to the ſpit.

Dem. What mean'ſt thou, Aaron? Wherefore didſt thou this?

Aar. O lord, ſir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling goſſip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives[6], my countryman,
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him[7], and give the mother gold,

And

[5] *Two may keep counſel, when the third's away:*] This proverb is introduced likewiſe in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. STEEVENS.

[6] —*one Muliteus* lives—] The word *lives*, which is wanting in the old copies, was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] *Go pack with him,*—] *Pack* here ſeems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*. Or it may mean, as in the phraſe of modern gameſters, to act colluſively.

And mighty dukes pack knaves for half a crown. POPE.

To

And tell them both the circumſtance of all;
And how by this their child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye ſee, I have given her phyſick,
[*pointing to the nurſe.*
And you muſt needs beſtow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, ſee that you take no longer days,
But ſend the midwife preſently to me.
The midwife, and the nurſe, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they pleaſe.

Chi. Aaron, I ſee, thou wilt not truſt the air
With ſecrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herſelf, and hers, are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* CHI. *bearing off the nurſe.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as ſwift as ſwallow flies;
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine arms,
And ſecretly to greet the empreſs' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd ſlave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our ſhifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and ſuck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

To *pack* is to contrive inſidiouſly. So, in *King Lear*:
"—ſnuffs and *packings* of the dukes." STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The ſame. A publick Place.

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinſmen, this is the way:—
Sir boy, let me ſee your archery; look
Ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras Aſtræa reliquit:—
Be you remember'd, Marcus, ſhe's gone, ſhe's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, couſins, ſhall
Go ſound the ocean, and caſt your nets;
Happily you may find her in the ſea;
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you muſt do it:
'Tis you muſt dig with mattock, and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt center of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him; it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well: I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the people's ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unſearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have ſhipp'd her hence,
And, kinſmen, then we may go pipe for juſtice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy caſe,
To ſee thy noble uncle thus diſtract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget ſome careful remedy.

Mar.

Mar. Kinſmen, his ſorrows are paſt remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my maſters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto ſends you word
If you will have revenge from hell, you ſhall:
Marry, for juſtice, ſhe is ſo employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or ſomewhere elſe,
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but ſhrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' ſize;
But metal, Marcus, ſteel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs[8], more than our backs can bear:—
And ſith there is no juſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſolicit heaven; and move the gods,
To ſend down juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that's for myſelf;—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius[9], not to Saturnine,—
You were as good to ſhoot againſt the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, looſe when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unſolicited.

Mar.

[8] *Yet wrung with wrongs,*—] To *wring* a horſe is to preſs or ſtrain his back. JOHNSON.

[9] *To Saturn, Caius,*—] The old copies have—To *Saturnine, to* Caius, &c. *Saturnine* was corrected by Mr. Rowe. *To* was inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor. *Caius* appears to have been one of the kinſmen of Titus. Publius and Sempronius have been already mentioned. Publius and *Caius*, are again introduced in Act V. ſc. ii:

"*Tit.* Publius, come hither; *Caius*, and Valentine."

The modern editors read—To Saturn, to *Calum*, &c. MALONE.

Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the court[1]:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, maſters, draw. [*They ſhoot.*] O, well ſaid, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon[2];
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what haſt thou done!
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the ſport, my lord; when Publius ſhot,
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries ſuch a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who ſhould find them but the empreſs' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he ſhould not chooſe
But give them to his maſter for a preſent.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordſhip joy.

Enter a Clown, with a baſket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the poſt is come,
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall

[1] —*ſhoot all your ſhafts into the court:*] In the ancient ballad of *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, is the following paſſage:

"Then paſt releiſe I upp and downe did goe,
"And with my tears wrote in the duſt my woe:
"*I ſhot my arrowes towards heaven hie,*
"And for revenge to hell did often cry."

On this Dr Percy has the following obſervation: "If the ballad was written before the play, I ſhould ſuppoſe this to be only a metaphorical expreſſion, taken from the Pſalms: "*They ſhoot out their arrows, even bitter words*, Pſ. lxiv, 3." *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 228, third edit. STEEVENS.

[2] —*I* aim a *mile beyond the moon*;] Thus the quarto and folio. Mr. Rowe for *aim* ſubſtituted *am*, which has been adopted by all the modern editors. MALONE.

To "caſt beyond the moon," is an expreſſion uſed in Hinde's *Eliſt's Libidinoſe*. 1606. Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "Riſio hath gone beyond himſelf in *caſting beyond the moon.*" Again, in *A woman kill'd with kindneſs*, 1617:

"——I talk of things impoſſible,
"And *caſt beyond the moon.*" STEEVENS.

Shall I have juſtice? what ſays Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he ſays, that he hath taken them down again, for the man muſt not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what ſays Jupiter, I aſk thee?

Clown. Alas, ſir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, ſir; nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, didſt thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, ſir, I never came there: God forbid, I ſhould be ſo bold to preſs to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs [3], to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, ſir, that is as fit as can be, to ſerve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, ſir, I could never ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou ſhalt have juſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a ſupplication?

Clown. Ay, ſir.

Tit. Then here is a ſupplication for you. And when you come to him, at the firſt approach, you muſt kneel; then kiſs his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand; ſir; ſee you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, ſir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, haſt thou a knife? Come, let me ſee it. Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;

For

[3] —*the tribunal plebs*,—] I ſuppoſe the Clown means to ſay, *Plebeian tribune*, i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill this office but ſuch as were deſcended from *Plebeian* anceſtors. STEEVENS.

Hanmer ſuppoſes that he means—*tribunus plebis*. MALONE.

For thou haſt made it like an humble ſuppliant:—
And when thou haſt given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he ſays.

Clown. God be with you, ſir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go:—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *Lords, and Others:* Saturninus *with the arrows in his hand, that* Titus *ſhot:*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are theſe? Was ever ſeen
An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of legal juſtice, us'd in ſuch contempt?
My lords, you know, as do * the mightful gods,
However theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath paſs'd,
But even with law, againſt the wilful ſons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His ſorrows have ſo overwhelmed his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks [4],
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterneſs?
And now he writes to heaven for his redreſs:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet ſcrolls, to fly about the ſtreets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling againſt the ſenate,
And blazoning our injuſtice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no juſtice were.

But

* —*as do*—] Theſe two words were ſupplied by Mr. Rowe; who alſo in the concluding lines of this ſpeech ſubſtituted—if *ſhe* ſleep, &c. for, if *he* ſleep, and—as *ſhe*, for, as *he*. MALONE.

[4] —*his* wreaks,] i. e. his revenges. STEEVENS.

But, if I live, his feigned ecſtaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that juſtice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if ſhe ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as ſhe in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpirator that lives.
Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſons,
Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep and ſcarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt,
For theſe contempts. Why, thus it ſhall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [*Aſide.*
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'ſt thou ſpeak with us?
Clown. Yes, forſooth, an your miſterſhip be imperial.
Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the emperor.
Clown. 'Tis he.—God, and ſaint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [Saturninus *reads the letter.*
Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.
Clown. How much money muſt I have?
Tam. Come, ſirrah, you muſt be hang'd.
Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*
Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monſtrous villainy?
I know from whence this ſame device proceeds:
May this be born?—as if his traiterous ſons,
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butchered wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, ſhall ſhape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy ſlaughter-man;

Sly

Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thyſelf ſhould govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm *, my lords; Rome never had more cauſe!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-reſolved men, bent to the ſpoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, ſon to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in courſe of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
Theſe tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſs beat down with ſtorms.
Ay, now begin our ſorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love ſo much;
Myſelf hath often over-heard ‡ them ſay,
(When I have walked like a private man,)
That Lucius' baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſh'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why ſhould you fear? is not your city ſtrong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name †.
Is the ſun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody §:

Even

* Arm, *my lords*,] *Arm* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

‡ *Myſelf* hath *often* over-heard—] *Self* was uſed formerly as a ſubſtantive, and written ſeparately from the pronominal adjective: *my ſelf*. The late editors, not attending to this, read, after Hanmer,—*have* often:—*Over*, which is not in the old copies, was ſupplied by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

† —*imperious, like thy name.*] *Imperious* was formerly uſed for *imperial*. MALONE.

§ —ſtint *their melody*;] i. e. *ſtop* their melody. MALONE.

Even ſo may'ſt thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy ſpirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fiſh, or honey-ſtalks to ſheep[6];
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious ſeed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his ſon for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promiſes; that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our embaſſador[7]: [*to* Æmilius.
Say, that the emperor requeſts a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this meſſage honourably:
And if he ſtand on hoſtage* for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.

Æmil. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, ſweet emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go ſucceſſantly[8], and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

[6] —*honey-ſtalks to ſheep*;] *Honey-ſtalks* are clover flowers, which contain a ſweet juice. It is common for cattle to over-charge themſelves with clover, and die. JOHNSON.

"Theſe honey ſtalks, whatever they may be, (ſays Mr. Maſon,) are deſcribed as *rotting* the ſheep, not *burſting* them: whereas clover is the wholeſomeſt food you can give them."—Perhaps the authour was not ſo ſkilful a farmer as the commentator. MALONE.

[7] —be *our embaſſador*:] The old Copies read—*to* be, &c. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

* —on *hoſtage*—] Old copies—*in* hoſtage. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[8] *Then go* ſucceſſantly,] Whether the authour of this play had any authority for this word, I know not; but I ſuſpect he had not. In the next act he with equal licence uſes *rapine* for *rape*. By *ſucceſſantly* I ſuppoſe he meant *ſucceſsfully*. MALONE.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, *and* Goths, *with drum and colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome.
Which ſignify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witneſs,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatisfaction.

1. *Goth.* Brave ſlip, ſprung from the great Andronicus,
Whoſe name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whoſe high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'ſt,—
Like ſtinging bees in hotteſt ſummer's day,
Led by their maſter to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on curſed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a luſty Goth?

Enter a Goth, *leading* AARON, *with his child in his arms.*

2. *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I ſtray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery [9];

And

[9] *To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery.*] Shakſpeare has ſo repeatedly offended againſt chronology in all his plays, that no very concluſive argument can be deduced from the particular abſurdity of theſe anachroniſms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*. And yet the *ruined monaſtery*, the *popiſh tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and eſpecially

And as I earneſtly did fix mine eye
Upon the waſted building, ſuddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noiſe; when ſoon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this diſcourſe:
Peace, tawny ſlave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'ſt have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I muſt bear thee to a truſty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empreſs' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's ſake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I ruſh'd upon him.
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly; and brought him hither,
To uſe as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empreſs' eye [1];
And here's the baſe fruit of his burning luſt.—
Say, wall-ey'd ſlave, whither would'ſt thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? What! deaf? not a word?
A halter, ſoldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of baſtardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the ſire for ever being good.—
Firſt, hang the child that he may ſee it ſprawl;
A ſight to vex the father's ſoul withal.
Get me a ladder [2].

[*A ladder brought, which* Aaron *is obliged to aſcend.*

Aar.

eſpecially the French ſalutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether ſo very much out of place, that I cannot perſuade myſelf even our haſty poet could have been guilty of their inſertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another. STEEVENS.

[1] *This is the pearl that pleas'd your empreſs' eye;*] Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye." MALONE.

[2] *Get me a ladder. Lucius, ſave the child.*] All the printed editions have

Aar. Lucius, ſave the child;
And bear it from me to the empereſs.
If thou do this, I'll ſhow thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll ſpeak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.

Aar. An if it pleaſe thee? why, aſſure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak;
For I muſt talk of murders, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treaſon; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly performed:
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me, my child ſhall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I ſay, thy child ſhall live.

Aar. Swear, that he ſhall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no god;
That granted, how canſt thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee, called conſcience;
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An ideot holds his bauble[3] for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he ſwears;
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame god, what god ſoe'er it be,
That thou ador'ſt and haſt in reverence—
To ſave my boy, to nouriſh, and bring him up;
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I ſwear to thee, I will.

Aar. Firſt, know thou, I begot him on the empreſs.

Luc.

have given this whole verſe to Aaron. But why ſhould the Moor here aſk for a ladder, who earneſtly wanted to have his child ſaved? THEOBALD.

Get me a ladder, may mean, *hang me*. STEEVENS.

3 —*his* bauble—] See a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, Act IV. ſc. v. MALONE.

Luc. O moſt inſatiate, luxurious woman[4]!
Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon,
'Twas her two ſons, that murder'd Baſſianus:
They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Luc. O, deteſtable villain! call'ſt thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, ſhe was waſh'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O, barbarous beaſtly villains, like thyſelf!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to inſtruct them;
That codding ſpirit[5] had they from their mother,
As ſure a card as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head[6].—
Well, let my deeds be witneſs of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of Baſſianus lay:
I wrote the letter * that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two ſons;
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And,

[4] —luxurious *woman!*] i. e. *laſcivious* woman. MALONE.

[5] *That* codding *ſpirit*—] i. e. that love of *bed-ſports*. *Cod* is a word ſtill uſed in Yorkſhire for a *pillow*. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words at the end of Ray's *Proverbs*. COLLINS.

[6] *As true a dog as ever fought at head.*—] An alluſion to bull-dogs, whoſe generoſity and courage are always ſhown by meeting the bull in front, and ſeizing his noſe. JOHNSON.

So in a collection of Epigrams by J. D [John Davies] and C. M. [Chriſtopher Marlowe,] printed at Middleburgh, no date:

" —Amongſt the dogs and beares he goes;
" Where, while he ſkipping cries—*To head, to head*—."

STEEVENS.

* *I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,—*
I wrote the letter, &c.] Perhaps Young had this ſpeech in his thoughts, when he made his Moor ſay—

" I urg'd Don Carlos to reſign his miſtreſs;
" I forg'd the letter; I diſpos'd the picture;
" I hated, I deſpis'd, and I deſtroy." MALONE.

And, when I had it, drew myſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two ſons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwounded [7] almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kiſſes.

Goth. What! canſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the ſaying is.

Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Even now I curſe the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compaſs of my curſe,)
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill:
As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death:
Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſwear myſelf:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks [8];
Set fire on barns and hay-ſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their ſorrows almoſt were forgot;
And on their ſkins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil [9]; for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death, as hanging preſently.

Aar.

7 *She* ſwounded—] When this play was written, the verb to *ſwound*, which we now write *ſwoon*, was in common uſe. MALONE.

8 *Make poor men's cattle break their necks*;] Two ſyllables have been inadvertently omitted; perhaps—*and die*. MALONE.

9 *Bring down the devil*;—] It appears from theſe words, that the audience

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlaſting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter a Goth, *with* Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a meſſenger from Rome,
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Luc. Let him come near.—
Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he underſtands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's houſe;
Willing you to demand your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliver'd.

1. *Goth.* What ſays our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. *Before* Titus's *Houſe.*

Enter Tamora, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *diſguiſed.*

Tam. Thus, in this ſtrange and ſad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And ſay, I am Revenge, ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his ſtudy, where, they ſay, he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confuſion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter

audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. Steevens.

Enter TITUS, *above.*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord *?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didſt know me, thou would'ſt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witneſs this wretched ſtump, witneſs theſe crimſon lines;
Witneſs theſe trenches, made by grief and care;
Witneſs the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empreſs, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, ſad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; ſent from the infernal kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vaſt obſcurity, or miſty vale,
Where bloody murder, or deteſted rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out:
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam.

* —*that* accord?] So the quarto. The folio reads—to give it action. MALONE.

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.
Tit. Do me ſome ſervice, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy ſide where Rape, and Murder, ſtands;
Now give ſome 'ſurance that thou art revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfries, as black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murderers [1] in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by thy waggon wheel
Trot, like a ſervile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's [2] riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfal in the ſea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy taſk,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there [3].
Tam. Theſe are my miniſters, and come with me.
Tit. Are them thy miniſters? what are they call'd?
Tam. Rapine, and Murder: therefore called ſo,
'Cauſe they take vengeance of ſuch kind of men.
Tit. Good lord, how like the empreſs' ſons they are!
And you, the empreſs! But we worldly men
Have miſerable, mad, miſtaking eyes.
O ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.
[*Exit* Titus, *from above.*

[1] *And find out* murderers, &c.] The old copies read—*murder*, and *cares*. The former emendation was made by Mr. Steevens; the latter by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] —*Hyperion's*—] The folio reads *Epton's*; the quarto *Epeon's*; and ſo Ravenſcroft. STEEVENS.

The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] *So thou deſtroy* Rapine *and* Murder *there.*] I do not know of any inſtance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever uſed as ſynonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *leſs fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted.

I have indeed ſince diſcovered that Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 116. b. uſes *ravine* in the ſame ſenſe:

" For if thou be of ſuch covine,
" To get of love by *ravyne*
" Thy luſt, &c." STEEVENS.

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with him; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;

I pray

I pray thee, do on them ſome violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us; this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee, good Andronicus,
To ſend for Lucius, thy thrice valiant ſon,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe;
When he is here, even at thy ſolemn feaſt,
I will bring in the empreſs and her ſons,
The emperor himſelf, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry heart.
What ſays Andronicus to this device?
Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis ſad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou ſhalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his ſoldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empreſs too
Feaſt at my houſe; and he ſhall feaſt with them.
This do thou for my love; and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſs,
And take my miniſters along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me;
Or elſe I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. What ſay you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeak him fair, [*aſide.*
And tarry with him, till I come again.
Tit. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of curſed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aſide.*
Dem. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.
Tam. Farewel, Andronicus: Revenge now goes

To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* TAMORA.

Tit. I know, thou doſt; And, ſweet Revenge, farewel.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you theſe two?

Pub. The empreſs' ſons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius *.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them ſure;
And ſtop their mouths, if they begin to cry,
[*Exit* TITUS,—Publius, &c. *lay hold on* Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empreſs' ſons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop cloſe their mouths, let them not ſpeak a word:
Is he ſure bound? look, that you bind them faſt.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *ſhe bearing a baſon, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—
Sirs, ſtop their mouths, let them not ſpeak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you have ſtain'd with mud;
This goodly ſummer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her huſband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My

* —and *Demetrius.*] *And* was inſerted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

My hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt:
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſs chaſtity,
Inhuman traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeak?
Villains, for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is leſt to cut your throats;
Whilſt that Lavinia 'tween her ſtumps doth hold
The baſon, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelf Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paſte;
And of the paſte a coffin [4] I will rear,
And make two paſties of your ſhameful heads;
And bid that ſtrumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, ſwallow her own increaſe [5].
This is the feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on;
For worſe than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worſe than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*he cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paſte let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wiſh may prove
More ſtern and bloody than the Centaur's feaſt.
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

[4] *And of the paſte a coffin*—] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raiſed pye. JOHNSON.

[5] *her own* increaſe,] i. e. her own *produce*. MALONE.

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and* Goths, *with* AARON, *priſoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, ſince 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1. *Goth.* And ours with thine [6], befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tyger, this accurſed devil;
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empreſs' face *,
For teſtimony of her foul proceedings:
And ſee the ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whiſper curſes in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my ſwelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd ſlave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—
[*Exeunt* Goths, *with* Aaron. *Flouriſh.*
The trumpets ſhew, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* Tribunes, Senators, *and Others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more ſuns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyſelf a ſun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle [7];

Theſe

[6] *And ours with* thine—] And our *content* runs parallel with thine, be the conſequence of our coming to Rome what it may. MALONE.

* —*the* empreſs's *face*,] The quarto has—*emperours*; the folio *emperous*. For the emendation I am anſwerable. MALONE.

[7] —*break the parle*;] That is, *begin* the parley. We yet ſay, he *breaks* his mind. JOHNSON.

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, *dress'd like a cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled, young* LUCIUS, *and Others.* Titus *places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.
Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*he kills* Lavinia.

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!
Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears had made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was:
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.
Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit.

Tit. Will't pleaſe you eat? will't pleaſe your highneſs feed?

Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us preſently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelf hath bred[8].
'Tis true, 'tis true; witneſs my knife's ſharp point.
[*killing* Tamora.

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed.
[*killing* Titus.

Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*kills* Saturninus. *A great tumult. The people in confuſion diſperſe.* Marcus, Lucius, *and their partizans aſcend the ſteps before* Titus's *houſe.*

Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of Rome,
By uproar ſever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Left Rome herſelf be bane unto herſelf[9];

And

[8] *Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelf hath bred.*] The additions made by Ravenſcroft to this ſcene, are ſo much of a piece with it, that I cannot reſiſt the temptation of ſhewing the reader how he continues the ſpeech before us:

"Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
"And thus to Pluto I do ſerve thee up."
[*Stabs the empreſs.*

And then—"*A curtain drawn diſcovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up againſt the wall; their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *Sen.* Left *Rome herſelf be bane unto herſelf*;] I have followed the quarto, where the words *Roman lord*, [i. e. *Senator*,] are prefixed to this ſpeech. That copy, however, reads—*Let* Rome, &c. which I have no doubt was an error of the preſs for *Left*. The editor of the folio finding the ſentiment as exhibited in the quarto, in conſequence of this error, not proper in the mouth of a Roman, for *Roman lord* ſubſtituted

Goth.

And ſhe, whom mighty kingdoms curt'ſy to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſt-away;
Do ſhameful execution on herſelf.
But if my frofty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*to* Lucius.] as erſt our anceſtor,
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe,
To love-ſick Dido's ſad attending ear,
The ſtory of that baleful burning night,
When ſubtle Greeks ſurpriz'd King Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor ſteel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that raviſhed our ſiſter:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears deſpis'd; and baſely cozen'd[1]—
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And ſent her enemies unto the grave.

Goth. In correcting the errors of the quartos, the editor of the folio appears often to have only looked on the ſurface, and to have conſequently made ſeveral injudicious emendations beſide the preſent.

Mr. Capell, I find, has made the ſame emendation.—As this ſpeech proceeds in an uniform tenor with the foregoing, the whole (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) probably belongs to Marcus.

The errour here corrected has likewiſe happened in the quarto copies of *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. ii. "—*let* my extent to the players—— ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours:"—inſtead of—*Left* my extent, &c. MALONE.

[1] —*and* baſely cozen'd—] i. e. and *be* baſely cozened. MALONE.

Laſtly, myſelf unkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out;
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preſerv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her boſom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the ſteel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My ſcars can witneſs, dumb although they are,
That my report is juſt, and full of truth.
But, ſoft, methinks, I do digreſs too much,
Citing my worthleſs praiſe: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelves,

Mar. Now is my turn to ſpeak; Behold this child.
[*pointing to the child in the arms of an attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The iſſue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of theſe woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' houſe,
Damn'd as he is [2], to witneſs this is true,
Now judge, what cauſe [3] had Titus to revenge
Theſe wrongs, unſpeakable, paſt patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiſs? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong caſt us down [4],

And

[2] Damn'd *as he is*,] The old copies read—*And* as *he* is. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. The ſame expreſſion (as he obſerved,) is uſed in *Othello*:

"O thou foul thief, where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
"*Damn'd as thou art*, thou haſt inchanted her."

In the play before us the ſame epithet is again applied to Aaron:

"See juſtice done on Aaron, that *damn'd* Moor."

MALONE.

[3] —*what* cauſe—] Old Copies—what *courſe*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

[4] *The poor* remainder *of Andronici*
Will——*caſt* us *down*—] i. e. *We* the poor remainder, &c. will caſt us down. MALONE.

And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual cloſure of our houſe.
Speak, Romans, ſpeak: and, if you ſay, we ſhall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it ſhall be ſo.

Rom. [*Several ſpeak.*] Lucius, all hail [5]; Rome's royal emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. *deſcend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' ſorrowful houſe;
[*to an attendant.*
And hither hale that miſbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.

Rom. [*Several ſpeak.*] Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern ſo,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
For nature puts me to a heavy taſk;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this trunk:
O, take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips. [*kiſſes* Titus.
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy blood-ſtain'd face [6],
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſon!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in ſhowers: Thy grandſire lov'd thee well:

[5] Rom. *Lucius, all hail*; &c.] This line here, and the ſame words below, are given in the old copy by miſtake to *Marcus*. It is manifeſt, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, that they both belong to the ſurrounding concourſe of Romans, who with one voice hail Lucius as their emperor. MALONE.

[6] —*thy blood*-ſtain'd *face*,] The old copies have—thy blood-*ſlain* face. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

Many

Laſtly, myſelf unkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out;
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
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Many

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee to ſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that reſpect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo:
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewel; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandſire, grandſire! even with all my heart
'Would I were dead, ſo you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, *with* AARON.

1. *Rom.* You ſad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.

Luc. Set him breaſt-deep in earth, and famiſh him;
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some ſtay, to ſee him faſten'd in the earth[7].

Aar. O, why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with baſe prayers,
I ſhould repent the evils I have done;
Ten thouſand, worſe than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very ſoul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſhold's monument.
As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell ſhall ring her burial;

But

7 —*to ſee him faſten'd in the earth.*] That *juſtice* and *cookery* may go hand in hand to the concluſion of this play, in Ravenſcroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *rack'd* and *roaſted* on the ſtage. STEEVENS.

But throw her forth to beaſts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being ſo, ſhall have like want of pity.
See juſtice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the ſtate [8];
That like events may ne'er it ruinate [9]. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Then, afterwards,* to *order, &c.*] Then *will we apply ourſelves* to regulate the ſtate. MALONE.

[9] This is one of thoſe plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the liſt of Shakſpeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to ſtrengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of queſtion. Ben Jonſon, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, which made its firſt appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and ſpeaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years ſtanding. Conſequently *Andronicus* muſt have been on the ſtage before Shakſpeare left Warwickſhire, to come and reſide in London: and I never heard it ſo much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to ſtage-writing before he aſſociated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he introduced it a-new on the ſtage, with the addition of his own maſterly touches, is inconteſtable, and thence, I preſume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raiſe it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of *Henry VI.* The ſtory we are to ſuppoſe merely fictitious. Andronicus is a ſur-name of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body elſe that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors any wars with the Goths that I know of: nor till after the tranſlation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the ſcene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the capitol. THEOBALD.

All the editors and criticks agree with Mr. Theobald in ſuppoſing this play ſpurious. I ſee no reaſon for differing from them; for the colour of the ſtile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt

attempt at regular verſification, and artificial cloſes, not always inelegant, yet ſeldom pleaſing. The barbarity of the ſpectacles, and the general maſſacre, which are here exhibited, can ſcarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonſon, that they were not only borne, but praiſed. That Shakſpeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *inconteſtable*, I ſee no reaſon for believing.

The teſtimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is aſcribed to Shakſpeare, is by no means equal to the argument againſt its authenticity, ariſing from the total difference of conduct, language, and ſentiment, by which it ſtands apart from all the reſt. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be ſufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the firſt collectors of Shakſpeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakſpeare's name on the title, as we muſt ſuppoſe, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertiſements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could uſurp at pleaſure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakſpeare any intereſt in detecting the impoſture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the preſs.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakſpeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakſpeare was twenty five years old. When he left Warwickſhire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-ſtealing.

Ravenſcroft, who in the reign of Charles II reviſed this play, and reſtored it to the ſtage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I ſuppoſe, which in his time might be of ſufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakſpeare, but written by ſome other poet. I do not find Shakſpeare's touches very diſcernible. JOHNSON.

There is every reaſon to believe, that Shakſpeare was not the author of this play. I have already ſaid enough upon the ſubject.

Mr. Upton declares peremptorily, that it ought to be flung out of the liſt of our author's works: yet Mr. Warner,

Warner, with all his laudable zeal for the memory of his *ſchool-fellow*, when it may ſeem to ſerve his purpoſe, *diſables* his friend's judgment!

Indeed, a *new argument* has been produced; it muſt have been written by Shakſpeare, becauſe at that time, *other people* wrote in the *ſame manner!*

It is ſcarcely worth obſerving, that the original publiſher* had nothing to do with the reſt of Shakſpeare's works. Dr. Johnſon obſerves the copy to be as correct, as other books of the time; and probably reviſed by the author himſelf; but ſurely Shakſpeare would not have taken the greateſt care about *infinitely the worſt* of his performance! Nothing more can be ſaid, except that it is printed by Heminge and Condell in the *firſt folio*: but not to inſiſt, that it had been contrary to their intereſt to have rejected any play, uſually call'd Shakſpeare's, though they might *know* it to be ſpurious; it does not appear that their *knowledge* is at all to be depended upon; for it is certain, that in the firſt copies, they had entirely omitted the play of *Troilus and Creſſida*.

It has been ſaid, that this play was firſt printed for G. Elves, 1594. I have ſeen in an old catalogue of *tales*, &c. the hiſtory of *Titus Andronicus*. FARMER.

I have already given the reader a ſpecimen of the changes made in this play by Ravenſcroft, who revived it with ſucceſs in the year 1687; and may add, that when the empreſs ſtabs her child, he has ſupplied the Moor with the following lines:

" She has out-done me, ev'n in mine own art,
" Out-done me in murder; kill'd her own child,
" Give it me, I'll eat it."

It rarely happens that a dramatick piece is altered with the ſame ſpirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whoſe feelings were congenial with thoſe of its original author.

In the courſe of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a paſſage or two, which, in my opinion, ſufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted with both Greek and Roman literature.

It

* The original owner of the copy was John Danter, who likewiſe printed the firſt edition of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, and is introduced as a character in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, &c. 1606. STEEVENS.

It is likewiſe deficient in ſuch internal marks as diſtinguiſh the tragedies of Shakſpeare from thoſe of other writers; I mean, that it preſents no ſtruggles to introduce the vein of humour ſo conſtantly interwoven with the buſineſs of his ſerious dramas. It can neither boaſt of his ſtriking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a ſingle intereſting ſituation, a natural character, or a ſtring of quibbles, from the firſt ſcene to the laſt. That Shakſpeare ſhould have written without commanding our attention, moving our paſſions, or ſporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he ſhould have ſtudiouſly avoided diſſyllable and triſſyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

Let it likewiſe be remembered that this piece was not publiſhed with the name of Shakſpeare, till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

Could the uſe of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces, be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of theſe might be found; among which is *palliament* for *robe*, a Latiniſm which I have not met with elſewhere in any Engliſh writer, whether ancient or modern; though it muſt have originated from the mint of a ſcholar. I may add that *Titus Andronicus* will be found on examination to contain a greater number of claſſical alluſions, &c. than are ſcattered over all the reſt of the performances on which the ſeal of Shakſpeare is undubitably fixed. — Not to write any more *about and about* this ſuſpected *thing*, let me obſerve that the glitter of a few paſſages in it has perhaps miſled the judgment of thoſe who ought to have known that both ſentiment and deſcription are more eaſily produced than the intereſting fabrick of a tragedy. Without theſe advantages, many plays have ſucceeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the moſt laviſh profuſion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteneſs, elegance, and eaſe, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon is not quite accurate in what he has aſſerted concerning the ſeven ſpurious plays, which the printer of the folio in 1664 improperly admitted into his volume. The name of Shakſpeare appears only in the title-

title-pages of four of them; *Pericles*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*.

To the word *palliament* mentioned by Mr. Steevens in the preceding note, may be added the words, *accite*, *candidatus*, and *ſacred* in the ſenſe of *accurſed*; and the following alluſions, and ſcraps of Latin, which are found in this *lamentable* tragedy:

As hateful as *Cocytus* miſty mouth—

More ſtern and bloody than the *Centaurs' feaſt*.

The ſelf-ſame gods that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the *Thracian tyrant* in his tent.

—But ſafer is this funeral pomp,
That hath aſpir'd to *Solon's happineſs*.

Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons unbury'd yet
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of Styx?

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe Laertes' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funeral.

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fallen aſleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miſerable.

Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right hand?

Believe me, queen, your ſwart *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue.

But ſure ſome Tereus hath deflowred thee,
And, leſt thou ſhould detect him, cut thy tongue.

That, like the ſtately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
Doſt overſhine the gallant dames of Rome.

——No

No man ſhed tears for noble Mutius,
He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cauſe.

I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, &c.

I'll dive into the *burning lake* below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.

I come, *Semiramis*; nay, barbarous Tamora.

And faſter bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucaſus.

Per Styga, per manes vehor,—
Sit fas, aut nefas,—
Ad manes fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh.
Suum cuique is our Roman *juſtice.*
—Magne dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tam lentus vides?
Integer vitæ, &c.
Terras Aſtræa reliquit.

Similar ſcraps of Latin are found in the old play of *King John*, and in many other of the dramatick pieces written by our authour's predeceſſors.

It muſt prove a circumſtance of conſummate mortification to the living criticks on Shakſpeare, as well as a diſgrace on the memory of thoſe who have ceaſed to comment and collate, when it ſhall appear from the ſentiments of one of their own fraternity, (who cannot well be ſuſpected of aſinine taſteleſſneſs, or Gothic prepoſſeſſions,) that we have been all miſtaken as to the merits and the authour of this play. It is ſcarce neceſſary to obſerve that the perſon exempted from theſe ſuſpicions is Mr. *Capell*, who delivers his opinion concerning *Titus Andronicus* in the following words: "To the editor's eye [i. e. his own,] *Shakſpeare ſtands confeſs'd:* the *third act* in particular may be read *with admiration* even by the moſt delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themſelves touch'd by it with ſuch paſſions as tragedy ſhould excite, that is,—terror and pity."

—It

—It were injuſtice not to remark that the grand and pathetick circumſtances in this *third act*, which we are told cannot fail to excite ſuch vehement emotions, are as follows.—Titus lies down in the dirt.—Aaron chops off his hand.—Saturninus ſends him the heads of his two ſons, and his own hand again, for a preſent.—His heroick brother Marcus kills a fly.

Mr. *Capell* may likewiſe claim the honour of having produced the *new argument* which Dr. Farmer mentions in a preceding note. MALONE.

THE

TRAGICALL HYSTORY

OF

ROMEUS AND JULIET:

Contayning in it a rare Example of true CONSTANCIE; With the ſubtill Counſels and Practices of an old Fryer; and their ill Event.

Res eſt ſoliciti plena timoris amor.

TO THE READER.

Amid the deſert rockes the mountaine beare
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herſelf, her yonge,
Nought els but lumpes of fleſhe, withouten heare;
In tract of time, her often lycking tong
Geves them ſuch ſhape, as doth, ere long, delight
The lookers on; or, when one dogge doth ſhake
With mooſled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,
Or, when upright he ſtandeth by his ſtake,
(A noble creaſt!) or wylde in ſavage wood
A doſyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth and ſtayned jawes with blood;
Or els, when from the fartheſt heavens, they
The lode ſtarres are, the wery pilates marke,
In ſtormes to gyde to haven the toſſed barke;—
Right ſo my muſe
Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of ſtyle,
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle
May better ſhape. The eldeſt of them loe
I offer to the ſtake; my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprochefull mouth might overthrowe:
The reſt, unlickt as yet, a whyle ſhall lurke,
Tyll Tyme geve ſtrength, to meete and match in fight,
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then ſhall they tell of ſtryfe,
Of noble trymphes, and deedes of martial might;
And ſhall geve rules of chaſte and honeſt lyfe.
The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game
Of this my muſe.

THE ARGUMENT.

Love hath inflamed twayne by ſodayn ſight,
And both do graunt the thing that both deſyre;
They wed in ſhrift, by counſell of a frier;
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight:
By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
A baniſht man, he ſcapes by ſecret flight:
New marriage is offred to his wyfe;
She drinkes a drinke that ſeemes to reve her breath;
They bury her, that ſleping yet hath lyfe.
Her huſband heares the tydings of her death;
He drinkes his bane; and ſhe, with Romeus' knyfe,
When ſhe awakes, her ſelfe, alas! ſhe ſleath.

ROMEUS AND JULIET[1].

THERE is beyond the Alps a town of ancient fame,
Where bright renoune yet ſhineth clear, Verona men it name;
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertyle ſoyle,
Maynteined by the heavenly fates, and by the townifh toyle.

[1] In the preliminary note on *Romeo and Juliet* I obſerve that it was founded on *the Tragicall Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, printed in 1562. That piece being almoſt as rare as a manuſcript, I reprinted it a few years ago, and ſhall give it a place here as a proper ſupplement to the commentaries on this tragedy.

From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the death of Maiſter* Arthur Brooke *drownde in paſſing to New-Haven*, by George Tuberville, [*Epitaphes, Epigrammes*, &c. 1567,] we learn that the former was the authour of this poem:

" Apollo lent him lute, for ſolace ſake,
" To ſound his verſe by touch of ſtately ſtring,
" And of the never-fading baye did make
" A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling.
" In prouſe that he for myter did excell,
" As may be judge by *Julyet and her mate*;
" For there he ſhewde his cunning paſſing well,
" When he the tale to Engliſh did tranſlate.
" But what? as he to forraigne realm was bound,
" With others moe his ſoveraigne queene to ſerve,
" Amid the ſeas unluckie youth was drownd,
" More ſpeedie death than ſuch one did deſerve."

The original relater of this ſtory was Luigi de Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till ſome years after his death; being firſt printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. In an epiſtle prefixed to this work, which

The fruitfull hilles above, the pleaſant vales belowe,
The ſilver ſtreame with chanel depe, that through the
towne doth flow;

The

which is addreſſed *Alla bellißima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the authour gives the following account (probably a fictitious one) of the manner in which he became acquainted with this ſtory:

"As you yourſelf have ſeen, when heaven had not as yet levelled againſt me its whole wrath, in the fair ſpring of my youth I devoted myſelf to the profeſſion of arms, and, following therein many brave and valiant men, for ſome years I ſerved in your delightful country, Frioli, through every part of which, in the courſe of my private ſervice, it was my duty to roam. I was ever accuſtomed, when upon any expedition on horſeback, to bring with me an archer of mine, whoſe name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practiſed in the military art, a pleaſant companion, and, like almoſt all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker. This man was not only a brave and experienced ſoldier, but of a gay and lively diſpoſition, and, more perhaps than became his age, was for ever in love; a quality which gave a double value to his valour. Hence it was that he delighted in relating the moſt amuſing novels, eſpecially ſuch as treated of love, and this he did with more grace and with better arrangement than any I have ever heard. It therefore chanced that, departing from Gradiſca, where I was quartered, and, with this archer and two other of my ſervants, travelling, perhaps impell'd by love, towards Udino, which route was then extremely ſolitary, and entirely ruined and burned up by the war,—wholly abſorbed in thought, and riding at a diſtance from the others, this Peregrino drawing near me, as one who gueſſed my thoughts, thus addreſſed me: "Will you then for ever live this melancholy life, becauſe a cruel and diſdainful fair one does not love you? though I now ſpeak againſt myſelf, yet, ſince advice is eaſier to give than to follow, I muſt tell you, maſter of mine, that, beſides its being diſgraceful in a man of your profeſſion to remain long in the chains of love, almoſt all the ends to which he conducts us are ſo replete with miſery, that it is dangerous to follow him. And in teſtimony of what I ſay, if it ſo pleaſe you, I could relate a tranſaction that happened in my native city, the recounting of which will render the way leſs ſolitary and leſs diſagreeable to us; and in this relation you would perceive how two noble lovers were conducted to a miſerable and piteous death.—And now, upon my making him a ſign of my willingneſs to liſten, he thus began."

The phraſe, in the beginning of this paſſage, *when heaven had not as yet levelled againſt me its whole wrath*, will be beſt explained by ſome account of the authour, extracted from Creſcimbeni, *Iſtoria della Volgar Poeſia*, T. VI p. 91.: 'Luigi da Porto, a Vicentine, was, in 'his youth, on account of his valour, made a leader in the Venetian 'army; but, fighting againſt the Germans in Friuli, was ſo wounded, that he remained for a time wholly diſabled, and afterwards

'lame

The ſtore of ſpringes that ſerve for uſe, and eke for eaſe,
And other moe commodities, which profit may and pleaſe;
Eke many certayne ſignes of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngry eyes of thoſe that curiouſly beholde;
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the reſt
Of Lombard townes, or, at the leaſt, compared with the beſt.
In which whyle Eſcalus as prince alone did raygne,
To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,
Alas! I rewe to thinke, an heavy happe befell,
Which Boccace ſkant, not my rude tonge, were able foorth to tell.
Within my trembling hande my penne doth ſhake for feare,
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth ſtand my heare.
But ſith ſhee doeth commaunde, whoſe heſt I muſt obeye,
In moorning verſe a woful chaunce to tell I will aſſaye.
Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Muſes with your art,
Help, all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retourned to ſmart:
Help eke, ye ſiſters three, my ſkilleſſe pen tindyte,
For you it cauſd, which I alas! unable am to wryte.
There were two auncient ſtocks, which Fortune hygh did place
Above the reſt, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race;
Lovd of the common ſorte, lovd of the prince alike,
And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune lift to ſtryke;
Whoſe prayſe with equal blaſt Fame in her trumpet blew;
The one was clyped Capelet, and thother Montague;
A wonted uſe it is, that men of likely ſorte,
(I wot not by what furye forsd) envy eache others porte.
So theſe, whoſe egall ſtate bred envye pale of hew,
And then of grudging envies roote blacke hate and rancor grew;

'lame and weak during his life; on which account, quitting the profeſſion of arms, he betook himſelf to letters," &c. MALONE.

As of a littel ſparke oft ryſeth mighty fyre,
So, of a kyndled ſparke of grudge, in flames flaſh oute their eyre:
And then theyr deadly foode, firſt hatchd of trifling ſtryfe,
Did bathe in bloud of ſmarting woundes,—it reved breth and lyfe.
No legend lie I tell; ſcarce yet theyr eyes be drye,
That did behold the griſly fight with wet and weeping eye.
But when the prudent prince who there the ſcepter held,
So great a new diſorder in his commonweale behelde,
By gentyl meane he ſought their choler to aſſwage,
And by perſwaſion to appeaſe their blameful furious rage;
But both his woords and tyme the prince hath ſpent in vayne,
So rooted was the inward hate, he loſt his buyſy payne.
When frendly ſage adviſe ne gentyll woords avayle,
By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he quayle;
In hope that when he had the waſting flame ſuppreſt,
In time he ſhould quyte quench the ſparke that boorned within their breſt.
Now whylſt theſe kyndreds do remayne in this eſtate,
And eche with outward frendly ſhew doth hide his inward hate,
One Romeus, who was of race a Montague,
Upon whoſe tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,
Whoſe beauty and whoſe ſhape ſo farre the reſt dyd ſtayne,
That from the cheef of Veron youth he greateſt fame dyd gayne,
Hath found a mayde ſo fayre (he founde ſo foul his happe)
Whoſe beauty, ſhape, and comely grace, did ſo his heart entrappe,
That from his own affayres his thought ſhe did remove;
Onely he ſought to honor her, to ſerve her and to love.
To her he writeth oft, oft meſſengers are ſent,
At length in hope of better ſpede, himſelfe the lover went;
Preſent to pleade for grace, which abſent was not founde,
And to diſcover to her eye his new receaved wounde.

But

But ſhe that from her youth was foſtred evermore
With vertues foode, and taught in ſchole of wiſdomes ſkilfull lore,
By aunſwere did cutte off thaffections of his love,
That he no more occaſion had ſo vayne a ſute to move:
So ſterne ſhe was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)
That, in reward of toyle, ſhe would not geve a friendly looke;
And yet how much ſhe did with conſtant mind retyre,
So much the more his fervent mind was prickt fourth by deſyre,
But when he, many monthes, hopeleſs of his recure,
Had ſerved her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,
At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove
If chaunge of place might chaunge away his ill-beſtowed love;
And ſpeaking to himſelfe, thus gan he make his mone:
"What booteth me to love and ſerve a fell unthankfull one,
Sith that my humble ſute, and labour ſowde in vayne,
Can reape none other fruite at all but ſcorne and proud diſdayne?
What way ſhe ſeekes to goe, the ſame I ſeeke to runne,
But ſhe the path wherein I treade with ſpedy flight doth ſhunne.
I cannot live except that nere to her I be;
She is ay beſt content when ſhe is fartheſt of from me.
Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight;
Perhaps mine eye once baniſhed by abſence from her ſight,
This lyre of myne, that by her pleaſant eyne is fed,
Shall little and little weare away, and quite at laſt be ded."
But whileſt he did decree this purpoſe ſtill to kepe,
A contrary repugnant thought ſanke in his breſt ſo depe,
That douteful is he now which of the twayne is beſt.
In ſyghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in ſorrow and unreſt,
He mones the daye, he wakes the long and werey night;
So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygravd her bewty bright
Within his breſt, and hath ſo maſtred quyte his hart,
That he of force might yelde as thrall;—no way is leſt to ſtart.

He cannot ſtaye his ſteppe, but forth ſtyll muſt he ronne,
He languiſheth and melts awaye, as ſnowe agaynſt the
ſonne.
His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,
And eche of them in frendly wyſe in heavy hap bewayles
But one among the reſt, the truſtieſt of his feeres,
Farre more then he with counſel fild, and ryper of his
yeeres,
Gan ſharply him rebuke; ſuch love to him he bare,
That he was fellow of his ſmart, and partner of his care.
"What meaneſt thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage
Doth make thee thus conſume away the beſt part of thine
age,
In ſeeking her that ſcornes, and hydes her from thy ſight,
Not forſing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honour bright,
Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thy unſpotted truth,
Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardeſt hart to
ruthe?
Now, for our frendſhips ſake, and for thy health, I pray
That thou henceforth become thine owne;—O give no
more away
Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free eſtate:
In that thou loveſt ſuch a one thou ſeemſt thy ſelf to hate.
For ſhe doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne;
Or els (what booteth thee to ſue?) Loves court ſhe hath
forſworne.
Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace:
What man is better ſhapd than thou? who hath a ſweeter
face?
By painfull ſtudies meane great learning haſt thou wonne,
Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely
ſonne.
What greater greeſe, trowſt thou, what woeful dedly ſmart,
Should ſo be able to diſtraine thy ſeely fathers hart,
As in his age to ſee thee plonged deep in vice,
When greateſt hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame arife?
What ſhall thy kinſmen think, thou cauſe of all their ruthe?
Thy dedly foes do laugh to ſkorne thy yll-employed youth.
Wherefore my counſell is, that thou henceforth beginne
To know and flye the errour which to long thou liveſt in.
Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes ſo blynde,
That thou ne canſt the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.

But

But if unto thy will ſo much in thrall thou art,
Yet in ſome other place beſtowe thy witles wandring hart.
Chooſe out ſome woorthy dame, her honor thou, and ſerve,
Who will give eare to thy complaint, and pity ere thou ſtarve.
But ſow no more thy paynes in ſuch a barraine ſoyle
As yelds in harveſt time no crop, in recompence of toyle.
Ere long the towniſh dames together will reſort,
Some one of beauty, favourr, ſhape, and of ſo lovely porte,
With ſo faſt fixed eye perhaps thou mayſt beholde,
That thou ſhalt quite forget thy love and paſſions paſt of olde."
The yong mans liſtning eare receivd the holſome ſounde,
And reaſons truth y-planted ſo, within his heade had grounde;
That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,
And piece meale weares away the greeſe that erſt his heart did freate.
To his approved frend a ſolemne othe he plight,
At every feaſt y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,
At pardons in the churche, at games in open ſtreate,
And every where he would reſort where ladies wont to mete;
Eke ſhould his ſavage heart like all indifferently,
For he would view and judge them all with unallured eye.
How happy had he been, had he not been forſworne!
But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne,
For ere the moone could thrife her waſted hornes renew,
Falſe Fortune caſt for him, poore wretch, a miſchiefe new to brewe.
The wery winter nightes reſtore the Chriſtmas games,
And now the ſeſon doth invite to banquet towniſh dames,
And fyrſt in Capels houſe, the chiefe of all the kyn
Sparth for no coſt, the wonted uſe of banquets to begin.
No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne,
But Capilet himſelfe hath byd unto his feaſt,
Or, by his name in paper ſent, appointed as a geaſt.
Yong damſels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,
Not ſo much for the banquets ſake, as bewties to ſerche out,
But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,
(For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)

Save

Save Romeus, and he in maſke, with hidden face,
The ſupper done, with other five did preaſe into the place.
When they had maſked a while with dames in courtly wiſe,
All did unmaſke; the reſt did ſhew them to their ladies eyes;
But baſhfull Romeus with ſhameſaſt face forſooke
The open preaſe, and him withdrew into the chambers nooke.
But brighter than the ſunne the waxen torches ſhone,
That, maugre what he could, he was eſpy'd of every one,
But of the women cheefe, theyr gaſing eyes that threwe,
To wonder at his ſightly ſhape, and bewties ſpotleſs hewe;
With which the heavens him had and nature ſo bedeſt,
That ladies, thought the fayreſt dames, were fowle in his reſpect.
And in theyr head beſyde an other wonder roſe,
Howe he durſt put himſelfe in throng among ſo many foes:
Of courage ſtoute they thought his cumming to procede,
And women love an hardy hart, as I in ſtories rede.
The Capilets diſdayne the preſence of theyr foe,
Yet they ſuppreſſe theyr ſtyrred yre; the cauſe I doe not knowe:
Perhaps toffend theyr geſtes the courteous knights are loth;
Perhaps they ſtay from ſharpe revenge, dreading the princes wroth;
Perhaps for that they ſhamd to exerciſe theyr rage
Within their houſe, gainſt one alone, and him of tender age.
They uſe no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyr deede,
They neyther ſay, what makſt thou here, ne yet they ſay, God ſpeede.
So that he freely might the ladies view at eaſe,
And they alſo beholding him their chaunge of fanſies pleaſe:
Which nature had hym taught to doe with ſuch a grace,
That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.
With upright beame he wayd the beauty of eche dame,
And judged who beſt, and who next her, was wrought in natures frame.
At length he ſaw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect ſhape,
(Which Theſeus or Paris wold have choſen to their rape)

Whom

Whom erſt he never ſawe; of all ſhe pleaſde him moſt;
Within himſelfe he ſayd to her, thou juſtly mayſt the boſte
Of perfet ſhapes renowne and beauties ſounding prayſe,
Whoſe like ne hath, ne ſhall be ſeene, ne liveth in our dayes.
And whilſt he fixed on her his partial perced eye,
His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,
Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been:
The proverbe ſaith, unminded oft are they that are unſeene.
And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.
This ſodain kindled fyre in time is wox ſo great,
That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery heate.
When Romeus ſaw himſelfe in this new tempeſt toſt,
Where both was hope of pleaſant port, and daunger to be loſt,
He doubtfull ſkaſely knew what countenance to keepe;
In Lethies floud his wonted flames were quenchd and drenched deepe.
Yea he forgets himſelfe, ne is the wretch ſo bolde
To aſke her name that without force hath him in bondage folde;
Ne how tunlooſe his bondes doth the poore ſoole deviſe,
But onely ſeeketh by her ſight to feede his houngry eyes;
Through them he ſwalloweth downe loves ſweete empoyſonde baite;
How ſurely are the wareles wrapt by thoſe that lye in wayte!
So is the poyſon ſpread throughout his bones and vaines,
That in a while (alas the while) it haſteth deadly paines.
Whilſt Juliet, for ſo this gentle damſell hight,
From ſyde to ſyde on every one dyd caſt about her ſight,
At laſt her floating eyes were ancored faſt on him,
Who for her ſake dyd baniſh health and fredome from eche limme.
He in her ſight did ſeeme to paſſe the reſt, as farre,
As Phœbus ſhining beames do paſſe the brightnes of a ſtarre.
In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and ſhaft,
And to his eare with ſteady hand the bowſtring up he raft:

Till now ſhe had eſcapd his ſharpe inflaming darte,
Till now he liſted not aſſaulte her yong and tender hart:
His whetted arrow looſde, ſo touchd her to the quicke,
That through the eye it ſtrake the hart, and there the hedde did ſticke.
It booted not to ſtrive. For why?—ſhe wanted ſtrength;
The weaker aye unto the ſtrong, of force, muſt yeld at length.
The pomps now of the feaſt her heart gyns to deſpyſe;
And onely joyeth whan her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.
When theyr new ſmitten heartes had fed on loving gleames,
Whilſt, paſſing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr beames,
Eche of theſe lovers gan by others lookes to know,
That frendſhip in theyr breſt had roote, and both would have it grow.
When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,
And eche of them had fought the meane to end the warre by ſpeech,
Dame Fortune did aſſent, theyr purpoſe to advaunce.
With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her foorth to daunce;
She quit herſelfe ſo well and with ſo trim a grace
That ſhe the cheefe prayſe wan that night from all Verona race:
The whilſt our Romeus a place had warely wonne,
Nye to the ſeate where ſhe muſt ſit, the daunce once beyng donne,
Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleaſant cheere,
And glad ſhe was her Romeus approached was ſo neere.
At thone ſyde of her chayre her lover Romeo,
And on the other ſyde there ſat one cald Mercutio;
A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,
For he was coorteous of his ſpeeche, and pleaſant of deviſe,
Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,
Such was emong the baſhful maydes Mercutio to beholde.
With frendly gripe he ceaſd fayre Julietꝰ ſnowiſh hand:
A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his ſwathing band,
That froſen mountayne yſe was never halfe ſo cold,
As were his handes, though nere ſo neere the fire he did them hold.

As

As ſoon as had the knight the virgins right hand raught,
Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught.
For he wiſt well himſelfe for her abode moſt payne,
And well he wiſt ſhe lovd him beſt, unleſs ſhe liſt to fayne.
Then ſhe with ſlender hand his tender palm hath preſt;
What joy, trow you, was graffed ſo in Romeus cloven breſt?
The ſodayne ſweete delight hath ſtopped quite his tong,
Ne can he clame of her his right, ne crave redreſſe of wrong,
But ſhe eſpyd ſtraight waye, by changing of his hewe
From pale to red, from red to pale, and ſo from pale anewe,
That vehement love was cauſe why ſo his tong did ſtay,
And ſo much more ſhe longd to heare what Love could teach him ſaye.
When ſhe had longed long, and he long held his peace,
And her deſyre of hearing him by ſylence did increaſe,
At laſt, with trembling voyce and ſhamefaſt chere, the mayde
Unto her Romeus tournde her ſelfe, and thus to him ſhe ſayde:
"O bleſſed be the time of thy arrivall here!"—
But ere ſhe could ſpeake forth the reſt, to her Love drew ſo nere,
And ſo within her mouth her tongue he glewed faſt,
That no one woord could ſcape her more then what already paſt.
In great contented eaſe the yong man ſtraight is rapt:
What chaunce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt:
That geves you wor.hy cauſe my cumming here to bleſſe?
Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her ſelfe by this;
Fyrſt ruthfully ſhe lookd, then ſayd with ſmyling cheere:
"Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and feere,
Mercutios yſy hande had all to froſen myne,
And of thy goodneſs thou agayne haſt warmed it with thyne."

Whereto

Whereto with ſtayed brow gan Romeus replye:
"If ſo the Gods have graunted me ſuche favor from the ſkye,
That by my being here ſome ſervice I have donne
That pleaſeth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.
O wel-beſtowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,
Which I woulde wiſhe if I might have my wiſhed hart's deſire!
For I of God woulde crave, as pryſe of paynes ſurpaſt,
To ſerve, obey, and honor you, ſo long as lyfe ſhall laſt:
As proofe ſhall teach you playne, if that you like to trye
His faltles truth, that nill for ought unto his lady lye.
But if my touched hand have warmed yours ſome dele,
Aſſure your ſelfe the heate is colde which in your hand you ſele,
Compard to ſuche quicke ſparks and glowing furious gleade,
As from your bewties pleaſant eyne Love cauſed to proceade;
Which have to ſet on fyre eche ſeling part of myne,
That lo! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utward parts do pyne.
And, but you helpe all whole, to aſhes ſhall I toorne;
Wherefore, alas! have ruth on him, whom you do force to boorne."

Even with his ended tale, the torches-daunce had ende,
And Juliet of force muſt part from her new-choſen frend.
His hand ſhe claſped hard, and all her parts dyd ſhake,
When layſureleſs with whiſpring voyce thus did ſhe aunſwer make:
"You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours;
My honour ſav'd, preſt tobey your will, while life endures."
Lo! here the lucky lot that fild true-lovers finde,
Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.
A happy life is love, if God graunt from above
That hart with hart by even waight do make exchaunge of love.
But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde;
He hath forgot to aſk her name, that hath his hart in holde.

With

With forged careles cheere, of one he ſeekes to knowe,
Both how ſhe hight, and whence ſhe camme, that him enchaunted ſo.
So hath he learnd her name, and knowth ſhe is no geaſt,
Her father was a Capilet, and maſter of the feaſt.
Thus hath his foe in choyſe to geve him life or death,
That ſcarcely can his wofull breſt keepe in the lively breath.
Wherefore with pitious plaint feerce Fortune doth he blame,
That in his ruth and wetched plight doth ſeeke her laughing game.
And he reproveth love cheeſe cauſe of his unreſt,
Who eaſe and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull breſt:
Twiſe hath he made him ſerve, hopeleſs of his rewarde;
Of both the ylles to chooſe the leſſe, I weene, the choyſe were harde.
Fyrſt to a ruthles one he made him ſue for grace;
And now with ſpurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.
Amid theſe ſtormy ſeas one ancor doth him holde;
He ſerveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde;
And therefore is content and chooſeth ſtill to ſerve,
Though hap ſhould ſweure that guerdonles the wretched wight ſhould ſterve.
The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine;
For want of foode, amid his foode, the myſer ſtill doth pyne.
As carefull was the mayde what way were beſt deviſe,
To learne his name that intertained her in ſo gentle wiſe;
Of whom her hart received ſo depe, ſo wyde, a wound.
An ancient dame ſhe calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde:
(This old dame in her youth had nurſt her with her mylke,
With ſlender dedel taught her ſow, and how to ſpyn with ſylke.)
What twayne are thoſe, quoth ſhe, which preaſe unto the doore,
Whoſe pages in their hand do beare two torches light before?
And then, as eche of them had of his houſhold name,
So ſhe him namd.—Yet once again the young and wyly dame:—

"And

" And tell me who is he with vyſor in his hand,
That yonder dooth in maſking weede beſyde the window ſtand.
His name is Romeus, ſaid ſhee, a Montagewe,
Whoſe fathers pryde firſt ſtyrd the ſtryfe which both your houſholds rewe,
The word of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,
And ſtraight inſtead of happy hope deſpayre began to growe.
What hap have I, quoth ſhe, to love my fathers foe?
What, am I wery of my wele? what, doo I wiſh my woe?
But though her grevouſe paynes diſtrained her tender hart,
Yet with an outward ſhow of joye ſhe cloked inward ſmart;
And of the courtlike dames her leave ſo courtly tooke,
That none did geſſe the ſodein change by changing of her looke.
Then at her mothers heſt to chamber ſhe her hyed.
So wel ſhe faynde, mother ne nors the hidden harme deſcride.
But when ſhe ſhoulde have ſlept as wont ſhe was in bed,
Not half a wynke of quyet ſlepe could harbour in her hed;
For loe, an hugy heape of divers thoughtes ariſe,
That reſt have baniſht from her hart, and ſlumber from her eyes.
And now from ſyde to ſyde ſhe toſſeth and ſhe turnes,
And now for feare ſhe ſhevereth, and now for love ſhe burnes,
And now ſhe lykes her choyſe, and now her choyſe ſhe blames,
And now eche houre within her head a thouſand fanſyes frames.
Sometime in mynde to ſtop amyd her courſe begonne,
Sometime ſhe vowes, what ſo betyde, that tempted race to ronne.
Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought;
The fight was feerſe, continuyng long by their contrary thought.
In tourning maſe of love ſhe wandreth too and fro,
Then ſtandeth doubtful what to doo; laſt, overpreſt with woe,
How ſo her fanſies ceaſe, her teares did never blin,
With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.

" Ah

" Ah ſilly foole, quoth ſhe, y-cought in ſooth ill ſnare!
Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe! ah caytife clad with care!
Whence come theſe wandring thoughts to thy unconſtant breſt,
By ſtraying thus from raiſons lore, that reve thy wonteſt reſt?
What if his ſuttel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,
And ſo the ſnake that lurkes in graſſe thy tender hart hath ſtong?
What if with frendly ſpeache the traytor lye in wayte,
As oft the poyſons hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleaſant bayte?
Oft under cloke of truth hath Falſhood ſerv'd her luſt;
And toorn'd their honor into ſhame, that did to ſlightly truſt.
What, was not Dido ſo, a crowned queene, defamd?
And eke, for ſuch an heynous cryme, have men not Theſeus blamd?
A thouſand ſtories more, to teache me to beware,
In Boccace and in Ovids bookes too plainly written are.
Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot woorke by ſtrength,
By ſuttel ſleight (my honour ſtaynd) he hopes to woorke at length.
So ſhall I ſeeke to find my fathers foe, his game;
So (I defylde) Report ſhall take her trompe of blacke defame,
Whence ſhe with puffed cheeke ſhall blowe a blaſt ſo ſhrill
Of my diſpraiſe, that with the noyſe Verona ſhall ſhe fill.
Then I, a laughing ſtocke through all the towne becomme,
Shall hide my ſelfe, but not my ſhame, within an hollowe toombe."
Straight underneath her foote ſhe treadeth in the duſt
Her trobleſom thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond diſtruſt.
" No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth ſhee,
Although I raſhely ſpake before, in no wiſe can it bee,
That where ſuch perfet ſhape with pleaſant bewty reſtes,
There crooked craft and trayſon blacke ſhould be appoynted geſtes.
Sage writers ſay, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne;
Then ſure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne,
The tong the meſſenger eke call they of the mynd;
So that I ſee he loveth me:—ſhall I then be unkynd?

His

His faces roſy hew I ſaw full oft to ſeeke;
And ſtraight again it flaſhed foorth, and ſpred in eyther
cheeke.
His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce
His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei ſeemed to
rehearce.
What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?
The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?
And whilſt I talke with him, himſelf he hath exylde
Out of himſelf, as ſeemed me; ne was I ſure begylde.
Thoſe arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,
But natures hand, when all deceyte was baniſhed out of
place.
What other certayne ſignes ſeke I of his good wil?
Theſe do ſuffice; and ſtedfaſt I will love and ſerve him ſtyll,
Till Attropos ſhall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,
So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.
For ſo perchaunce this new alliance may procure
Unto our houſes ſuch a peace as ever ſhall endure."
Oh how we can perſwade ourſelf to what we like!
And how we can diſwade our mynd, if ought our mind
miſlyke!
Weake arguments are ſtrong, our fanſies ſtreight to frame
To pleaſing things, and eke to ſhonne, if we miſlyke the ſame.
The mayde had ſcarcely yet ended the wery warre,
Kept in her heart by ſtriving thoughts, when every ſhining
ſtarre
Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus ſpred in ſkies
His golden rayes, which ſeemd to ſay, now time it is to riſe.
And Romeus had by this forſaken his wery bed,
Where reſtles he a thouſand thoughts had forged in his hed.
And while with lingring ſtep by Juliets houſe he paſt,
And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did caſt.
His love that lookd for him there gan he ſtraight eſpye.
With pleaſant cheere eche greeted is; ſhe followeth with
her eye
His parting ſteppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,
But not ſo oft as he deſyres; warely he doth refrayne.
What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
Y-ſowered not the ſweete; if love were free from jeloſy!
But ſhe more ſure within, unſeene of any wight,
When ſo he comes, lookes after him till he be out of ſight.
In often paſſing ſo, his buſy eyes he threw,
That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.

In

In happy houre he doth a garden plot eſpye,
From which, except he warely walke, men may his love deſcrye;
For lo! it fronted full upon her leaning place,
Where ſhe is wont to ſhew her heart by cheerefull frendly face.
And leſt the arbors might theyr ſacred love bewray,
He doth keepe backe his forward foote from paſſing there by daye;
But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath ſpred,
Well-armde he walketh foorth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dred.
Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde?
He driveth dangers dread oft times out of the lovers minde.
By night he paſſeth here a weeke or two in vayne;
And for the miſſing of his marke his greefe hath hym nye ſlaine.
And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releefe,—
Her Romeus pleaſant eyen I mean—is almoſt dead for greefe.
Eche day ſhe chaungeth howres, for lovers keepe an howre
When they are ſure to ſee theyr love, in paſſing by their bowre.
Impacient of her woe, ſhe hapt to leane one night
Within her windowe, and anon the moone did ſhine ſo bright
That ſhe eſpyde her loove; her hart revived ſprang;
And now for joy ſhe claps her handes, which erſt for wo ſhe wrang.
Eke Romeus, when he ſawe his long deſyred ſight,
His moorning cloke of mone caſt of, hath clad him with delight.
Yet dare I ſay, of both that ſhe rejoyced more:
His care was great, hers twiſe as great was, all the time before;
For whilſt ſhe knew not why he did himſelfe abſent,
In douting both his health and life, his death ſhe did lament.
For love is fearful oft where is no cauſe of feare,
And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced weare.
Of greater cauſe alway is greater woorke y-bred;
While ne nought douteth of her helth, ſhe dreads leſt he be ded.

When

When onely abſence is the cauſe of Romeus ſmart,
By happy hope of ſight againe he ſeedes his fainting hart.
What wonder then if he were wrapt in leſſe annoye?
What marvel if by ſodain ſight ſhe fed of greater joy?
His ſmaller greeſe or joy no ſmaller love do prove;
Ne, for ſhe paſſeth him in both, did ſhe him paſſe in love:
But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
The wel-beloving knight and eke the wel-beloved dame.
Now whilſt with bitter teares her eyes as fountains ronne,
With whiſpering voyce, y-broke with ſobs, thus is her tale begonne:
"Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas ſure you are,
That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazard it you dare.
What if your dedly foes, my kinſmen, ſaw you here?
Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes aſonder would they teare.
In ruth and in diſdayne, I, wery of my life,
With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloudy knyfe.
For you, myne own, once dead, what joy ſhould I have heare?
And eke my honor ſtaynd, which I then lyfe do holde more deare."
"Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quoth hee)
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall ſiſters three.
They may in ſpyte of foes draw foorth my lively threed;
And they alſo (who ſo fayeth nay) aſonder may it ſhreed.
But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,
Perhaps ſhould trye unto his payne how I it could defende.
Ne yet I love it ſo, but alwayes, for your ſake,
A ſacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
If my miſhappe were ſuch, that here, before your ſight,
I ſhould reſtore agayne to death, of lyfe my borrowed light,
This one thing and no more my parting ſprite would rewe,
That part he ſhould before that you by certain trial knew.
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languiſh in,
And how I dread to looſe the gayne which I do hope to win;
And how I wiſh for lyfe, not for my proper eaſe,
But that in it you might I love, you honor, ſerve and pleaſe,
Till dedly pangs the ſprite out of the corps ſhall ſend:"
And thereupon he ſware an othe, and ſo his tale had end.
Now love and pity boyle in Juliets ruthfull breſt;
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth reſt:

Her

Her bosome bathd in teares (to witnes inward payne),
With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne:
"Ah my deere Romeus, kepe in these words, (quod she)
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me
For pity and for dred well nigh to yeld up breath;
In even ballance peysed are my life and eke my death.
For so my heart is knit, yea made one selfe with yours,
That sure there is no greese so small, by which your mynd endures.
But as you suffer payne, so I doo beare in part
(Although it lessens not your greese) the halfe of all your smart
But these thinges overpast, if of your health and myne
You have respect, or pity ought my teer-y-weeping eyen,
In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfolde,
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.
For if you do intende my honor to defile,
In error shall you wander still, as you have done this while:
But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the end and marke which your desyre hath found,
Obedience set asyde, unto my parents dewe,
The quarel eke that long agoe betwene our housholdes grewe,
Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,
And following you where so you goe, my fathers house forsake.
But if by wanton love and by unlawful sute
You thinke in rypest yeres to plucke my maydenhoods dainty frute,
You are begylde; and now your Juliet you beseekes
To cease your sute, and suffer her to live emong her likes."
Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre,
And to the top of vertues haight did worthely aspyre,
Was fild with greater joy then can my pen expresse,
Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can gesse[2].

And

[2] —*the* hearer's *hart can gesse.*] From these words it should seem that this poem was formerly sung or recited to casual passengers in the streets.

"If any man be *here*, whom love hath clad with care,
"To him I speak; if thou wilt speed, &c." MALONE.

And then with joyned hands, heavd up into the ſkies,
He thankes the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance
down he cries,
If he have other thought but as his Lady ſpake;
And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did anſwere
make:
" Since, lady, that you like to honor me ſo much
As to accept me for your ſpouſe, I yeeld myſelf for ſuch.
In true witnes whereof, becauſe I muſt depart,
Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne
my hart,
Tomorrow eke betimes, before the ſunne ariſe,
To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his ſage adviſe.
He is my goſtly ſyre, and oft he hath me taught
What I ſhould doe in things of waight, when I his ayde
have ſought.
And at this ſelf ſame houre, I plyte you here my faith,
I will be here, if you think good, to tell you what he
ſayth,"
She was contented well; els favour found he none
That night, at lady Juliets hand, ſave pleaſant woords
alone.
This bareſoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayiſh weede,
For he of Francis order was a fryer, as I reede.
Not as the moſt was he, a groſſe unlearnd foole,
But doctor of divinetie proceded he in ſchoole.
The ſecrets eke he knew in Natures woorks that loorke;
By magicks arte moſt men ſuppoſed that he could wonder
woorke.
Ne doth it ill beſeeme divines thoſe ſkils to know,
If on no harmeful deede they do ſuch ſkilfulnes beſtow;
For juſtly of no arte can men condemne the uſe,
But right and reaſons lore crye out agaynſt the lewd abuſe.
The bounty of the fryer and wiſdom hath ſo wonne
The townes folkes harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Law-
rence ronne,
To ſhrive themſelfe; the olde, the young, the great an
ſmall;
Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.
And, for he did the reſt in wiſdom farre exceede,
The prince by him (his counſell cravde) was holpe
time of neede.

Betwi

Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendſhip grew,
A ſecret and aſſured frend unto the Montague,
Lovd of this yong man more than other geſte,
The fryer eke of Verona youth aye liked Romeus beſt;
For whom he ever hath in time of his diſtres,
As derſt you heard, by ſkilful love found out his harmes redreſſe.
To him is Romeus gonne, ne ſtayeth he till the morrowe;
To him he painteth all his caſe, his paſſed joy and ſorrow.
How he hath her eſpide with other dames in daunce,
And how that fyrſt to talke with her him ſelfe he dyd advaunce;
Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,
And how ſo faſt by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,
That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,
Shall make him falſe his fayth to her, while lyfe ſhall lend him breath.
And then with weping eyes he prayes his goſtly ſyre
To further and accompliſh all their honeſt hartes deſyre.
A thouſand doutes and moe in thold mans hed aroſe,
A thouſand daungers like to comme the old man doth diſcloſe,
And from the ſpouſall rites he readeth him refrayne,
Perhaps he ſhall be bet adviſe within a weeke or twayne.
Adviſe is baniſht quite from thoſe that folowe love,
Except adviſe to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.
As well the father might have counſeld him to ſtay
That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the waye,
As warne his frend to ſtop amid his race begonne,
Whom Cupid with his ſmarting whip enforceth foorth to ronne.
Part wonne by earneſt ſute, the frier doth graunt at laſt;
And part, becauſe he thinkes the ſtormes, ſo lately overpaſt,
Of both the houſholds wrath, this marriage might appeaſe;
So that they ſhould not rage agayne, but quite for ever ceaſe.
The reſpite of a day he aſketh to deviſe
What way were beſt, unknowne, to ende ſo great an enterpriſe.
The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,
Scarce patient tarieth whilſt his leeche doth make the ſalve to cure;

So

So Romeus hardly graunts a ſhort day and a night,
Yet nedes he muſt, els muſt he want his onely hartes
delight.
You ſee that Romeus no time or payne doth ſpare;
Thinke, that the whilſt fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.
Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his miſhap
Into the friers breſt;—but where ſhall Juliet unwrap
The ſecrets of her hart? to whom ſhall ſhe unfolde
Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care ſo
colde,
The nurſe of whom I ſpake, within her chamber laye,
Upon the mayde ſhe wayteth ſtill;—to her ſhe doth bewray
Her new received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
In her, ſhe ſaith, it lyes to ſpill, in her, her life to ſave.
Not eaſily ſhe made the froward nurce to bowe,
But wonne at length with promeſt hyre, ſhe made a
ſolemne vowe
To do what ſhe commaundes, as handmayd of her heſt;
Her miſtres ſecrets hide ſhe will, within her covert breſt.
To Romeus ſhe goes, of hym ſhe doth deſyre
To know the meane of marriage, by counſell of the fryre.
On Saturday (quoth he) if Juliet come to ſhrift,
She ſhall be ſhrived and married:—how lyke you, noorſe,
this drift?
Now by my truth, (quoth ſhe) God's bleſſing have your
hart,
For yet in all my life I have not heard of ſuch a part.
Lord, how you yong men can ſuch crafty wiles deviſe,
If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mothers
eyes!
An eaſy thing it is with cloke of holines
To mocke the ſely mother, that ſuſpected nothing leſſe.
But that it pleaſed you to tell me of the caſe,
For all my many yeres perhaps I ſhould have found it ſcarſe.
Now for the reſt let me and Juliet alone;
To get her leave, ſome feate excuſe I will deviſe anone;
For that her golden lockes by ſloth have been unkempt,
Or for unawares ſome wanton dreame the youthfull damſell
dempt;
Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time ſhe ſpent,
Or otherwiſe within my hart deſerved to be ſhent,
I know her mother will in no caſe say her nay;
I warrant you, ſhe ſhall not fayle to come on Saterday.

And

And then ſhe ſweares to him, the mother loves her well;
And how ſhe gave her ſucke in youth, ſhe leaveth not
to tell.
A prety babe (quoth ſhe) it was when it was yong;
Lord how it could full pretely have prated with it tong!
A thouſand times and more I laid her on my lappe,
And clapt her on the buttocke ſoft, and kiſt where I did
clappe.
And gladder then was I of ſuch a kiſſe forſooth,
Then I had been to have a kiſſe of ſome old lecher's
mouth.
And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorſe,
And of her preſent ſtate to make a tedious long diſcourſe.
For though he pleaſure tooke in hearing of his love,
The meſſage aunſwer ſeemed him to be of more behove.
But when theſe beldames ſit at eaſe upon theyr tayle,
The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke ſhall
fayle.
And part they ſay is true, and part they do deviſe,
Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes
theyr lyes.
Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,
And gave them her;—a ſlight reward (quoth he) and ſo
adiew.
In ſeven yeres twice tolde ſhe had not bowd ſo lowe
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe; ſhe ſweares ſhe
will beſtowe
Her crafty wit, her time, and all her buſy payne,
To help him to his hoped bliſſe; and, cowring downe
agayne,
She takes her leave, and home ſhe hyes with ſpedy pace;
The chaumber doore ſhe ſhuts, and then ſhe ſaith with
ſmyling face:
Good news for thee, my gyrle, good tydinges I thee bring,
Leave of thy woonted ſong of care, and now of pleaſure
ſing.
For thou mayſt hold thyſelfe the happieſt under ſonne,
That in ſo little while ſo well ſo worthy a knight haſt
wonne.
The beſt y-ſhapde is he and hath the fayreſt face,
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe ſo good
a grace:

So

So gentle of his ſpeeche, and of his counſell wiſe:—
And ſtill with many prayſes more ſhe heaved him to the ſkies.
'Tell me els what, (quoth ſhe) this evermore I thought:
But of our marriage, ſay at once, what anſwere have you brought?
Nay, ſoft, (quoth ſhe) I feare your hurt by ſodain joye;
I liſt not play (quoth Juliet), although thou liſt to toye.
How glad, trow you, was ſhe, when ſhe had heard her ſay,
No farther of then Saturday differed was the day,
Again the auncient nurſe doth ſpeake of Romeus,
And then (ſaid ſhe) he ſpake to me, and then I ſpake him thus.
Nothing was done or ſayd that ſhe hath left untold,
Save only one that ſhe forgot, the taking of the golde,
"There is no loſſe (quoth ſhe) ſweete wench, to loſſe of time,
Ne in thine age ſhall thou repent ſo much of any crime.
For when I call to mynd my former paſſed youth,
One thing there is which moſt of all doth cauſe my endleſs ruth.
At ſixtene yeres I firſt did chooſe my loving feere,
And I was fully rype before, I dare well ſay, a yere.
The pleaſure that I loſt, that year ſo overpaſt,
A thouſand times I have bewept, and ſhall, whyle life doth laſt.
In fayth it were a ſhame, yea ſinne it were, I wiſſe,
When thou maiſt live in happy joy, to ſet light by thy bliſſe."
She that this morning could her miſtres mynd diſſwade.
Is now become an oratreſſe, her lady to perſwade,
If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
To him I ſpeake; if thou wilt ſpeede, thy nurſe thou muſt not ſpare.
Two ſorts of men there are, ſeeld welcome in at doore,
The welthy ſparing nigard, and the ſutor that is poore.
For glittering gold is wont by kynd to moove the hart;
And oftentimes a ſlight rewarde doth cauſe a more deſart,
Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,
There is no better way to fiſhe then with a golden hooke.
Of Romeus theſe two do ſitte and chat awhyle,
And to them ſelfe they laugh how they the mother ſhall begyle.

A ſeate

A feate excuſe they finde, but ſure I know it not,
And leave for her to go to ſhrift on Saterday, ſhe got.
So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know
Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.
The Saterday betimes, in ſober weed y-clad,
She tooke her leave, and forth ſhe went with viſage grave and ſad.
With her the nurce is ſent, as brydle of her luſt,
With her the mother ſends a mayd almoſt of equall truſt.
Betwixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath cought,
So warely eke the vyrgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.
She gaſeth not in churche on yong men of the towne,
Ne wandreth ſhe from place to place, but ſtraight ſhe kneleth downe
Upon an alters ſtep, where ſhe devoutly prayes,
And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady ſtayes;
Whilſt ſhe doth ſend her mayde the certayn truth to know,
If frier Lawrence layſure had to heare her ſhrift, or no.
Out of his ſhriving place he commes with pleaſant cheere;
The ſhamfaſt mayde with baſhful brow to himward draweth neere.
Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,
Perhaps you have diſpleasd your frend by geving him a mate.
Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,
Go heare a maſſe or two, (quod he) which ſtraightway ſhall be ſayde.
For, her confeſſion heard, I will unto you twayne
The charge that I received of you reſtore to you agayne.
What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,
That for this truſty fryer hath chaungd her yong miſtruſting mayde?
I dare well ſay, there is in all Verona none,
But Romeus, with whom ſhe would ſo gladly be alone.
Thus to the fryers cell they both forth walked byn;
He ſhuts the doore as ſoon as he and Juliet were in.
But Romeus her frend, was entered in before,
And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.
Eche minute ſeemd an houre, and every howre a day,
Twixt hope he lived and deſpayre of cumming or of ſtay.

Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of ſight,
For, what he hoped he hath at hande, his pleſant cheeſe delight.
And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her ſmart,
For now the reſt of all her parts have found her ſtraying hart.
Both theyr confeſſions fyrſt the fryer hath heard them make,
And then to her with lower voyce thus fryer Lawrence ſpake:
Fayre lady Juliet, my goſtly daughter deere,
As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you ſtondeth here,
Twixt you it is agreed, that you ſhall be his wyfe,
And he your ſpouſe in ſteady truth, till death ſhal end your life.
Are you both fully bent to kepe this great beheſt?
And both the lovers ſaid, it was theyr onely harts requeſt.
When he did ſee theyr myndes in linkes of love ſo faſt,
When in the prayſe of wedlocks ſtate ſomme ſkilfull talke was paſt,
When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,
His duty eke by goſtly talke the youthfull huſband knew;
How that the wyfe in love muſt honour and obey,
What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he muſt pay,—
The woords pronounced were which holy church of olde
Appoynted hath for marriage, and ſhe a ring of golde
Received of Romeus; and then they both aroſe.
To whom the frier then ſaid: Perchaunce a part you will diſcloſe,
Betwixt your ſelfe alone, the bottome of your hart;
Say on at once, for time it is that hence you ſhould depart.
Then Romeus ſaid to her, (both loth to part ſo ſoone)
"Fayre lady, ſend to me agayne your nurce thys afternoone.
Of corde I will beſpeake a ladder by that time;
By which, this night, while other ſleepe, I will your windowe clime.
Then will we talke of love and of our old diſpayres,
And then with longer layſure had diſpoſe our great affayres."
Theſe ſayd, they kiſſe, and then part to theyr fathers houſe,
The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the ſpouſe;

Contented

Contented both, and yet both uncontented ſtill,
Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.
The painfull ſouldiour, ſore y-bet with wery warre,
The merchant eke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from farre,
The plowman that, for doute of ſeerce invading foes,
Rather to ſit in ydle eaſe then ſowe his tilt hath choſe,
Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace;
Not pleaſurd with the ſound ſo much, but, when the warres do ceaſe.
Then ceaſed are the harmes which cruel warre bringes foorth:
The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth;
Dredeleſs the huſbandman doth till the fertile feeld. [held:
For welth, her mate, not for her ſelfe, is peace ſo precious
So lovers live in care, in dred, and in unreſt,
And dedly warre by ſtriving thoughts they kepe within their breſt;
But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne
To do a thouſand pleaſant thinges that ſhould not els be donne.
The newes of ended warre theſe two have heard with joy,
But now they long the fruite of peace with pleaſure to enjoy.
In ſtormy wind and wave, in daunger to be loſt,
Thy ſtearles ſhip, O Romeus, hath been long while betoſt;
The ſeas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy ſtarre,
Art come in ſight of quiet haven; and, now the wrack-full barre
Is hid with ſwelling tyde, boldly thou mayſt reſort
Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long-deſyred port.
God graunt, no follies miſt ſo dymme thy inward ſight,
That thou do miſſe the channel that doth leade to thy delight!
God graunt, no daungers rocke, y-lurking in the darke,
Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy ſea-beaten barke.
A ſervant Romeus had, of woord and deede ſo juſt,
That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maiſter would him truſt.
His faithfulnes had oft our Romeus proved of olde;
And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.

Who ſtraight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,
To which he hath made faſt two ſtrong and crooked yron hookes.
The bryde to ſend the nurce at twylight fayleth not,
To whom the brydegroome geven hath the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,
For, whether Fortune ſmyle on him, or if ſhe liſt to lowre,
He will not miſſe to come to hys appoynted place,
Where wont he was to take by ſtelth the view of Juliets face.
How long theſe lovers thought the laſting of the day,
Let other judge that woonted are lyke paſſions to aſſay:
For my part, I do geſſe eche howre ſeemes twenty yere;
So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)
The ſunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
Black ſhade of night and doubled darke ſhould ſtraight all over-hyde.
Thappointed howre is comme; he, clad in riche araye,
Walkes towards his deſyred home:—good fortune gyde his way!
Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,
So light he wox, he lept the wall, and there he ſpyde his wyfe,
Who in the window watcht the comming of her lord;
Where ſhe ſo ſurely had made faſt the ladder made of corde,
That daungerles her ſpouſe the chaumber window climes,
Where he ere then had wiſht himſelfe above ten thouſand tymes,
The windowes cloſe are ſhut; els look they for no geſt;
To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurce is preſt,
Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
That ſhe at pleaſure might beholde her huſbands bewty bright.
A carchef white as ſnowe ware Juliet on her hed,
Such as ſhe wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.
As ſoon as ſhe hym ſpide, about his necke ſhe clong,
And by her long and ſlender armes a great while there ſhe hong.

A thouſand

A thouſand times ſhe kiſt, and him unkiſt againe,
Ne could ſhe ſpeake a woord to him, though would ſhe nere ſo fayne.
And like betwixt his armes to faynt his lady is;
She ſets a ſigh and clappeth cloſe her cloſed mouth to his:
And ready then to ſownde, ſhe looked ruthfully,
That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.
Theſe piteous painfull pangs were haply overpaſt,
And ſhe unto herſelf againe returned home at laſt.
Then, through her troubled breſt, even from the fartheſt part,
An hollow ſigh, a meſſenger ſhe ſendeth from her hart.
O Romeus, (quod ſhe) in whom all vertues ſhine
Welcome thou art into this place, where from theſe eyes of mine
Such teary ſtreames did flowe, that I ſuppoſe wel ny
The ſource of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.
Abſence ſo pynde my heart, which on thy preſence fed,
And of thy ſafety and thy health ſo much I ſtood in dred.
But now what is decreed by fatall deſteny,
I force it not; let Fortune do and death their woorſt to me.
Full recompenſd am I for all my paſſed harmes,
In that the Gods have graunted me to claſpe thee in mine armes.
The chryſtall teares began to ſtand in Romeus eyes,
When he unto his ladies woordes gan aunſwere in this wiſe:
"Though cruel Fortune be ſo much my deadly foe,
That I ne can by lively proofe cauſe thee, fayre dame, to know
How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
Ne yet what mighty powre thou haſt, by thy deſert, on me.
Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,
Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well aſſure
The leaſt of many paines which of thy abſence ſproong,
More painfully than death it ſelfe, my tender hart hath wroong.
Ere this, one death had reft a thouſand deathes away,
But life prolonged was by hope of this deſyred day;
Which ſo juſt tribute payes of all my paſſed mone,
That I as well contented am as if my ſelfe alone
Did from the ocean reigne unto the ſea of Ynde.
Wherefore now let us wipe away all cares out of our mynde; For,

For, as the wretched ſtate is now redreſt at laſt,
So is it ſkill behind our backe the curſed care to caſt.
Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time aſſinde,
Where we with pleaſure may content our uncontented mynde,
In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,
Whilſt we do bathe in bliſſe, and fill our hungry harts with joye.
And, for the time to comme, let be our buſy care
So wiſely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware;
Leſt envious foes by force deſpoyle our new delight,
And us threw backe from happy ſtate to more unhappy plight."
Fayre Juliet began to aunſwere what he ſayde,
But foorth in haſt the old nurse ſtept, and ſo her aunſwere ſtayde,
Who takes no time (quoth ſhe) when time well offred is,
An other time ſhall ſeeke for tyme, and yet of time ſhall miſſe.
And when occaſion ſerves, who ſo doth let it ſlippe,
Is worthy ſure, if I might judge, of laſhes with a whippe.
Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other ſo,
And eche of you hath ben the cauſe of others wayled woe,
Lo here a field (ſhe ſhewde a field-bed ready dight)
Where you may, if you liſt, in armes revenge yourſelf by fight.
Whereto theſe lovers both gan eaſely aſſent,
And to the place of mylde revenge with pleaſant cheere they went,
Where they were left alone—(the nurce is gone to reſt)
How can this be? they reſtleſs lye, ne yet they feele unreſt.
I graunt that I envie the bliſſe they lived in;
O that I might have found the like! I wiſh it for no ſin,
But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,
As heretofore I have diſplayd their ſecret hidden playnt.
Of ſhyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,
But Fortune ſuch delight as theyrs dyd never graunt me yet.
By proofe no certain truth can I unhappy write,
But what I geſſe by likelihood, that dare I to endyte.
The blindfold goddeſſe that with frowning face doth fraye,
And from theyr ſeate the mighty kinges throwes down with headlong ſway;

Begynneth

Begynneth now to turn to theſe her ſmyling face;
Nedes muſt they taſt of great delight, ſo much in Fortunes grace.
If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleaſant ſport,
I think, O Romeus, Mars himſelfe envies thy happy ſort.
Ne Venus juſtly might (as I ſuppoſe) repent,
If in thy ſtead, O Julier, this pleaſant time ſhe ſpent.
Thus paſſe they foorth the night, in ſport, in joly game;
The haſtines of Phœbus ſteeds in great deſpyte they blame.
And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,
In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon ſhot,
And now in eaſe he doth poſſeſſe the hoped place:
How glad was he, ſpeake you, that may your lovers parts embrace.
The marriage thus made up, and both the parties pleaſd
The nigh approche of dayes retoorne theſe ſely ſoles diſeaſd.
And for they might no while in pleaſure paſſe theyr time,
Ne leyſure had they much to blame the haſty mornings crime,
With frendly kiſſe in armes of her his leave he takes,
And every other night, to come a ſolemn othe he makes,
By one ſelfe meane, and eke to come at one ſelfe howre:
And ſo he doth, till Fortune liſt to ſawſe his ſweet with ſowre.
But who is he that can his preſent ſtate aſſure?
And ſay unto himſelfe, thy joyes ſhall yet a day endure?
So wavering Fortunes whele, her chaunges be ſo ſtraunge;
And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her chaunge:
Who raignes ſo over all, that eche man hath his part,
Although not aye, perchaunce, alike of pleaſure and of ſmart.
For after many joyes ſome feele but little paine,
And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.
But other ſome there are, that living long in woe,
At length they be in quiet eaſe, but long abide not ſo;
Whoſe greefe is much increaſt by myrth that went before,
Becauſe the ſodayne chaunge of thinges doth make it ſeeme the more.
Of this unlucky ſorte our Romeus is one,
For all his hap turnes to miſhap, and all his myrth to mone.

And

And joyfull Juliet another leaſe muſt toorne;
As woont ſhe was, (her joyes bereft) ſhe muſt begin to moorne.
The ſummer of their bliſſe doth laſt a month or twayne.
But winters blaſt with ſpedy foote doth bring the fall againe.
Whom glorious Fortune erſt had heaved to the ſkies,
By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.
She payd theyr former greeſe with pleaſures doubled gayne,
But now, for pleaſures uſury, ten folde redoubleth payne.
The prince could never cauſe thoſe houſholds ſo agree,
But that ſome ſparcles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee;
Which lye this while raaked up in aſhes pale and ded,
Till tyme do ſerve that they agayne in waſting flame may ſpred.
At holieſt times, men ſay, moſt heynous crimes are donne;
The morrowe after Eaſter-day the miſchiefe now begonne.
A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)
Within the walles, by Purſers gate, a band of Montagewes.
The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have choſe out,
Beſt exerciſd in feates of armes, and nobleſt of the rowte,
Our Juliets unkles ſonne, that cleped was Tybalt;
He was of body tall and ſtrong, and of his courage halt.
They neede no trumpet ſounde to byd them geve the charge,
So lowde he cryed with ſtrayned voyce and mouth outſtreched large:
"Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our ſelfe ſo let us wreake,
That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may ſpeake.
Now once for all let us their ſwelling pryde aſſwage;
Let none of them eſcape alive."—Then he with furious rage,
And they with him, gave charge upon their preſent foes,
And then forthwith a ſkirmiſh great upon this fray aroſe.
For loe the Montagewes thought ſhame away to flye,
And rather then to live with ſhame, with prayſe did chooſe to dye.

The

The woords that Tybalt uſd to ſtyrre his folks to yre,
Have in the breſtes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.
With lyons harts they fight, warely them ſelſe defend;
To wound his foe, his preſent wit and force eche one doth bend.
This furious fray is long on eche ſide ſtoutly fought,
That whether part had got the woorſt, full doubtful were the thought.
The noyſe hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,
And parts are taken on every ſide; both kindreds thether hye.
Here one doth graſpe for breth, his frend beſtrydeth him;
And he hath loſt a hand, and he another maymed lym:
His leg is cutte whilſt he ſtrikes at an other full,
And whom he would have thruſt quite through, hath cleft his tracked ſkull.
Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde;
With unapplauded cheere they tooke full deepe and doutful wounde,
Thus foote by foote long while, and ſhyld to ſhyld ſet faſt,
One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agaſt.
And whilſt this noyſe is rife in every townesmans eare,
Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyſe doth wofull Romeus heare.
With ſpedy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace;
With him, thoſe few that were with him he leadeth to the place.
They pitie much to ſee the ſlaughter made ſo greate,
That wet ſhod they might ſtand in blood on eyther ſide the ſtreate.
Part frendes, ſaid he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,
And to the reſt, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to ſtaye.
Gods farther wrath you ſtyrre, beſide the hurt you feele,
And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.
But they ſo buſy are in fight, ſo eager, fierce,
That through theyr eare his ſage adviſe no leyſure had to pearce.
Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes
As well of thoſe that were his frends, as of his dedly foes.

As ſoon as Tybalt had our Romeus eſpyde,
He threw a thruſt at him, that would have paſt from ſide to ſide;
But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,
So that the ſwerd, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus harmde.
Thou doeſt me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye;
Not dread, but other waighty cauſe my haſty hand doth ſtay.
Thou art the cheefe of thine, the nobleſt eke thou art,
Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe theſe folke to part.
Many are hurt, ſome ſlayne, and ſome are like to dye:—
No, coward, trator boy, quoth he, ſtraight way I mind to trye,
Whether thy ſugred talke, and tong ſo ſmoothly fylde,
Againſt the force of this my ſwerd ſhall ſerve thee for a ſhylde.
And then, at Romeus hed a blow he ſtrake ſo hard
That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning ward.
It was but lent to hym that could repay againe,
And geve him deth for intereſt, a well-forborne gayne.
Right as a foreſt bore, that lodged in the thicke,
Pinched with dog, or els with ſpeare y-pricked to the quicke,
His briſtles ſtyffe upright upon his backe doth ſet,
And in his fomy mouth his ſharp and crooked tuſkes doth whet;
Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,
His whelps bereſt, whoſe fury can no weaker beaſt aſſwage;—
Such ſeemed Romeus in every others ſight,
When he him ſhope, of wrong receavde tavenge himſelfe by fight.
Even as two thunderbolts throwne downe out of the ſkye,
That through the ayre, the maſſy earth, and ſeas, have powre to flye;
So met theſe two, and whyle they chaunge a blowe or twayne,
Our Romeus thruſt him through the throte, and ſo is Tybalt ſlayne.

Loe

Loe here the end of thoſe that ſtyrre a dedly ſtryfe!
Who thryſteth after others death, him ſelfe hath loſt his lyfe.
The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,
The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus fight doth growe.
The townesmen waxen ſtrong, the Prince doth ſend his force;
The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheles corce
Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne
May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath theyr kinſman ſlayne.
The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt;
The lookers on do ſay, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.
The prince doth pawſe, and then geves ſentence in a while,
That Romeus for ſleying him, ſhould goe into exyle,
His foes woulde have him hangde, or ſterve in priſon ſtrong;
His frends do think, but dare not ſay, that Romeus hath wrong.
Both houſholds ſtraight are charged on payne of loſing lyfe,
Theyr bloudy weapons layd aſide, to ceaſe the flyrred ſtryfe.
This common plage is ſpred through all the towne anon,
From ſide to ſide the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.
For Tybalts haſty death bewayled was of ſomme,
Both for his ſkill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme
He ſhould, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great powre,
To help his frends, and ſerve the ſtate; which hope within an howre
Was waſted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,
More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his death.
And other ſomme bewaylde, but ladies moſt of all,
The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt that is ſo late befall,
Without his falt, unto the ſeely Romeus;
For whilſt that he from natife land ſhall live exyled thus,

From

From heavenly bewties light and his well ſhaped parts,
The ſight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youthfull harts,
Shall you be baniſhd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
What hope have you to joy, what hope to ceaſe to moorne?
This Romeus was borne ſo much in heavens grace,
Of Fortune and of Nature ſo beloved, that in his face
(Beſide the heavenly bewty gliſtring ay ſo bright,
And ſeemely grace that wonted ſo to glad the ſeers ſight)
A certain charme was graved by Natures ſecret arte,
That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.
So every one doth wiſh to beare a part of payne,
That he releaſed of exyle might ſtraight retoorne againe.
But how doth moorne emong the moorners Juliet!
How doth ſhe bathe her breſt in teares! what depe ſighes doth ſhe fet!
How doth ſhe tear her heare! her weede how doth ſhe rent!
How fares the lover hearing of her lovers baniſhment!
How wayles ſhe Tybalts death, whom ſhe had loved ſo well!
Her hearty greeſe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.
For delving depely now in depth of depe deſpayre,
With wretched ſorrows cruell ſound ſhe fils the empty ayre;
And to the loweſt hell downe falls her heavy crye,
And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
The waters and the woods of ſighes and ſobs reſounde,
And from the hard reſounding rockes her ſorrowes do rebounde.
Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a ſhowre,
That in the garden where ſhe walkd might water herbe and flowre.
But when at length ſhe ſaw her ſelfe outraged ſo,
Unto her chaumber there ſhe hide; there, overcharged with woe,
Upon her ſtately bed her painfull parts ſhe threw,
And in ſo wondrous wiſe began her ſorrowes to renewe,
That ſure no hart ſo hard (but it of flynt had byn,)
But would have rude the piteous playnt that ſhe did languiſhe in.
Then rapt out of her ſelfe, whilſt ſhe on every ſide
Did caſt her reſtles eye, at length the windowe ſhe eſpide,

Through

Through which ſhe had with joye ſeene Romeus many a time,
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets ſake to clyme.
She cryde, O curſed windowe! acurſt be every pane,
Through which, alas! to ſone I raught the cauſe of life and bane,
If by thy meane I have ſome ſlight delight receavd,
Or els ſuch fading pleaſure as by Fortune ſtraight was reaved,
Haſt thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous
Of heaped greeſe and laſting care, and ſorrowes dolorous?
That theſe my tender parts, which nedeful ſtrength do lacke
To beare ſo great unweldy lode upon ſo weake a backe,
Oppreſt with waight of cares and with theſe ſorrowes riſe,
At length muſt open wide to death the gates of lothed lyſe;
That ſo my wery ſpite may ſomme where els unlode
His deadly loade, and free from thrall may ſeeke els where abode;
For pleaſant quiet eaſe and for aſſured reſt,
Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unreſt?
O Romeus, when firſt we both acquainted were,
When to thy painted promiſes I lent my liſtning eare.
Which to the brinkes you fild with many a ſolemne othe,
And I then judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,
I thought you rather would continue our good will,
And ſeeke tappeaſe our fathers ſtriſe, which daily groweth ſtill.
I little wend you would have ſought occaſion how
By ſuch an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe;
Whereby your bright renoune all whole yclipſed is,
And I unhappy, buſbandles, of comfort robde and bliſſe.
But if you did ſo much the blood of Capels thyrſt,
Why have you often ſpared myne? myne might have quencht it fyrſt
Synce that ſo many times and in ſo ſecret place,
Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds face,
My doutful life hath hapt by fatall dome to ſtand
In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloudy hand.

What!

What! ſeemde the conqueſt which you got of me ſo ſmall?
What! ſeemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made your thrall?
But that you muſt increaſe it with that kinſmans blood,
Which for his woorth and love to me, moſt in my favour ſtood?
Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and ſeeke another whyle
Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.
And, where I comme, ſee that you ſhonne to ſhew your face,
For your excuſe within my hart ſhall finde no reſting place.
And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,
Will ſo the reſt of wery life with many teares lament,
That ſoon my joyceles corps ſhall yeld up baniſhd breath,
And where on earth it reſtles livd, in earth ſeeke reſt by death.
Theſe ſayd, her tender hart, by payne oppreſſed ſore,
Reſtraynd her tears, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in ſtore;
And then as ſtill ſhe was, as if in ſownd ſhe lay,
And then againe, wroth with herſelfe, with feble voyce gan ſay:
"Ah cruell murderin gtong, murdrer of others fame,
How durſt thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?
Whoſe dedly foes do yeld him dew and erned prayſe;
For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decayes.
Why blamſt thou Romeus for ſlaying of Tybalt,
Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the falt?
Whether ſhall he. alas! poore baniſhd man, now flye?
What place of ſuccour ſhall he ſeeke beneath the ſtarry ſkye?
Since ſhe purſueth hym, and him defames by wrong,
That in diſtres ſhould be his fort, and onely rampier ſtrong.
Receve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,
Who, for ſhe was unkind her ſelfe, doth offer up her life,
In flames of yre, in ſighes, in ſorrow and in ruth,
So to revenge the crime ſhe did commit againſt thy truth."
Theſe ſaid, ſhe could no more; her ſenſes all gan fayle,
And dedly pangs began ſtraightway her tender hart aſſayle;

Her

Her limmes ſhe ſtretched forth, ſhe drew no more her breath:
Who had been there might well heve ſeen the ſignes of preſent death.
The nurce that knew no cauſe why ſhe abſented her,
Did doute leſt that ſomme ſodayn greefe too much tormented her.
Eche where but where ſhe was, the carefull beldam ſought,
Laſt, of the chamber where ſhe lay ſhe happly her bethought;
Where ſhe with piteous eye her nurce child did beholde,
Her limmes ſtretched out, her utward parts as any marble colde.
The nurce ſuppoſde that ſhe had payde to death her det,
And then, as ſhe had loſt her wittes, ſhe cryde to Juliet:
Ah! my dere hart, quoth ſhe, how greveth me thy death!
Alas! what cauſe haſt thou thus ſone to yeld up living breath?
But while ſhe handleth her, and chafed every part,
She knew there was ſome ſparke of life by beating of her hart;
So that a thouſand times ſhe cald upon her name;
There is no way to helpe a traunce but ſhe hath tride the ſame:
She openeth wyde her mouth, ſhe ſtoppeth cloſe her noſe,
She bendeth downe her breſt, ſhe wringeth her fingers and her toes,
And on her boſome cold ſhe layeth clothes hot;
A warmed and a holeſome juyce ſhe powreth downe her throte.
At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,
And then ſhe ſtretched forth her arme, and then her nurce ſhe ſpyes.
But when ſhe was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
"Why doſt thou trouble me, quoth ſhe, what drave thee, with miſchaunce,
To come to ſee my ſprite forſake my bretheles corſe?
Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my ſmart remorſe.
For who would ſee her frend to live in dedly payne?
Alas! I ſee my greefe begonne for ever will remayne.
Or who would ſeeke to live, all pleaſure being paſt?
My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to laſt.

Wherefore

Wherefore ſince that there is none other remedy,
Comme gentle death, and ryve my heart at once, and let me dye."
The nurce with trickling teares, to witnes inward ſmart,
With holow ſigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,
Thus ſpake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care:
" Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare;
Ne yet the cauſe of your unmeaſurde heavineſs.
But of this one I you aſſure, for care and ſorowes ſtreſſe,
This hower large and more I thought, ſo God me ſave,
That my dead corps ſhould wayte on yours to your untimely grave."
" Alas, my tender nurce, and truſty frende, (quoth ſhe)
Art thou ſo blinde that with thine eye thou canſt not eaſely ſee
The lawfull cauſe I have to ſorrow and to moorne,
Since thoſe the which I hyld moſt deere, I have at once forlorne."
Her nurce then aunſwered thus—" Methinkes it ſits you yll
To fall in theſe extremities that may you gyltles ſpill.
For when the ſtormes of care and troubles do aryſe,
Then is the time for men to know the fooliſh from the wiſe.
You are accounted wiſe, a foole am I your nurce;
But I ſee not how in like caſe I could behave me wurſe.
Tybalt your frend is ded; what, weene you by your teares
To call him backe againe? thinke you that he your crying heares?
You ſhall perceve the falt, if it be juſtly tryde,
Of his ſo ſodayn death was in his raſhnes and his pryde.
Would you that Romeus him ſelfe had wronged ſo,
To ſuffer him ſelfe cauſeles to be outraged of his foe,
To whom in no reſpect he ought a place to geve?
Let it ſuffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,
And that there is good hope that he, within a while,
With greater glory ſhall be calde home from his hard exile.
How well y-born he is, thyſelfe I know canſt tell,
By kindred ſtrong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.

With

With patience arme thyſelfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,
Without your fait, to both your greeſes, depart you for a time,
I dare ſay, for amendes of all your preſent payne,
She will reſtore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,
With ſuch contented eaſe as never erſt you had;
Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more ſo ſad.
And that I may diſcharge your hart of heavy care,
A certaine waye I have found out, my paynes ne will I ſpare,
To learne his preſent ſtate, and what in time to comme
He mindes to doe; which knowne by me, you ſhall know all and ſomme,
But that I dread the whilſt your ſorrowes will you quell,
Straight would I hye where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence cell.
But if you gyn eſt ſones, as erſt you did, to moorne,
Whereto goe I? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.
So I ſhall ſpend in waſte my time and buſy payne,
So unto you, your life once loſt, good aunſwere comes in vayne;
So ſhall I ridde my ſelfe with this ſharpe pointed knyfe,
So ſhall you cauſe your parents deere wax wery of theyr life;
So ſhall your Romeus, deſpiſing living breath,
With haſty foote, before his time, ronne to untimely death.
Where, if you can a while by reaſon rage ſuppreſſe,
I hope at my retorne to bring the ſalve of your diſtreſſe.
Now chooſe to have me here a partner of your payne,
Or promiſe me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne."
Her miſtres ſendes her forth, and makes a grave beheſt
With reaſons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her breſt.
When hugy heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,
Then vaniſh they by hope of ſcape; and thus the lady lyes
Twixt well-aſſured truſt, and doutful lewd dyſpayre:
Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts; now ſeeme they white and fayre.
As oft in ſummer tide blacke clouds do dimme the ſonne,
And ſtraight againe in cleareſt ſkye his reſtles ſteedes do ronne;

So

So Juliets wandring mind y-clouded is with woe,
And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth overgoe:
But now is tyme to tell, whilst she was tossed thus,
What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.
When he had slayne his foe that gan this dedly strife,
And saw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,
He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,
And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince might gyve,
He sought somewhere unseene to lurke a littel space,
And trusty Lawrence secret cell he thought the surest place.
In doutfull happe aye best a trusty frend is tryde;
The frendly frier in this distres doth graunt his frend to hyde,
A secret place he hath, well seeled round about;
The mouth of which so close is shut, that none may finde it out;
But roome there is to walke, and place to sit and rest,
Beside a bed to sleape upon, full soft, and trimly drest.
The flowre is planked so, with mattes it is so warme,
That neither winde nor smoky damps have powre him ought to harme,
Where he was wont in youth his fayre frends to bestowe;
There now he hydeth Romeus, whilst forth he goth to knowe
Both what is said and donne, and what appoynted payne
Is published by trumpers sound; then home he hyes agayne.
By this unto his cell the nurce with spedy pace
Was comme the nerest way; she sought no ydel resting place.
The fryer sent home the newes of Romeus certain helth.
And promise made (what so befell) he should that night by stelth
Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wise
Of theyr affayres in time to comme might thoroughly devise.
Those joyfull newes the nurce brought home with merry joy;
And now our Juliet joyes to thinke she shall her love enjoy.
The fryer shuts fast his doore, and then to him beneth,
That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or else of death.

Thy

Thy hap (quoth he) is good, daunger of death is none,
But thou ſhalt live, and do full well, in ſpite of ſpitefull
ſone.
This only payne for thee was erſt proclaymde aloude,
A baniſhd man, thou mayſt thee not within Verona
ſhrowde.
Theſe heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,
And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he
ware.
And as the ſmitten deere in brakes is waltring found,
So waltreth he, and with his breſt doth beate the trodden
grounde.
He riſeth eft, and ſtrikes his hed againſt the wals,
He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for haſty death he cals.
"Come ſpedy death, quoth he, the readieſt leache in love,
Synce nought can els beneth the ſunne the ground of
greeſe remove.
Of lothſome life breake downe the hated ſtaggering ſtayes,
Deſtroy, deſtroy at once the life that fayntly yet decayes.
But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did deviſe
With cunning hand to woorke that might ſeeme wondrous
in our eyes,
For you, I pray the gods, your pleaſures to increaſe,
And all miſhap, with this my death, for evermore to ceaſe.
And mighty Jove with ſpeede of juſtice bring them lowe,
Whoſe lofty pryde, without our gylt, our bliſſe doth
overblowe.
And Cupid graunt to thoſe theyr ſpedy wrongs redreſſe,
That ſhall bewayle my cruell death and pity her diſtreſſe."
Therewith a cloude of ſighes he breathed into the ſkies,
And two great ſtreames of bitter teares ran from his
ſwowlen eyes.
Theſe thinges the auncient fryer with ſorrow ſaw and
heard,
Of ſuch beginning eke the end the wiſeman greatly feard.
But lo! he was ſo weake by reaſon of his age,
That he ne could by force repreſſe the rigour of his rage.
His wiſe and frendly woordes he ſpeaketh to the ayre,
For Romeus ſo vexed is with care, and with diſpayre,
That no advice can perce his cloſe forſtopped eares,
So now the fryer doth take his part in ſhedding ruthfull
teares.

With

With colour pale and wan, with arms full hard y-fold,
With wofull cheere his wayling frende he ſtandeth to beholde.
And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,
With voyce with plaint made horce, with ſobs, and with a faltring tong,
Renewd with novel mone the dolors of his hart;
His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his ſtore of inward ſmart.
Fyrſt Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
In which his joyes had been ſo ſcant, and ſorrowes ay ſo rife;
The time and place of byrth he feerſly did reprove,
He cryed out with open mouth againſt the ſtarres above:
The fatall ſiſters three, he ſaid, had donne him wrong,
The threed that ſhould not have been ſponne, they had drawne forth too long.
He wiſhed that he had before his time been borne,
Or that as ſoone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.
His nurce he curſed, and the hand that gave him pappe,
The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe;
And then did he complaine on Venus cruell ſonne,
Who led him firſt unto the rockes which he ſhould warely ſhonne:
By meane whereof he loſt both lyfe and libertie,
And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.
Loves troubles laſten long, the joyes he gives are ſhort;
He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr erneſt is his ſport.
A thouſand thinges and more I here let paſſe to write
Which unto love this wofull man dyd ſpeake in great deſpite.
On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,
Unconſtant, fond, deceitfull, raſhe, unruthfull, and unkynd.
And to himſelfe he layd a great part of the falt,
For that he ſlewe and was not ſleine, in fighting with Tibalt.
He blamed all the world, and all he did defye.
But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
When after raging fits appeaſed was his rage,
And when his paſſions, powred forth, gan partly to aſſwage,

So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,
That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye.
"Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;
Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a womans hart.
For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd out-chased,
And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:
So that I stoode in doute, this howre at the least,
If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.
A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres
Still standes not wayling present harme, but seekes his harmes redres.
As when the winter flaws with dredful noyse arise,
And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the stary skyes,
So that the broosed barke in cruell seas betost,
Dispayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,
The pylate bold at helme, cryes, mates strike now your sayle,
And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assayle;
Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull shore,
In greater daunger to be wreckt than he had been before;
He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,
But yet he doth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to shonne;
Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,
The roder smitten-of, and over-boord the mast,
Doth win the long-desyred porte, the stormy daunger past:
But if the master dread, and overprest with woe
Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,
The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,
And eke the coward drenched is:—So, if thou still beweepe
And seke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,
Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy mischaunce.
Other account thee wise, prove not thyself a foole;
Now put in practise lessons learned of old in wisdome's schoole.
The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy payne,
For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twaine.

As

As well we ought to ſeeke thinges hurtfull to decreaſe,
As to indevor helping thinges by ſtudy to increaſe.
The prayſe of trew fredom in wiſdomes bondage lyes,
He winneth blame whoſe deedes be fonde, although his woords be wiſe.
Sicknes the bodies gayle, greeſe, gayle is of the mynd;
If thou canſt ſcape from heavy greeſe, true freedome ſhalt thou finde.
Fortune can fill nothing ſo full of hearty greeſe,
But in the ſame a conſtant mynd finds ſolace and releeſe.
Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,
But wiſdom in adverſitie findes cauſe of quiet joye.
And they moſt wretched are that know no wretchednes,
And after great extremity miſhaps ay waxen leſſe.
Like as there is no weale but waſtes away ſometime,
So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.
If thou wilt maſter quite the troubles that thee ſpill,
Endeavor firſt by reaſons help to maſter witles will,
A ſondry medſon hath eche ſondry faynt diſeaſe,
But patience, a common ſalve, to every wound geves eaſe.
The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,
Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce muſt not ſeem to a wiſe man ſtraunge.
For fickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a ſteady conſtant mynd.
Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her ſmyling face,
And ſorow ſeke to ſet himſelfe in baniſhd pleaſures place,
Yet may thy marred ſtate be mended in a whyle,
And ſhe eftſones that frowneth now, with pleaſant cheere ſhall ſmyle.
For as her happy ſtate no long while ſtandeth ſure,
Even ſo the heavy plight ſhe bringes, not alwayes doth endure.
What nede ſo many words to thee that art ſo wyſe?
Thou better canſt adviſe thy ſelfe, then I can thee adviſe.
Wiſdome, I ſee, is vayne, if thus in time of neede
A wiſemans wit unpractiſed doth ſtand him in no ſteede.
I know thou haſt ſome cauſe of ſorow and of care,
But well I wot thou haſt no cauſe thus frantickely to fare.
Affections foggy miſt thy feebled ſight doth blynd;
But if that reaſons beames againe might ſhine into thy mynd,

If thou wouldſt view thy ſtate with an indifferent eye
I thinke thou wouldſt condemne thy plaint, thy ſighing, and thy crye.
With valiant hand thou madeſt thy foe yeld up his breth,
Thou haſt eſcaped his ſword and eke the lawes that threaten death.
By thy eſcape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.
Wilt thou with truſty frendes of pleaſure take ſome part?
Or els to pleaſe thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr ſmart?
Why cryeſt thou out on love? why doſt thou blame thy fate?
Why doſt thou ſo crye after death? thy life why doſt thou hate?
Doſt thou repent thy choyſe that thou ſo late dydſt chooſe?
Love is thy lord; thou oughtſt obey and not thy prince accuſe.
For thou haſt found, thou knoweſt, great favour in his ſight,
He graunted thee, at thy requeſt, thy only harts delight.
So that the gods invyde the bliſſe thou liveſt in;
To geve to ſuch unthankfull men is folly and a ſin.
Methinks I hear thee ſay, the cruell baniſhment
Is onely cauſe of thy unreſt; onely thou doſt lament
That from thy natiſe land and frendes thou muſt depart,
Enforſd to flye from her that hath the keping of thy hart:
And ſo oppreſt with waight of ſmart that thou doſt feele,
Thou doſt complaine of Cupids brand, and Fortunes turning wheele.
Unto a valiant hart there is no banyſhment,
All countreys are his native ſoyle beneath the firmament.
As to the fiſh the ſea, as to the fowle the ayre,
So is like pleaſant to the wiſe eche place of his repayre.
Though forward Fortune chaſe thee hence into exile,
With doubled honor ſhall ſhe call thee home within a while.
Admit thou ſhouldſt abyde abrode a year or twayne,
Should ſo ſhort abſence cauſe ſo long and eke ſo greevous payne?
Though thou ne mayſt thy friendes here in Verona ſee,
They are not baniſhd Mantua, where ſafely thou mayſt be.
Thether they may reſort, though thou reſort not hether,
And there in ſuretie may you talke of your affayres together.

Yea,

Yea, but this while, alas! thy Juliet muſt thou miſſe
The only piller of thy health, and ancor of thy bliſſe.
Thy heart thou leaveſt with her, when thou doeſt hence depart
And in thy breſt incloſed bearſt her tender frendly hart.
But if thou rew ſo much to leave the reſt behinde,
With thought of paſſed joyes content thy uncontented minde;
So ſhall the mone decreaſe wherewith thy mind doth melt,
Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou haſt often felt,
He is too nyſe a weakling that ſhrinketh at a ſhowre,
And he unworthy of the ſweete, that taſteth not the ſowre.
Call now agayne to mind the fyrſt conſuming flame:
How didſt thou vainley burne in love of an unloving dame?
Hadſt thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy ſwelling eyne?
Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languiſh away and pyne?
Thoſe greefes and others like were haply overpaſt,
And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the laſt;
From whence thou art now falne, that, raiſed up agayne,
With greater joy a greater whyle in pleaſure mayſt thou raigne,
Compare the preſent while with times y-paſt before,
And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleaſure yet in ſtore.
The whilſt, this little wrong receve thou patiently
And what of force muſt needes be done, that do thou willingly.
Folly it is to feare that thou canſt not avoyde,
And madnes to deſyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.
To geve to Fortune place, not aye deſerveth blame,
But ſkill it is, according to the rimes thy ſelfe to frame."
Whilſt to this ſkilfull lore he lent his liſtning eares,
His ſighs are ſtopt, and ſtopped are the conduyts of his teares.
As blackeſt cloudes are chaſed by winters nimble wynde,
So have his reaſons chaced care out of his careſull mynde.
As of a morning fowle enſues an evening fayre,
So baniſht hope returneth home to baniſh his deſpayre.

Not

Now is affections veale removed from his eyes,
He ſeeth the path that he muſt walke, and reaſon makes
him wiſe.
For very ſhame the blood doth flaſhe in both his cheekes,
He thankes the father for his love, and farther ayde he
ſeekes.
He ſayth, that ſkilles youth for counſell is unfitte,
And anger oft with haſtines are joynd to want of witte;
But ſound adviſe aboundes in hides with horiſh heares,
For wiſdom is by practice wonne, and perfect made by
yeares.
But aye from this time forth his ready bending will
Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrences ſkill.
The governor is now right carefull of his charge,
To whom he doth wiſely diſcourſe of his affayres at large.
He tells him how he ſhall depart the towne unknowne,
(Both mindeful of his frendes ſafetie, and carefull of his
owne.)
How he ſhall gyde himſelfe, how he ſhall ſeeke to winne
The frendſhip of the better ſort, how warely to crepe in
The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
Appeaſe the wrath of Eſcalus, and wipe the fault away;
The choller of his foes by gentle meanes taſſuage,
Or els by force and practiſes to bridle quite theyr rage:
And laſt he chargeth him at his appoynted howre
To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre;
And there with holeſome woordes to ſalve her ſorrowes
ſmart,
And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.
The old mans woords have filld with joy our Romeus
breſt,
And eke the old wyves talke hath ſet our Juliets hart at reſt.
Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day?
Like dayes the paineſull mariners are wonted to aſſay;
For, beat with tempeſt great, when they at length eſpye
Some little beame of Phœbus light, that perceth through
the ſkie,
To cleare the ſhadowde earth by clearenes of his face,
They hope that dreadles they ſhall ronne the remnant of
theyr race;
Yea they aſſure them ſelfe, and quite behind theyr backe
They caſt all doute, and thanke the gods for ſcaping of
the wracke;

But straight the boysterous windes with greater fury blowe,
And over boord the broken mast the stormy blastes doe
throwe;
The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,
And twice as hye the striving waves begin to roare and
swell;
With greater daungers dred the men are vexed more,
In greater perill of theyr life then they had been before.
The golden sonne was gonne to lodge him in the west,
The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to
rest;
When restles Romeus and restles Juliet
In woonted sort, by woonted meane, in Juliets chaumber
met.
And from the windowes top downe had he leaped scarce,
When she with armes outstreched wide so hard did him
embrace,
That well nigh had the sprite (not forced by dedly force)
Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce.
Thus mutet stoode they both the eyght part of an howre,
And both would speake, but neither had of speaking any
powre;
But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay
And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus
stay.
Theyr scalding sighes ascend, and by theyr checkes downe
fall
Theyr trickling teares, as christall cleare, but bitterer far
then gall.
Then he, to end the greese which both they lived in,
Dyd kisse his love, and wisely thus hys tale he dyd begin:
"My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,
To you I purpose not as now with length of woordes
declare
The diversenes and eke the accidents so straunge
Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that delyteth still in
chaunge;
Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height
Of her swift turning slippery wheele, then fleetes her
frendship straight.
O wondrous chaunge! even with the twinkling of an eye
Whom erst her selfe had rashly set in pleasant place so hye
The same in great despite downe hedlong doth she throwe
And while she treades, and spurneth at the lofty state layde
hyde lowe,

More ſorow doth ſhe ſhape within an howers ſpace,
Than pleaſure in an hundred yeares; ſo geyſon is her grace.
The proofe whereof in me, alas! too playne apperes,
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have fofterd with my feeres,
In proſperous hygh degree, mayntained ſo by fate,
That, as your ſelfe did ſee, my foes envyde my noble ſtate.
One thing there was I did above the reſt deſyre,
To which as to the ſovereign good by hope I would aſpyre,
That by our marriage meane we might within a while
(To work our perfect happenes) our parents reconcile:
That ſafely ſo we might, not ſtopt by ſturdy ſtrife,
Unto the bounds that God hath ſet, gyde forth our pleaſant lyfe.
But now, alack! too ſoone my bliſſe is over-blowne,
And upſide downe my purpoſe and my enterpriſe are throwne.
And driven from my frendes, of ſtraungers muſt I crave
(O graunt it God!) from daungers dread that I may ſuretie have.
For loe, henceforth I muſt wander in landes unknowne,
(So hard I finde the prince's doome) exyled from myne owne.
Which thing I have thought good to ſet before your eyes,
And to exhort you now to proove yourſelfe a woman wiſe;
That patiently you bear my abſent long abod,
For what above by fatall doome decreed is, that God—"
And more than this to ſay, it ſeemed, he was bent,
But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackiſh tears beſprent,
Brake of his tale begonne, and whilſt his ſpeech he ſtayde,
Theſe ſelf ſame woordes, or like to theſe, with dreery cheere ſhe ſayde:
"Why Romeus, can it be, thou haſt ſo hard a hart,
So farre removed from ruth, ſo farre from thinking on my ſmart,
To leave me thus alone, thou cauſe of my diſtreſſe,
Beſeged with ſo great a campe of mortall wretchedneſſe;
That every howre nowe and moment in a day
A thouſand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe away?
Yet ſuch is my miſhap, O cruel deſtinye!
That ſtill I lyve, and wiſh for death, but yet can never dye.

So that juſt cauſe I have to thinke, as ſeemeth me,
That froward Fortune did of late with cruell Death agree,
To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleaſure in my payne,
And triumph in my harme, as in the greateſt hoped gayne.
And thou the inſtrument of fortunes cruell will,
Without whoſe ayde ſhe can no way her tyrans luſt fulfill,
Art not a whit aſhamde (as farre as I can ſee)
To caſt me of, when thou haſt culld the better part of me.
Whereby alas! too ſoone, I, ſeely wretch, do prove,
That all the auncient ſacred laws of frendſhip and of love
Are quelde and quenched quite, ſince he on whom alway
My cheefe hope and my ſteady truſt was woonted ſtill to ſtay,
For whom I am becomme unto myſelf a foe,
Diſdayneth me, his ſtedfaſt frend, and ſkornes my frendſhip ſo.
Nay, Romeus, nay, thou mayſt of two thinges chooſe the one,
Eyther to ſee thy caſtaway, as ſoone as thou art gone,
Hedlong to throw her ſelfe downe from the windowes haight,
And ſo to breake her ſlender necke with all the bodies waight,
Or ſuffer her to be companion of thy payne,
Where ſo thou go (Fortune thy gyde), tyll thou retourne agayne.
So wholy into thine transformed is my hart,
That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I ſhall part,
So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it ſelfe awaye,
Which I retain to no end els but to the end I may
In ſpite of all thy foes thy preſent partes enjoye,
And in diſtres to beare with thee the halfe of thine annoye.
Wherefore, in humble ſort, Romeus, I make requeſt,
If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle breſt,
O, let it now have place to reſt within thy hart;
Receve me as thy ſervant, and the fellow of thy ſmart:
Thy abſence is my death, thy ſight ſhall geve me lyfe.
But if perhaps thou ſtand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,
Art thou all counſelleſſe? canſt thou no ſhift deviſe?
What letteth but in other weede I may my ſelfe diſguyſe?
What, ſhall I be the firſt? hath none done ſo ere this,
To ſcape the bondage of theyr frends? thyſelfe can aunſwer, yes.

Or

Or doſt thou ſtand in doute that I thy wife ne can
By ſervice pleaſure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?
Or is my loyalte of both accompted leſſe?
Perhaps thou fearſt leſt I for gayne forſake thee in diſtreſſe.
What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,
Whoſe brightnes, force, and prayſe, ſometime up to the ſkyes you blew?
My teares, my frendſhip and my pleaſures donne of olde,
Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd behold
The wildnes of her looke, her cooller pale and ded,
The woorſt of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;
And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,
And kiſt her with a loving kyſſe, and thus to her he ſpake:
Ah, Juliet, (quoth he) the miſtres of my hart,
For whom, even now, thy ſervant doth abyde in dedly ſmart,
Even for the happy dayes which thou deſyreſt to ſee,
And for the fervent friendſhips ſake that thou doſt owe to mee,
At once theſe fanſies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,
Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about
To haſten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,
Which Natures law and wiſdomes lore teach every wight to ſhonne.
For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)
Thou ſhalt undoo thyſelfe for aye, and me thy truſty frend.
For why?—thy abſence knowne, thy father will be wroth,
And in his rage ſo narowly he will purſue us both,
That we ſhall trye in vayne to ſcape away by flight,
And vainely ſeeke a loorking place to hyde us from his ſight.
Then we, found out, and caught, quite voyde of ſtrong defence,
Shall cruelly be puniſhed for thy departure hence;
I as a raviſher, thou as a careles childe,
I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;
Thinking to lead in eaſe a long contented life,
Shall ſhort our dayes by ſhamefull death:—but if, my loving wyfe,
Thou baniſh from thy mynde two foes that counſell hath,
(That wont to hinder ſound adviſe) raſhe haſtines and wrath,

If thou be bent to obey the love of reaſons ſkill,
And wiſely by her princely powre ſuppreſſe rebelling will,
If thou our ſafetie ſeeke, more then thine own delight,
(Since ſuretie ſtandes in parting, and thy pleaſures growe of ſight,)
Forbeare the cauſe of joy, and ſuffer for a while,
So ſhall I ſafely live abrode, and ſafe torne from exile:
So ſhall no ſlanders blot thy ſpotles life diſtayne,
So ſhall thy kinſmen be unſtyrd, and I exempt from payne.
And thinke thou not, that aye the cauſe of care ſhall laſt;
Theſe ſtormy broyles ſhall over-blowe, much like a winters blaſt.
For Fortune chaungeth more then fickel fantaſie;
In nothing Fortune conſtant is ſave in unconſtancie.
Her haſty ronning wheele is of a reſtleſs courſe,
That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the woorſe,
And thoſe that are beneth ſhe heaveth up agayne:
So we ſhall riſe to pleaſures mount, out of the pit of payne.
Ere foure monthes overpaſſe, ſuch order will I take,
And by my letters and my frendes ſuch means I mynd to make,
That of my wandring race ended ſhal be the toyle,
And I cald home with honor great unto my native ſoyle.
But if I be condemned to wander ſtill in thrall,
I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.
And then by ſtrength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande;
Not in mans weedes diſguyſd, or as one ſcarcely knowne,
But as my wife and onely feere, in garment of thyne owne.
Wherefore repreſſe at once the paſſions of thy hart,
And where there is no cauſe of greeſe, cauſe hope to heale thy ſmart.
For of this one thyng thou mayſt well aſſured bee,
That nothing els but onely death ſhall ſunder me from thee."
The reaſons that he made did ſeeme of ſo great waight,
And had with her ſuch force, that ſhe to him gan aunſwere ſtraight.
" Deere Syr, nought els wiſh I but to obey your will:
But ſure where ſo you go, your hart with me ſhall tarry ſtill,

As

As ſigne and certaine pledge, tyll here I ſhall you ſee,
Of all the powre that over you your ſelfe did graunt to me;
And in his ſtead take myne, the gage of my good will.—
One promeſſe crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill;
Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,
The tydinges of youn health, and howe your doutfull caſe ſhall ſtand.
And all the wery whyle that you ſhall ſpend abrode,
Cauſe me from time to time to know the place of your abode."
His eyes did guſh out teares, a ſigh brake from his breſt,
When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the heſt.
Thus theſe two lovers paſſe awaye the wery night,
In payne and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleaſure and delight.
But now, ſomewhat too ſoone, in fartheſt eaſt aroſe
Fayre Lucifer, the golden ſtarre that lady Venus choſe;
Whoſe courſe appoynted is with ſpedy race to ronne,
A meſſenger of dawning daye, and of the riſing ſonne.
Then freſh Aurora with her pale and ſilver glade
Did cleare the ſkies, and from the earth had chaſed ougly ſhade.
When thou ne lookeſt wide, ne cloſely doſt thou winke,
When Phæbus from our hemiſphere in weſterne wave doth ſinke,
What cooller then the heavens do ſhew unto thine eyes,
The ſame, or like, ſaw Romeus in fartheſt eaſterne ſkies.
As yet he ſaw no day, ne could he call it night,
With equal force decreaſing dark fought with increaſing light,
Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,
With frendly kiſſe, and ruthfully ſhe gan her knight beholde.
With ſolemne othe they both theyr ſorowfull leave do take;
They ſweare no ſtormy troubles ſhall theyr ſteady frendſhip ſhake.
Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,
And in her chaumber ſecretly our joyles Juliet moornes.
Now hugy cloudes of care, of ſorow, and of dread,
The clearnes of theyr gladſome harts hath wholy overſpread.

When

When golden-creſted Phœbus boſteth him in ſkye,
And under earth, to ſcape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye.
Then hath theſe lovers day an ende, theyr night begonne,
For eche of them to other is as to the world the ſonne.
The dawning they ſhall ſee, ne ſommer any more,
But black-faced night with winter rough ah! beaten over fore.
The wery watch diſcharged did hye them home to ſlepe,
The warders, and the ſkowtes were charged theyr place and courſe to kepe,
And Verone gates awide the porters had ſet open,
When Romeus had of hys affayres with fryer Lawrence ſpoken.
Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,
Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.
He ſpurd apace, and came, withouten ſtop or ſtay,
To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he ſent his man away
With woordes of comfort to his old afflicted ſyre;
And ſtraight in mynde to ſojourne there, a lodging doth he hyre.
And with the nobler ſort he doth himſelfe acquaynt,
And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt.
He practiſeth by frendes for pardon of exile;
The whilſt, he ſeeketh every way his ſorowes to begyle.
But who forgets the cole that burneth in his breſt?
Alas! his cares denye his hart the ſweete deſyred reſt,
No time findes he of myrth, he ſyndes no place of joy,
But every thing occaſion gives of ſorowe and annoye.
For when in toorning ſkies the heavens lamps are light,
And from the other hemiſphere fayre Phœbus chaſeth night,
When every man and beaſt hath reſt from payneſull toyle,
Then in the breſt of Romeus his paſſions gin to boyle.
Then doth he wet with tears the cowche whereon he lyes,
And then his ſighes the chaumber fill, and out aloude he cries
Againſt the reſtles ſtarres in rolling ſkies that raunge,
Againſt the fatall ſiſters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.
Eche night a thouſand times he calleth for the day,
He thinketh Titans reſtles ſteedes of reſtines do ſtay;

Or

Or that at length they have ſome bayting place found out,
Or, gyded yll, have loſt theyr way and wandred farre about.
While thus in ydell thoughts the wery time he ſpendeth,
The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he endeth.
Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?
In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone.
For if his feeres rejoyce, what cauſe hath he to joy,
That wanteth ſtill his cheeſe delight, while they theyr loves enjoye?
But if with heavy cheere they ſhew their inward greeſe,
He wayleth moſt his wretchedneſs that is of wretches cheeſe.
When he doth heare abrode the prayſe of ladies blowne,
Within his thought he ſcorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.
When pleaſant ſonges he heares, wheile others do rejoyce,
The melodye of muſicke doth ſtyrre up his mourning voyce.
But if in ſecret place he walke ſome where alone,
The place itſelfe and ſecretnes redoubleth all his mone.
Then ſpeakes he to the beaſtes, to feathered fowles and trees,
Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what ſo beſide he ſees.
To them he ſheweth his ſmart, as though they reaſon had,
Eche thing may cauſe his heavines, but nought may make him glad.
And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,
The ſunne he curſeth, and the howre when firſt his eyes ſaw light.
And as the night and day theyr courſe do enterchaunge,
So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchaunge.
In abſence of her knight the lady no way could
Kepe trewce betweene her greefes and her, though nere ſo fayne ſhe would;
And though with greater payne ſhe cloked ſorowes ſmart,
Yet did her paled face diſcloſe the paſſions of her hart.
Her ſighing every howre, her weeping every where,
Her recheles heede of meate, of ſlepe, and wearing of her geare,

The carefull mother markes; then of her health afrayde,
Becauſe the greeſes increaſed ſtill, thus to her child ſhe
ſayde:
" Deere daughter, if you ſhoulde long languiſhe in this
ſort,
I ſtand in doute that over-ſoone your ſorowes will make
ſhort
Your loving fathers life and myne, that love you more
Then our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth
therefore
Your greeſe and payne, yourſelfe on joy your thought
to ſet,
For time it is that now you ſhould our Tybalts death forget.
Of whom ſince God hath claymd the life that was but lent,
He is in bliſſe, ne is there cauſe why you ſhould thus
lament;
You cannot call him backe with teares and ſhrikinges ſhrill:
It is a fait thus ſtill to grudge at Gods appoynted will."
The ſeely ſoule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
No longer could ſhe hide her harme, but aunſwered thus
agayne,
With heavy broken ſighes, with viſage pale and ded:
" Madame, the laſt of Tybalts teares a great while ſince
I ſhed;
Whoſe ſpring hath been ere this ſo laded out by me,
That empty quite and moyſtureles I geſſe it now to be
So that my payned hart by conduytes of the eyne
No more henceforth (as wont it was) ſhall guſh forth
dropping bryne.
The woſull mother knew not what her daughter ment,
And loth to vexe her chylde by woordes, her pace ſhe
warely hent,
But when from howre to howre, from morow to the
morow,
Still more and more ſhe ſaw increaſt her daughters wonted
ſorrow,
All meanes ſhe ſought of her and houſhold folke to know
The certain roote whereon her greeſe and bootles mone
doth growe.
But lo, ſhe hath in vayne her time and labor lore,
Wherefore without all meaſure is her hart tormented ſore.
And ſith herſelfe could not fynde out the cauſe of care,
She thought it good to tell the ſyre how ill this child did
fare. And

And when ſhe ſaw her time, thus to her feere ſhe ſayde:
'Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the mayde,
And how ſhe fareth ſince that Tybalt unto death
Before his time, forſt by his foe, did yeld his living breath,
Her face ſhall ſeeme ſo chaunged, her doyngs eke ſo ſtraunge,
That you will greatly wonder at ſo great and ſodain chaunge.
Not onely ſhe forbeares her meate, her drinke and ſleepe,
But now ſhe tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.
No greater joy hath ſhe, nothing contents her hart
So much, as in the chaumber cloſe to ſhut her ſelfe apart:
Where ſhe doth ſo torment her poore afflicted mynde,
That much in daunger ſtandes her lyfe, except ſome help ſhe finde.
But, out alas! I ſee not how it may be founde,
Unleſſe that fyrſt we might fynd whence her ſorowes thus abounde.
For though with buſy care I have employde my wit,
And uſed all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,
Neither extremetie ne gentle meanes could boote;
She hydeth cloſe within her breſt her ſecret ſorowes roote.
This was my fyrſt conceite,—that all her ruth aroſe
Out of her cooſin Tybalts death, late ſlayne of dedly foes,
But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;
Somme greater thing, not Tybalts death, this chaunge in her hath wrought.
Her ſelfe aſſured me that many days agoe
She ſhed the laſt of Tybalts teares; which woords amaſd me ſo
That I then could not geſſe what thing els might her greeve:
But now at length I have bethought me; and I do beleve
The only crop and roote of all my daughters payne
Is grudging envies faynt diſeaſe; perhaps ſhe doth diſdayne
To ſee in wedlocke yoke the moſt part of her feeres,
Whilſt only ſhe unmarried doth loſe ſo many yeres.
And more perchaunce ſhe thinkes you mynd to kepe her ſo;
Wherefore deſpayring doth ſhe weare her ſelfe away with woe.

Therefore,

Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth;
For why? a brickle thing is glaſſe, and frayle is ſkilleſſe youth.
Joyne her at once to ſomme in linke of mariage,
That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age.
So ſhall you baniſh care out of your daughters breſt,
So we her parentes, in our age, ſhall live in quiet reſt."
Whereto gan eaſely her huſband to agree,
And to the mothers ſkilfull talke thus ſtraightway aunſwered he.
"Of⁂ have I thought, deere wife, of all theſe things ere this,
But evermore my mynd me gave, it ſhould not be amiſſe
By farther leyſure had a huſband to provyde;
Scarce ſaw ſhe yet full ſixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.
But ſince her ſtate doth ſtande on termes ſo perilous,
And that a mayden daughter is a treaſure daungerous,
With ſo great ſpeede I will endeavour to procure
A huſband for our daughter yong, her ſickneſs ſaynt to cure,
That you ſhall reſt content, ſo warely will I chooſe,
And ſhe recover ſoone enough the time ſhe ſeemes to looſe.
The whilſt ſeeke you to learne, if ſhe in any part
Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart;
Leſt we have more reſpect to honor and to welth,
Then to our daughters quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth:
Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,
And rather wiſh in poore eſtate and daughterles to dye,
Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to ſuch a one,
Whoſe chorliſh dealing, (I once dead) ſhould be her cauſe of mone."

This pleaſant aunſwere heard, the lady partes agayne,
And Capilet, the maydens fyre, within a day or twayne,
Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter,
And many gentilmen there were, with buſy care that ſought her;
Both, for the mayden was well-ſhaped, yong and fayre,
As alſo well brought up, and wiſe; her fathers onely heyre.
Emong the reſt was one inflamde with her deſyre,
Who county Paris cleeped was; an earle he had to fyre.

O

Of all the ſuters hym the father lyketh beſt,
And eaſely unto the earle he maketh his beheſt,
Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
To win his wyfe unto his will, and to perſuade the mayde.
The wyfe did joy to heare the joyfull huſband ſay
How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day;
Ne did ſhe ſeeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
But ſtraight ſhe hyeth to Juliet; to her ſhe telles, apart,
What happy talke, by meane of her, was paſt no rather
Betwene the wooing Paris and her careful loving father,
The perſon of the man, the features of his face,
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and ſeemely grace,
With curious woordes ſhe payntes before her daughters eyes,
And then with ſtore of vertues prayſe ſhe heaves him to the ſkyes.
She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,
Whereby ſhe ſayeth, both ſhe and hers in great delight ſhall live.
When Juliet conceved her parentes whole entent,
Whereto both love and reaſons right forbod her to aſſent,
Within herſelfe ſhe thought rather than be forſworne,
With horſes wilde her tender partes aſunder ſhould be torne.
Not now, with baſhful brow, in wonted wiſe, ſhe ſpake,
But with unwonted boldnes ſtraight into theſe wordes ſhe brake:
"Madame, I marvell much, that you ſo lavaſſe are
Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,
As thus to yelde me up at pleaſure of another,
Before you know if I do lyke or els miſlike my lover.
Doo what you lift; but yet of this aſſure you ſtill,
If you do as you ſay you will, I yelde not there untill.
For had I choyſe of twayne, farre rather would I chooſe
My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to looſe,
Then graunt that he poſſeſs of me the ſmalleſt part:
Fyrſt, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares ſhall kill my hart:

Els

Els will I perce my breſt with ſharpe and bloody knife;
And you, my mother, ſhall becomme the murdreſſe of my lyfe.
In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,
Ne ought, to love: wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you pray,
To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore;
Ceaſe all your troubles for my ſake and care for me no more;
But ſuffer Fortune feerce to worke on me her will,
In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to ſpill.
For whilſt you for the beſt deſyre to place me ſo,
You haſt away my lingring death, and double all my woe."
So deepe this aunſwere made the ſorrowes downe to ſinke
Into the mothers breſt, that ſhe ne knoweth what to thinke
Of theſe her daughters woords, but all appalde ſhe ſtandes,
And up unto the heavens ſhe throwes her wandring head and handes.
And, nigh beſyde her ſelfe, her huſband hath ſhe ſought;
She telles him all; ſhe doth forget ne yet ſhe hydeth ought.
The teſty old man, wroth, diſdainfull without meaſure,
Sendes forth his folke in haſte for her, and byds them take no leyſure;
Ne on her tears or plaint at all to have remorſe,
But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.
The meſſage heard, they part, to fetch that they muſt fet,
And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.
Arrived in the place, when ſhe her father ſaw,
Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter ſtoode in awe,
The ſervantes ſent away (the mother thought it meete),
The wofull daughter all bawept fell groveling at his feete,
Which ſhe doth waſh with teares as ſhe thus groveling lyes;
So faſt and eke ſo plenteouſly diſtill they from her eyes:
When ſhe to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,
Muet ſhe is; for ſighes and ſobs her fearefull talke have broken.
The fyre, whoſe ſwelling wroth her teares could not aſſwage,
With fiery eyen, and ſkarlet cheekes, thus ſpake her in his rage

(Whilſt

(Whilſt ruthfully ſtood by the maydens mother mylde):
" Liſten (quoth he) unthankfull and thou diſobedient
childe;
Haſt thou ſo ſoone let ſlip out of thy mynde the woord,
That thou ſo often times haſt heard rehearſed at my boord?
How much the Romayne youth of parentes ſtoode in awe,
And eke what powre upon theyr ſeede the parentes had by
lawe?
Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and ſell,
(When ſo they ſtoode in neede) but more, if children did
rebell,
The parentes had the powre of lyfe and ſodayne death.
What if thoſe good men ſhould agayne receve the living
breth?
In how ſtraight bondes would they thy ſtubborne body
bynde?
What weapons would they ſeeke for thee? what torments
would they fynde,
To chaſten, if they ſaw the lewdneſs of thy lyfe,
Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and ſhamefull ſturdy
ſtryfe?
Such care thy mother had, ſo deere thou wert to mee,
That I with long and earneſt ſute provyded have for thee
One of the greateſt lordes that wonnes about this towne,
And for his many vertues ſake a man of great renowne.
Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
So rich ere long he ſhall be left, his fathers welth is ſuch,
Such is the noblenes and honor of the race
From whence his father came: and yet thou playeſt in
this caſe
The dainty foole and ſtubborne gyrle; for want of
ſkill
Thou doſt refuſe thy offered weale, and diſobey my will.
Even by his ſtrength I ſweare, that fyrſt did geve me lyfe,
And gave me in my youth the ſtrength to get thee on my
wyfe,
Onleſſe by Wenſday next thou bend as I am bent,
And at our caſtle calde Freetowne thou freely do aſſent
To Countie Paris ſute, and promiſe to agree
To whatſoever then ſhall paſſe twixt him, my wife, and
me,
Not only will I geve all that I have away
From thee, to thoſe that ſhall me love, me honor, and
obay,

But

But alſo to ſo cloſe and to ſo hard a gayle
I ſhall thee wed, for all thy life, that ſure thou ſhalt not fayle
A thouſand times a day to wiſhe for ſodayn death,
And curſe the day and howre when fyrſt thy lunges did geve thee breath.
Adviſe thee well, and ſay that thou are warned now,
And thinke not that I ſpeake in ſporte, or mynde to break my vowe,
For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave
My fayth, which I muſt keepe unfalſt, my honor ſo to ſave,
Ere thou go hence, my ſelfe would ſee thee chaſtned ſo,
That thou ſhouldſt once for all be taught thy dutie how to knowe;
And what revenge of olde the angry ſyres did fynde
Againſt theyr children that rebeld, and ſhewd them ſelfe unkinde."

Theſe ſayde, the olde man ſtraight is gone in haſte away;
Ne for his daughters aunſwere would the teſty father ſtay.
And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,
And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the floore.
Then ſhe that oft had ſeene the fury of her ſyre,
Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther ſtyrre his yre.
Unto her chaumber ſhe withdrew her ſelfe aparte,
Where ſhe was wonted to unlode the ſorowes of her hart.
There did ſhe not ſo much buſy her eyes in ſleping,
As (overpreſt with reſtles thoughts) in piteous booteleſs weeping.
The faſt falling of teares make not her teares decreaſe,
Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cauſe of plaint to ceaſe.
So that to thend the mone and ſorow may decaye,
The beſt is that ſhe ſeek ſomme meane to take the cauſe away.
Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forſakes,
And to ſainct Frauncis church, to maſſe, her way devoutly takes.
The fryer forth is calde; ſhe prayes him heare her ſhrift;
Devotion is in ſo yong yeres a rare and pretious gyft.

When

When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,
In mynde to powre foorth all the greefe that inwardly
she feeles,
With ſighes and ſalted teares her ſhriving doth beginne,
For ſhe of heaped ſorowes hath to ſpeake, and not of
ſinne.
Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,
And haſty ſobs, when ſhe would ſpeake, brake of her
woordes perforce.
But as ſhe may, peace meale, ſhe powreth in his lappe
The mariage newes, a miſchief new, prepared by miſ-
happe;
Her parentes promiſe erſt to Counte Paris paſt,
Her fathers threats ſhe telleth him, and thus concludes at
laſt:
"Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe;
For ſince I know I may not be the wedded wyfe of twaine,
(For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,)
My purpoſe is as ſoone as I ſhall hence my jorney take,
With theſe two handes, which joynde unto the heavens
I ſtretch,
The haſty death which I deſyre, unto my ſelfe to reach.
This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife
Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.
So my departed ſprite ſhall witnes to the ſkye,
And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I
Have kept my fayth unbroke, ſtedfaſt unto my frend."
When thys her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at an
ende,
Her gaſing here and there, her feerce and ſtaring looke,
Did witnes that ſome lewd attempt her hart had under-
tooke.
Whereat the fryer aſtonde, and gaſtfully afrayde
Leſt ſhe by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her
he ſayde:
"Ah! Lady Juliet, what nede the woordes you ſpake?
I pray you, graunt me one requeſt, for bleſſed Maries
ſake.
Meaſure ſomewhat your greefe, hold here a while your
peace.
Whilſt I bethinke me of your caſe, your plaint and
ſorowes ceaſe

Such

Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
And for thaſſaults of Fortunes yre prepare ſo ſure defence,
So holeſome ſalve will I for your afflictions fynde,
That you ſhall hence depart againe with well contented mynde."
His wordes have chaſed ſtraight out of her hart deſpayre,
Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.
So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in haſte is to the chaumber gonne;
Where ſundry thoughtes within his careful head aryſe;
The old mans foreſight divers doutes hath ſet before his eyes.
His conſcience one while condemns it for a ſinne
To let her take Paris to ſpouſe, ſince he him ſelfe hath byn
The cheſeſt cauſe that ſhe unknown to father or mother,
Nor five monthes paſt, in that ſelfe place was wedded to another.
An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred
His reſtles thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.
Even of itſelfe thattempte he judged perilous;
The execution eke he demes ſo much more daungerous,
That to a womans grace he muſt him ſelfe commit,
That yong is, ſimple and unware, for waighty affayres unfit.
For, if ſhe fayle in ought, the matter publiſhed,
Both ſhe and Romeus were undone, him ſelfe eke puniſhed.
When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had caſt,
With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at laſt;
He thought he rather would in hazard ſet his fame,
Then ſuffer ſuch adultery. Reſolving on the ſame,
Out of his cloſet ſtraight he tooke a little glaſſe,
And then with double haſt retornde where woful Juliet was;
Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, ſcarce drawing breath,
Attending ſtill to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.
Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day;
"On Wenſday next, (quoth Juliet) ſo doth my father ſay,

I muſt

I muſt geve my conſent; but, as I do remember,
The ſolemne day of marriage is the tenth day of September."
"Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere ſee thou be,
For loe! ſainct Frauncis of his grace hath ſhewde a way to me,
By which I may both thee and Romeus together,
Out of the bondage which you feare, aſſuredly deliver.
Even from the holy font thy huſband have I knowne,
And, ſince he grew in yeres, have kept his counſels as myne owne.
For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,
And often have I cured him of anguiſh and of ſmart,
I know that by deſert his frendſhip I have wonne,
And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre ſonne.
Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he
Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me
To right or to revenge the wrong by my adviſe,
Or timely to prevent the ſame in any other wiſe.
And ſith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,
For Romeus frendſhip ſake, and ſeeke thy anguiſh to remove,
And dredful torments, which thy hart beſegen rounde;
Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counſels ſounde.
Forget not what I ſay, ne tell it any wight,
Not to the nurce thou truſteſt ſo, as Romeus is thy knight.
For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy lyfe,
My fame or ſhame, his weale or woe that choſe thee to his wyfe.
Thou art not ignorant, becauſe of ſuch renowne
As every where is ſpred of me, but cheſely in this towne,
That in my youthfull dayes abrode I travayled,
Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited;
So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a geſt,
I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet reſt,
But, in the deſert woodes, to beaſtes of cruell kinde,
Or on the ſeas to drenching waves, at pleaſure of the winde,

I have

I have committed them, to ruth of rovers hande,
And to a thouſand daungers more, by water and by lande:
But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandring byn;
Beſide the great contentednes my ſprete abydeth in,
That by the pleaſant thought of paſſed thinges doth grow,
One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou ſhalt ſhortly know:
What force the ſtones, the plants, and metals have to worke, [loorke,
And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do
With care I have ſought out, with payne I did them prove;
With them eke can I helpe my ſelfe at times of my behove,
(Although the ſcience be againſt the lawes of men)
When ſodayn daunger forceth me; but yet moſt cheefly when
The worke to doe is leaſt diſpleaſing unto God
(Not helping to do any ſin that wrekefull Jove forbode).
For ſince in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,
But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,
And that my death draws nere, whoſe ſtripe I may not ſhonne,
But ſhall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,
Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde
The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me blynde;
When love and fond deſyre were boyling in my breſt,
Whence hope and dred by ſtriving thoughts had baniſhd frendly reſt.
Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I
Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the ſkye,
Long ſince I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,
Of certain rootes and ſavory herbes to make a kynd of dowe,
Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fyne,
And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,
It doth in halfe an howre aſtone the taker ſo,
And maſtreth all his ſences, that he feeleth weale nor woe:

And

And ſo it burieth up the ſprite and living breath,
That even the ſkilful leche would ſay, that he is ſlayne by death.
One vertue more it hath, as marvellous as this;
The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is;
But paineleſs as a man that thinketh nought at all,
Into a ſweete and quiet ſlepe immediately doth fall;
From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,
Longer or ſhorter is the time before the ſleper waketh:
And thence (theffect once wrought) againe it doth reſtore
Him that receaved unto the ſtate wherein he was before.
Wherefore marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,
And thereby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.
Caſt of from thee at once the weede of womanniſh dread,
With manly courage arme thyſelfe from heele unto the head;
For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy breſt
The happy happe or yll miſhappe of thy affayre doth reſt.
Receve this vyoll ſmall and kepe it as thine eye;
And on the mariage day, before the ſunne doe cleare the ſkye,
Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
Then drink it of, and thou ſhalt feele throughout eche vayne and lym
A pleaſant ſlumber ſlyde, and quite diſpred at length
On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly ſtrength;
Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes ſhall reſt,
No pulſe ſhall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow breſt,
But thou ſhalt lye as ſhe that dyeth in a traunce:
Thy kinſmen and thy truſty frendes ſhall wayle the ſodayne chaunce;
Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church-yarde,
Where thy forefathers long agoe a coſtly tombe preparde,
Both for them ſelfe and eke for thoſe that ſhould come after,
(Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou ſhalt reſt, my daughter,
Till I to Mantua ſende for Romeus, thy knight;
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.

And

And when out of thy ſlepe thou ſhalt awake agayne,
Then may'ſt thou goe with him from hence; and, healed
of thy payne,
In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleaſant lyfe;
And yet perhaps in tyme to comme, when ceaſe ſhall all
the ſtryfe,
And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,
My ſelfe may finde ſo fit a time theſe ſecretes to diſcloſe,
Both to my prayſe, and to thy tender parentes joy,
That dangerles, without reproche, thou ſhalt thy love
enjoy."
When of his ſkilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,
To which our Juliet ſo well her care and wits did bende,
That ſhe hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,
Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleaſant
thought,
And then to him ſhe ſayd—"Doubt not but that I will
With ſtout and unapauled hart your happy heſt fulfill.
Yea, if I wiſt it were a venemous dedly drinke,
Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane
ſhould ſinke,
Then I, not drinking it, into his handes ſhould fall,
That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.
Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart
To greateſt daunger yeld my ſelfe, and to the dedly ſmart,
To come to him on whom my lyfe doth wholly ſtay,
That is my onely harts delight; and ſo he ſhall be aye."
Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye
Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.
God graunt he ſo confirme in thee thy preſent will,
That no inconſtant toy thee let thy promiſe to fulfill."
A thouſand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,
And homeward to her fathers houſe joyfull ſhe doth retyre;
And as with ſtately gate ſhe paſſed through the ſtreate,
She ſaw her mother in the doore, that with her there
would meete,
In mynde to aſke if ſhe her purpoſe yet dyd hold,
In mynde alſo, apart twixt them, her duety to have tolde;
Wherefore with pleaſant face, and with wonted chere,
As ſoone as ſhe was unto her approached ſumwhat nere,
Before the mother ſpake, thus dyd ſhe fyrſt begyn:
"Madame, at ſainct Frauncis churche have I this morn-
ing byn,

Where

Where I did make abode a longer while, percaſe,
Then dewty would; yet have I not been abſent from this
place
So long a while, without a great and juſt cauſe why;
This frute have I receaved there;—my hart, erſt lyke to
dye,
Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted breſt,
Releaſed from affliction, reſtored is to reſt!
For lo! my trouble goſt, alas too ſore diſeaſde
By goſtly counſell and adviſe hath fryer Lawrence eaſde;
To whom I dyd at large diſcourſe my former lyfe,
And in confeſſion did I tell of all our paſſed ſtryfe:
Of Counte Paris ſute, and how my lord, my fyre,
By my ungrate and ſtubborne ſtryfe I ſtyrred unto yre,
But lo, the holy fryer hath by his goſtly lore
Made me another woman now than I had been before.
By ſtrength of argumentes he charged ſo my mynde,
That, though I ſought, no ſure defence my ſearching
thought could finde.
So forced I was at length to yeld up wirles will,
And promiſt to be ordered by the fryers prayſed ſkill.
Wherefore, albeit I had raſhely, long before,
The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forſwore,
Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleaſure to
fulfill,
Wherefore in humble wiſe, deere madam, I you pray,
To go unto my lord and fyre, withouten long delay;
Of him fyrſt pardon crave of faultes already paſt,
And ſhew him, if it pleaſeth you, his child is now at laſt
Obedient to his juſt and to his ſkilfull heſt,
And that I will, God lendeth lyfe, on Wenſday next, be
preſt
To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
Where I will, in your hearing, and before my fathers face,
Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole aſſent,
And take him for my lord and ſpouſe; thus fully am I
bent;
And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,
Unto my cloſet fare I now, to ſearche and to chooſe out
The braveſt garmentes and the richeſt jewels there.
Which, better him to pleaſe, I mynde on Wenſday next
to weare.

For

For if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,
Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my
shape."
The simple mother was rapt into great delight;
Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull
plight
With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace,
Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face
She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer;
And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-
berded syre.
With hands and eyes heaved-up he thankes God in his
hart,
And then he sayth: "This is not, wyfe, the fryers first
desart;
Oft hath he showde to us great frendship heretofore,
By helping us at nedefull times with wisdomes pretious
lore.
In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde
But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father
bounde.
Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)
But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne!
So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,
So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth
greeve."
These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight
abrode,
And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;
Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his geast,
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly
feast.
But loe, the earle saith, such feasting were but lost,
And counsels him till mariage time to spare so great a cost.
For then he knoweth well the charges will be great;
The whilst, his hart desyreth still her sight, and not his
meate.
He craves of Capilet that he may straight go see
Fayre Juliet; wherto he doth right willingly agree.
The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare;
She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyse she
spare

He

Her courteous ſpeche, her pleaſant lookes, and commely grace,
But liberally to geve them foorth when Paris comes in place:
Which ſhe as cunningly could ſet forth to the ſhew,
As cunning craftſmen to the ſale do ſet theyr wares on rew;
That ere the County dyd out of her ſight depart,
So ſecretly unwares to him ſhe ſtale away his hart,
That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre;
And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted howre,
And with importune ſute the parents doth he pray
The wedlocke knot to knit ſoone up, and haſt the mariage day.
The woer hath paſt forth the fyrſt day in this ſort,
And many other more then this, in pleaſure and diſport.
At length the wiſhed time of long hoped delight
(As Paris thought) drew nere; but nere approached heavy plight.
Againſt the brydall day the parentes did prepare
Such rich attyre, ſuch furniture, ſuch ſtore of dainty fare
That they which did behold the ſame the night before,
Did thinke and ſay, a man could ſcarcely wiſh for any more.
Nothing did ſeeme to deere; the deereſt thinges were bought;
And, as the written ſtory ſayth, in ded there wanted nought,
That longd to his degree, and honour of his ſtocke:
But Juliet, the whilſt, her thoughts within her breſt did locke;
Even from the truſty nurce, whoſe ſacrednes was tride,
The ſecret counſell of her hart the nurce-childe ſeekes to hyde.
For ſith, to mocke her dame, ſhe did not ſticke to lye,
She thought no ſinne with ſhew of truth to blear her nurces eye.
In chaumber ſecretly the tale ſhe gan renew,
That at the doore ſhe told her dame, as though it had been trew.
The flattring nurce dyd prayſe the fryer for his ſkill,
And ſaid that ſhe had done right well by wit to order will.

She ſetteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,
And eke ſhe prayſeth much to her the ſecond mariage;
And County Paris now ſhe prayſeth ten times more,
By wrong, then ſhe her ſelfe by right had Romeus prayſde before.
Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill, Romeus ſhall not retourne;
What ſhall it boote her all her lyfe to languiſhe ſtill and mourne.
The pleaſures paſt before ſhe muſt account as gayne;
But if he doe retorne—what then?—for one ſhe ſhall have twayne.
The one ſhall uſe her as his lawful wedded wyfe;
In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe;
And beſt ſhall ſhe be ſped of any towniſh dame,
Of huſband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.
Theſe words and like the nurce did ſpeake, in hope to pleaſe,
But greatly did theſe wicked wordes the ladies mynde diſeaſe;
But ay ſhe hid her wrath, and ſeemed well-content,
When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.
But when the bryde perceved her howre aproched nere,
She ſought, the beſt ſhe could, to fayne, and temperd ſo her cheere,
That by her outward looke no living wight could geſſe
Her inward woe; and yet anew renewde is her diſtreſſe.
Unto her chaumber doth the penſive wight repayre,
And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the ſtayre.
In Juliets chaumber was her wonted uſe to lye;
Wherefore her miſtres, dreading that ſhe ſhould her work deſcrye,
As ſoone as ſhe began her pallet to unfold,
Thinking to lye that night where ſhe was wont to lye of olde,
Doth gently pray her ſeeke her lodging ſome where els;
And, leſt the crafty ſhould ſuſpect, a ready reaſon telles,
" Dere frend, quoth ſhe, you knowe, tomorrow is the day
Of new contract; wherefore, this night, my purpoſe is to pray

Unto

Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the ſkyes,
And order all the courſe of thinges as they can beſt devyſe,
That they ſo ſmyle upon the doinges of tomorrow,
That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from ſorow:
Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
But ſee that you tomorrow comme before the dawning light,
For you muſt coorle my heare, and ſet on my attyre;"—
And eaſely the loving nurce did yelde to her deſyre.
For ſhe within her hed dyd caſt before no doute;
She little knew the cloſe attempt her nurce-child went about.
The nurce departed once, the chamber doore ſhut cloſe,
Aſſured that no living wight her doing might diſcloſe,
She powred forth into the vyoll of the fryer,
Water, out of a ſilver ewer, that on the boorde ſtood by her.
The ſlepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde
Under her bolſter ſoft, and ſo unto her bed ſhe hyed;
Where divers novel thoughts ariſe within her hed,
And ſhe is ſo environed about with deadly dred,
That what before ſhe had reſolved undoubtedly
That ſame ſhe calleth into doute: and lying doutefully
Whilſt honeſt love did ſtrive with dred of dedly payne,
With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan ſhe to complaine:
"What, is there any one, beneath the heavens hye,
So much unfortunate as I? ſo much paſt hope as I?
What, am I not my ſelfe, of all that yet were borne,
The depeſt drenched in deſpayre, and moſt in Fortunes ſkorne?
For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
Beſides miſhap and wretchednes and anguiſh of the mynde;
Since that the cruell cauſe of my unhappines
Hath put me to this ſodyne plonge, and brought to ſuch diſtres.
As, to the end I may my name and conſcience ſave,
I muſt devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,
Whoſe working and whoſe force as yet I do not know.—"
And of this piteous plaint began an other doute to growe:

" What do I know (quoth ſhe) if that this powder ſhall
Sooner or later then it ſhould or els not woorke at all?
And then my craft deſcryde as open as the day,
The peoples tale and laughing ſtocke ſhall I remayne for aye.
And what know I, quoth ſhe, if ſerpents odious,
And other beaſtes and wormes that are of nature venomous,
That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found,
Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I ſhall lye as ded?—
Or how ſhall I that alway have in ſo freſhe ayre been bred,
Endure the loathſome ſtinke of ſuch an heaped ſtore
Of carcaſes, not yet conſumde, and bones that long before
Intombed were, where I my ſleping place ſhall have,
Where all my anceſtors do reſt, my kindreds common grave?
Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
Fynd me, if I awake before, y-ſtifled in the tomb;"
And whilſt ſhe in theſe thoughts doth dwell ſomwhat too long,
The force of her ymagining anon did waxe ſo ſtrong,
That ſhe ſurmiſde ſhe ſaw, out of the hollow vaulte,
A griſly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt;
Right in the ſelfe ſame ſort that ſhe few dayes before
Had ſeene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded ſore.
And then when ſhe agayne within her ſelfe had wayde
That quicke ſhe ſhould be buried there, and by his ſide be layde,
All comfortles, for ſhe ſhall living feere have none,
But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;
Her daynty tender partes gan ſhever all her dred,
Her golden heares did ſtande upright upon her chilliſh hed.
Then preſſed with the feare that ſhe there lived in,
A ſweat as colde as mountayne yſe pearſt through her ſlender ſkin.
That with the moyſture hath wet every part of hers:
And more beſides, ſhe vainely thinkes, whilſt vainly thus ſhe feares,
A thouſand

A thouſand bodies dead have compaſt her about,
And leſt they will diſmember her ſhe greatly ſtandes in doute.
But when ſhe felt her ſtrength began to weare a away,
By little and little, and in her hart her feare increaſed ay,
Dreading that weaknes might, or fooliſh cowardiſe,
Hinder the execution of the purpoſde enterpriſe;
As ſhe had frantike been, in haſt the glaſſe ſhe cought,
And up ſhe dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.
Then on her breſt ſhe croſt her armes long and ſmall,
And ſo, her ſenſes fayling her, into a traunce did fall.
And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his ſeemely hed,
And from the Eaſt in open ſkies his gliſtring rayes diſpred,
The nurce unſhut the doore, for ſhe the key did keepe,
And douting ſhe had ſlept to long, ſhe thought to breake her ſlepe;
Fyrſt ſoftly dyd ſhe call, then lowder thus did crye,
"Lady, you ſlepe to long, the earle will rayſe you by and by."
But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe ſhe calles,
She thinkes to ſpeake to Juliet, but ſpeaketh to the walles.
If all the dredfull noyſe that might on earth be found,
Or on the roaring ſeas, or if the dredfull thunders ſound,
Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make
The ſleping wight before the time by any meanes awake;
So were the ſprites of lyfe ſhut up, and ſenſes thrald;
Wherewith the ſeely carefull nurce was wondrouſly apalde.
She thought to daw her now as ſhe had donne of olde,
But loe, ſhe found her parts were ſtiffe and more than marble colde;
Neither at mouth nor noſe found ſhe recourſe of breth;
Two certaine argumentes were theſe of her untimely death.
Wherefore as one diſtraught ſhe to her mother ranne,
With ſcratched face, and heare betorne, but no word ſpeake ſhe can,
At laſt with much adoe, "Dead (quoth ſhe) is my childe;"
Now, "Out alas," the mother cryde;—and as a tyger wilde,

Whoſe whelpes, whilſt ſhe is gonne out of her den to pray,
The hunter gredy of his game doth kill or cary away;
So raging forth ſhe ran unto her Juliets bed,
And there ſhe found her derling and her onely comfort ded.
Then ſhriked ſhe out as lowde as ſerve her would her breth,
And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde ſhe out on death:
" Ah cruell death (quoth ſhe) that thus againſt all right,
Haſt ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worſt to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,
Even in deſpite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.
Wherto ſtay I, alas! ſince Juliet is gonne?
Wherto live I ſince ſhe is dead, except to wayle and mone.
Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee ſhall never ceaſe;
Even as my dayes of lyfe increaſe, ſo ſhall my plaint increaſe:
Such ſtore of ſorow ſhall afflict my tender hart,
That dedly pangs, when they aſſayle, ſhall not augment my ſmart."
Then gan ſhe ſo to ſobbe, it ſeemde her hart would braſt;
And while ſhe cryeth thus, behold, the father at the laſt,
The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,
And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,
Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preaſt,
For by theyr preſence there they ſought to honor ſo the feaſt;
But when the heavy newes the byden geaſtes did heare,
So much they mournd, that who had ſeene theyr countenance and theyr cheere,
Might eaſely have judgde by that that they had ſeene,
That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.
But more then all the reſt the fathers hart was ſo
Smit with the heavy newes, and ſo ſhut up with ſodayn woe,
That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to ſpeake, but long is forſd his teares and plaint to kepe.
In all the haſt he hath for ſkilfull leaches ſent;
And, hearing of her paſſed life, they judge with one aſſent

The cauſe of this her death was inward care and thought;
And then with double force againe the doubled ſorowes wrought.
If ever there hath been a lamentable day,
A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I ſay,
The ſame was it in which through Veron town was ſpred
The wofull newes how Juliet was ſterved in her bed.
For ſo ſhe was bemonde both of the young and olde,
That it might ſeeme to him that would the common plaint behold,
That all the common welth did ſtand in jeopardy;
So univerſal was the plaint, ſo piteous was the crye.
For loe, beſide her ſhape and native bewties hewe,
With which, like as ſhe grew in age, her vertues prayſes grew,
She was alſo ſo wiſe, ſo lowly, and ſo mylde,
That, even from the hory head unto the witles chylde,
She wan the hartes of all, ſo that there was not one,
Ne great, ne ſmall, but did that day her wretched ſtate bemone.
Whilſt Juliet ſlept, and whilſt the other wepen thus,
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this ſent one to Romeus,
A frier of his houſe, (there never was a better,
He truſted him even as himſelfe) to whom he gave a letter,
In which he written had of every thing at length,
That paſt twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders ſtrength;
The next night after that, he willeth him to comme
To help to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,
For by that time, the drinke, he ſaith, will ceaſe to woorke,
And for one night his wife and he within his cell ſhall loorke;
Then ſhall he cary her to Mantua away,
(Till fickell Fortune favour him,) diſguyſde in mans aray.
This letter cloſde he ſendes to Romeus by his brother;
He chargeth him that in no caſe he geve it any other.
Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes;
And, for becauſe in Italy it is a wonted gyſe

That

That friers in the towne ſhould ſeeldome walke alone,
But of theyr covent aye ſhould be accompanide with one,
Of his profeſſion ſtraight a houſe he fyndeth out,
In mynd to take ſome fryer with him, to walke the towne about.
But entred once, he might not iſſue out agayne,
For that a brother of the houſe a day before or twayne
Dyed of the plague, a ſicknes which they greatly feare and hate;
So were the brethren charged to kepewithin their convent gate,
Bard of theyr fellowſhip that in the towne do wonne;
The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers houſe to ſhonne,
Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome ſhould renew;
Whereof, as you ſhall ſhortly heare, a miſcheefe great there grewe.
The fryer by this reſtraint, beſet with dred and ſorow,
Not knowing what the letters held, differed untill the morowe;
And then he thought in time to ſend to Romeus.
But whilſt at Mantua, where he was, theſe doings framed thus,
The towne of Juliets byrth was wholy buſied
About her obſequies, to ſee theyr darling buried.
Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,
And now to ſorow is retornde the joy of every one;
And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they chaunge,
And hymene into a dyrge;—alas! it ſeemeth ſtraunge:
Inſteade of mariage gloves, now funerall gownes they have,
And whom they ſhould ſee married, they follow to the grave.
The feaſt that ſhould have been of pleaſure and of joy,
Hath every diſh and cup fild full of ſorow and annoye.
Now throughout Italy this common uſe they have,
That all the beſt of every ſtocke are earthed in one grave;
For every houſhold, if it be of any fame;
Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the houſholdes name;

Wherein,

Wherein, if any of that kyndred hap to dye,
They are beſtowde; els in the ſame no other corps may lye.
The Capilets her corps in ſuch a one did lay,
Where Tybalt ſlaine of Romeus was layde the other day.
An other uſe there is, that whoſoever dyes,
Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,
In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding ſheet.
So, as by chaunce he walked abrode, our Romeus man did meete
His maſters wife; the ſight with ſorowe ſtraight did wounde
His honeſt heart; with teares he ſaw her lodged under ground.
And, for he had been ſent to Verone for a ſpye,
The doinges of the Capilets by wiſdom to deſcrye,
And, for he knew her death dyd tooch his maiſter moſt,
Alas! too ſoone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in poſt:
And in his houſe he found his maiſter Romeus,
Where he, beſprent with many teares, began to ſpeake him thus:
"Syr, unto you of late is chaunced ſo great a harme,
That ſure, except with conſtancy you ſeeke yourſelfe to arme,
I feare that ſtraight you will breathe out your latter breath,
And I, moſt wretched wight, ſhall be thoccaſion of your death.
Know ſyr, that yeſterday, my lady and your wife,
I wot not by what ſodain greefe, hath made exchaunge of life;
And for becauſe on earth ſhe found nought but unreſt,
In heaven hath ſhe ſought to fynde a place of quiet reſt;
And with theſe weping eyes my ſelfe have ſeene her layde
Within the tombe of Capilets:"—and herewithall he ſtayde.
This ſodayne meſſage founde, ſent forth with ſighes and teares,
Our Romeus receaved too ſoone with open liſtening eares;

And

And therby hath ſonke ſuch ſorow in his hart,
That loe, his ſprite annoyed ſore with torment and with ſmart,
Was like to break out of his priſon-houſe perforce,
And that he might flye after hers, would leave the maſſy corce:
But earneſt love that will not fayle him till his ende,
This fond and ſodaine fantaſy into his head dyd ſende;
That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,
That then an hundred thouſand parts more glorious were his death:
Eke ſhould his painfull hart a great deale more be eaſed,
And more alſo, he vainly thought, his lady better pleaſed.
Wherefore when he his face hath waſht with water cleane,
Leſt that the ſtaynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be ſeene,
And ſo his ſorow ſhould of every one be ſpyde,
Which he with all his care did ſeeke from every one to hyde,
Straight, wery of the houſe, he walketh forth abrode;
His ſervant, at the maſters heſt, in chaumber ſtill abode:
And then fro ſtreate to ſtreate he wandreth up and downe,
To ſee if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
A ſalve meet for his ſore, an oyle fit for his wounde;
And ſeeking long, alac too ſoone! the thing he ſought, he founde.
An apothecary ſate unbuſied at his doore,
Whom by his heavy countenance he geſſed to be poore.
And in his ſhop he ſaw his boxes were but few,
And in his window of his wares there was ſo ſmall a ſhew;
Wherefore our Romeus aſſuredly hath thought,
What by no frendſhip could be got, with money ſhould be bought;
For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell
To ſell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to ſell.
Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
And with the ſight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart:
"Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,
So that, before I part from hence, thou ſtraight deliver me

Somme

Somme poyſon ſtrong, that may in leſſe than halfe an howre
Kill him whoſe wretched hap ſhall be the potion to devowre."
The wretch by covetiſe is wonne, and doth aſſent
To ſell the thing, whoſe ſale ere long, too late, he doth repent.
In haſte he poyſon ſought, and cloſely he it bounde,
And then began with whiſpering yoyce thus in his eare to rounde:
"Fayr ſyr, quoth he, be ſure this is the ſpeding gere,
And more there is than you ſhall nede; for halfe of that is there
Will ſerve, I undertake, in leſſe than halfe an howre
To kill the ſtrongeſt man alive; ſuch is the poyſons power."
Then Romeus, ſomwhat eaſd of one part of his care,
Within his boſome putteth up his dere unthriſty ware.
Retoorning home agayne, he ſent his man away,
To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,
Provyde both inſtruments to open wide the toombe,
And lightes to ſhew him Juliet; and ſtay, till he ſhall comme,
Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth reſt,
And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his breſt.
Peter, theſe heard, his leave doth of his maſter take;
Betimes he commes to towne, ſuch haſt the painfull man dyd make:
And then with buſy care he ſeeketh to fulfill,
But doth diſcloſe unto no wight his wofull maſters will.
Would God, he had herein broken his maſters heſt!
Would God, that to the frier he had diſcloſed all his breſt!
But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought
Provoked much, hath cauſed inke and paper to be brought,
And in few lines he did of all his love dyſcoorſe,
How by the friers helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorſe,
The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night
And many moe he did enjoy his happy hap's delight;

Where

Where he the poyſon bought, and how his lyſe ſhould ende;
And ſo his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.
The letter cloſd and ſeald, directed to his ſyre,
He locketh in his purſe, and then a poſt-hors doth he hyre.
When he approched nere, he warely lighted downe,
And even with the ſhade of night he entred Verone towne;
Where he hath found his man, wayting when he ſhould comme,
With lanterne, and with inſtruments to open Juliets toomme.
Helpe, Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the ſtone,
And ſtraight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
I charge thee that thou comme not nere while I abyde beneath
Ne ſeeke thou not to let thy maſters enterpriſe,
Which he hath fully purpoſed to doe, in any wiſe.
Take there a letter, which, as ſoone as he ſhall ryſe,
Preſent it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes;
Which unto him perhaps farre pleaſanter ſhall ſeeme,
Than eyther I do mynd to ſay, or thy groſe head can deeme.
Now Peter, that knew not the purpoſe of his hart,
Obediently a little way withdrewe himſelſe apart;
And then our Romeus, the valt ſtone ſet upright,
Deſcended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.
And then with piteous eye the body of his wyſe
He gan behold, who ſurely was the organ of his lyſe;
For whom unhappy now he is, but erſt was blyſt;
He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyſt;
And in his folded armes full ſtraightly he her plight,
But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her ſight:
His fearfull handes he layde upon her ſtomach colde,
And them on diverſe parts beſyde the woſull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd the ſignes of lyſe he ſought,
Out of his curſed box he drew the poyſon that he bought;

Whereof

Whereof he gredely devowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde, with dedly ſigh fetcht from his mourning hart—
"O Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,
From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy goſt did paſſe,
What death more pleaſant could my hart wiſh to abyde
Then that which here it ſuffereth now, ſo nere thy frendly ſyde?
Or els ſo glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,
As in one ſelfe ſame vaulte with thee haply to be ingraved;
What epitaph more worth, or halfe ſo excellent,
To conſecrate my memorye, could any man invent,
As this our mutual and our piteous ſacrifice
Of lyfe ſet light for love?"—but while he talketh in this wiſe,
And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
His tender hart began to ſaynt, preſt with the venoms force;
Which little and little gan to overcomme his hart,
And whilſt his buſy eyne he threw about to every part,
He ſaw, hard by the corce of ſleping Juliet,
Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all conſumed yet.
To whom, as having life, in this ſort ſpeaketh he:
"Ah coſin dere, Tybalt, where ſo thy reſtles ſprite now be,
With ſtretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
But with revenging luſt as yet thy hart be ſet on fyre,
What more amendes, or cruell wreake deſyreſt thou
To ſee on me, then this which here is ſhewd forth to thee now?
Who reſt by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,
The ſame with his owne hand, thou ſeeſt, doth poyſon himſelfe to death.
And for he cauſed thee in tombe too ſoone to lye,
Too ſoone alſo, yonger then thou, himſelfe he layeth by."
Theſe ſayd, when he gan feele the poyſons force prevayle,
And little and little maſtred lyfe for aye began to fayle,

Kneeling

Kneeling upon his knees, he ſaid with voyce full lowe,—
" Lord Chriſt, that ſo to raunſome me deſcendedſt long agoe
Out of thy fathers boſome, and in the virgins wombe
Didſt put on fleſhe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,
Perce through the ayre, and graunt my ſute may favour finde;
Take pity on my ſinneful and my poore affected mynde!
For well enough I know, this body is but clay,
Nought but a maſſe of ſinne, to frayle, and ſubject to decay."
Then preſſed with extreme greefe he threw with ſo great force
His overpreſſed parts upon his ladies wayled corps,
That now his weakened hart, weakened with torments paſt,
Unable to abyde this pang, the ſharpeſt and the laſt,
Remayned quite deprived of ſenſe and kindly ſtrength,
And ſo the long impriſoned ſoule hath freedome wonne at length.
Ah cruell death, too ſoone, too ſoone, was this devorce,
Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly ſprite, and his fayre earthy corſe.
The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
Knew eke the very inſtant when the ſleper ſhould awaken;
But wondring that he could no kinde of aunſwere heare,
Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,
Out of Sainct Frauncis church himſelfe alone dyd fare,
And for the opening of the tombe meete inſtruments he bare.
Approching nigh the place, and ſeeing there the light,
Great horror felt he in his hart, by ſtraunge and ſodaine ſight;
Till Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,
When of his maſters being there the certain newes he tolde:
" There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the leaſt,
And in this time, I dare well ſay, his plaint hath ſtill increaſt."

Then

Then both they entered in, where they alas! dyd fynde
The bretheles corps of Romeus, forſaken of the mynde;
Where they have made ſuch mone, as they may beſt conceve,
That have with perfect frendſhip loved, whoſe frend feerce death dyd reve.
But whilſt with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewept,
An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of ſlepe [3]:
And

[3] In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakſpeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and loſing ſo happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting ſcene. He was miſled, we ſee, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be diſpleaſed to compare the concluſion of this celebrated ſtory as it ſtands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the preſent poem. It is as follows:

"So favourable was fortune to this his laſt purpoſe, that on the evening of the day ſubſequent to the lady's funeral, undiſcovered by any, he entered Verona, and there awaited the coming of night; and now perceiving that all was ſilent, he betook himſelf to the monaſtery of the Minor Friars, where was the vault. The church, where theſe monks then dwelt, was in the citadel, though ſince for what reaſon I know not, they have transferred their habitation to the Borgo di S. Zeno, in that place which is now called Santo Bernardino; yet is it certain that their former manſion had been inhabited by Saint Francis himſelf. Near the walls of this church, on the outſide, were at that time certain buildings, ſuch as we uſually ſee adjoining to churches, one of which was the ancient ſepulcher of the Capelletti family, and in this the fair damſel had been depoſited. At this place, about four hours after midnight, Romeo being arrived, and having, as a man of ſuperior ſtrength, by force raiſed the ſtone which covered the vault, and, with certain wedges, which he had brought with him for that purpoſe, having ſo prop'd it that it could not be faſtened down contrary to his deſire, he entered, and recloſed the entrance.

"The unhappy youth, that he might behold his lady, had brought with him a dark lantern, which, after cloſing the vault, he drew forth, and opened; and there, amidſt the bones and fragments of many dead bodies, he beheld the fair Julietta lying as if dead. Whence ſuddenly breaking out into a flood of tears, he thus began: O eyes, which, while it pleaſed the Heavens, were to my eyes the brighteſt lights! O lips, by me a thouſand times ſo ſweetly kiſſed, and from whence were heard the words of wiſdom! O beauteous breaſt, in which my heart rejoiced to dwell! where do I now find you, blind, mute, and cold? how without you do I ſee, do I ſpeak, do I live? Alas, my miſerable lady, whither haſt thou been conducted by that love, whoſe will it now is that this narrow ſpace ſhall both deſtroy and lodge two wretched lovers! Ah me! an end like this my hope promiſed not, nor that deſire which firſt inflamed me with love for you!

And much amaſde to ſee in tombe ſo great a light,
She wiſt not if ſhe ſaw a dreame, or ſprite that walkd by night.

But

you! O unfortunate life, why do I ſupport you? and ſo ſaying, he covered with kiſſes her eyes, her lips, her breaſt, burſting every inſtant into more abundant lamentation; in the midſt of which he cried, O, ye walls, which hang over me, why do you not render my life ſtill more ſhort by cruſhing me in your ruin? But ſince death is at all times in our power, it is daſtardly to deſire it, and not to ſnatch it: and, with theſe words, he drew forth from his ſleeve the vial of deadly poiſon, which he had there concealed, and thus proceeded: I know not what deſtiny conducts me to die in the midſt of my enemies, of thoſe by me ſlain, and in their ſepulcher; but ſince, O my ſoul, thus near my love it delights us to die, here let us die! and, approaching to his lips the mortal draught, he received it entire into his boſom; when embracing the beloved maid, and ſtrongly ſtraining her to his breaſt, he cried,—O thou beauteous body, the utmoſt limit of all my deſires, if, after the ſoul is departed, any ſentiment yet remains in you, or, if that ſoul now beholds my cruel fate, let it not be diſpleaſing to you, that, unable to live with you joyfully and openly, at the leaſt I ſhould die with you ſadly and ſecretly;—and holding the body ſtraitly embraced, he awaited death.

"The hour was now arrived, when by the natural heat of the damſel the cold and powerful effects of the powder ſhould have been overcome, and when ſhe ſhould awake; and accordingly, embraced and violently agitated by Romeo, ſhe awoke in his arms, and, ſtarting into life, after a heavy ſigh, ſhe cried, Alas, where am I? who is it thus embraces me? by whom am I thus kiſſed? and, believing it was the Friar Lorenzo, ſhe exclaimed, Do you thus, O friar, keep your faith with Romeo? is it thus you ſafely conduct me to him? Romeo, perceiving the lady to be alive, wondered exceedingly, and thinking perhaps on Pigmalion, he ſaid, Do you not know me, O my ſweet lady? ſee you not that I am your wretched ſpouſe, ſecretly and alone come from Mantua to periſh by you? Julietta, ſeeing herſelf in the monument, and perceiving that ſhe was in the arms of one who called himſelf Romeo, was well nigh out of her ſenſes, and puſhing him a little from her, and gazing on his face, ſhe inſtantly knew him, and embracing gave him a thouſand kiſſes, ſaying, What folly has excited you, with ſuch imminent danger, to enter here? Was it not ſufficient to have underſtood by my letters how I had contrived, with the help of Friar Lorenzo, to feign death, and that I ſhould ſhortly have been with you? The unhappy youth, then perceiving his fatal miſtake, thus began: O miſerable lot! O wretched Romeo! O, by far the moſt afflicted of all lovers! On this ſubject never have I received your letters! and he then proceeded to inform her how Pietro had given him intelligence of her pretended death, as if it had been real, whence, believing her dead, he had, in order to accompany her in death, even

there

But cumming to her ſelfe ſhe knew them, and ſaid thus: "What, fryer Lawrence, is it you? where is my Romeus?

And

there cloſe by her, taken the poiſon, which, as moſt ſubtile, he already felt, had ſent forth death through all his limbs.

"The unfortunate damſel hearing this, remained ſo overpowered with grief, that ſhe could do nothing but tear her lovely locks, and beat and bruiſe her innocent breaſt; and, at length to Romeo, who already lay ſupine, kiſſing him often, and pouring over him a flood of tears, more pale than aſhes, and trembling all over, ſhe thus ſpoke: Muſt you then, O, lord of my heart, muſt you then die in my preſence, and through my means! and will the heavens permit that I ſhould ſurvive you, though but for a moment? Wretched me! O, that I could at leaſt transfer my life to you, and die alone!—to which, with a languid voice the youth replied: If ever my faith and my love were dear to you, live, O my beſt hope; by theſe I conjure you, that after my death, life ſhould not be diſpleaſing to you, if for no other reaſon, at leaſt that you may think on him, who, penetrated with paſſion, for your ſake, and before your dear eyes, now periſhes! To this the damſel anſwered: If for my pretended death you now die, what ought I to do for yours which is real? It only grieves me that here, in your preſence, I have not the means of death, and, inaſmuch as I ſurvive you, I deteſt myſelf! yet ſtill will I hope that ere long, as I have been the cauſe, ſo ſhall I be the companion of your death: And, having with difficulty ſpoken theſe words, ſhe fainted, and, again returning to life, buſied herſelf in ſad endeavours to gather with her ſweet lips the extreme breath of her deareſt lover, who now haſtily approached his end.

"In this interval Friar Lorenzo had been informed how and when the damſel had drunk the potion, as alſo that upon a ſuppoſition of her death ſhe had been buried; and, knowing that the time was now arrived when the powder ſhould ceaſe to operate, taking with him a truſty companion, about an hour before day he came to the vault; where being arrived, he heard the cries and lamentations of the lady, and, through a crevice in the cover, ſeeing a light within, he was greatly ſurpriſed, and imagined that, by ſome means or other, the damſel had contrived to convey with her a lamp into the tomb; and that now, having awaked, ſhe wept and lamented, either through fear of the dead bodies by which ſhe was ſurrounded, or perhaps from the apprehenſion of being for ever immured in this diſmal place: and having, with the aſſiſtance of his companion, ſpeedily opened the tomb, he beheld Julietta, who, with hair all diſheveled, and ſadly grieving, had raiſed herſelf ſo far as to be ſeated, and had taken into her lap her dying lover. To her he thus addreſſed himſelf: Did you then fear, O my daughter, that I ſhould have left you to die here incloſed? and ſhe, ſeeing the friar, and redoubling her lamentations, anſwered: Far from it; my only fear is that you will drag me hence alive!—alas, for the love of God, away, and cloſe the ſepulcher, that I may here periſh,—

And then the auncient frier, that greatly ſtood in feare
Leſt if they lingred over long they ſhould be taken
theare,

In

or rather reach me a knife, that piercing my breaſt, I may rid myſelf of my woes! O, my father, my father! is it thus you have ſent me the letter? are theſe my hopes of happy marriage? is it thus you have conducted me to my Romeo? behold him here in my boſom already dead!—and, pointing to him, ſhe recounted all that had paſſed. The friar, hearing theſe things, ſtood as one bereft of ſenſe, and gazing upon the young man, then ready to paſs from this into another life, bitterly weeping, he called to him, ſaying, O, Romeo, what hard hap has torn you from me? ſpeak to me at leaſt! caſt your eyes a moment upon me! O, Romeo, behold your deareſt Julietta, who, beſeeches you to look at her. Why at the leaſt will you not anſwer her in whoſe dear boſom you lie? At the beloved name of his miſtreſs, Romeo raiſed a little his languid eyes, weighed down by the near approach of death, and, looking at her, recloſed them; and, immediately after, death thrilling through his whole frame, all convulſed, and heaving a ſhort ſigh, he expired.

"The miſerable lover being now dead in the manner I have related, as the day was already approaching, after much lamentation the friar thus addreſſed the young damſel:—And you Julietta, what do you mean to do?—to which ſhe inſtantly replied,—here incloſed will I die. Say not ſo, daughter, ſaid he; come forth from hence; for, though I know not well how to diſpoſe of you, the means can not be wanting of ſhutting yourſelf up in ſome holy monaſtery, where you may continually offer your ſupplications to God, as well for yourſelf as for your deceaſed huſband, if he ſhould need your prayers. Father, replied the lady, one favour alone I entreat of you, which for the love you bear to the memory of him,—and ſo ſaying ſhe pointed to Romeo,—you will willingly grant me, and that is, that you will never make known our death, that ſo our bodies may for ever remain united in this ſepulcher: and if, by any accident, the manner of our dying ſhould be diſcovered, by the love already mentioned I conjure you, that in both our names you would implore our miſerable parents that they ſhould make no difficulty of ſuffering thoſe whom love has conſumed in one fire, and conducted to one death, to remain in one and the ſame tomb;—then turning to the proſtrate body of Romeo, whoſe head ſhe had placed on a pillow which had been left with her in the vault, having carefully cloſed his eyes, and bathing his cold viſage with his tears,—lord of my heart, ſaid ſhe, without you what ſhould I do with life? and what more remains to be done by me toward you but to follow you in death? certainly nothing more! in order that death itſelf, which alone could poſſibly have ſeparated you from me, ſhould not now be able to part us!—and having thus ſpoken, reflecting upon the horrour of her deſtiny, and calling to mind the loſs of her dear lover, determined no longer to live, ſhe ſuppreſſed her reſpiration, and for a long ſpace holding in her

In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,
And with his fingar ſhew'd his corps out-ſtretched, ſtiffe, and colde;
And then perſuaded her with patience to abyde
This ſodain great miſchaunce; and ſayth, that he will ſoone provyde
In ſome religious houſe for her a quiet place,
Where ſhe may ſpend the reſt of lyfe, and where in time percaſe
She may with wiſdomes meane meaſure her mourning breſt,
And unto her tormented ſoule call back exiled reſt.
But loe, as ſoone as ſhe had caſt her ruthfull eye
On Romeus face, that pale and wan faſt by her ſide dyd lye,
Straight way ſhe dyd unſtop the conduits of her teares,
And out they guſhe;—with cruell hand ſhe tare her golden heares.
But when ſhe neither could her ſwelling ſorow ſwage,
Ne yet her tender hart abyde her ſicknes furious rage,
Falne on his corps, ſhe lay long panting on his face,
And then with all her force and ſtrength the ded corps did embrace,
As though with ſighes, with ſobs, with force, and buſy payne,
She would him rayſe, and him reſtore from death to lyfe agayne:
A thouſand times ſhe kiſt his mouth, as cold as ſtone,
And it unkiſt agayne as oft; then gan ſhe thus to mone:
"Ah pleaſant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde
Of all the ſweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,

Did

her breath, at length ſent it forth with a loud cry, and fell dead upon the death body."

For the foregoing faithful and elegant tranſlation, as well as that in a former page, I am indebted to a moſt dear and valued friend, whoſe knowledge of the Italian language is ſo much ſuperior to any that I can pretend to, that I am confident no reader will regret that the taſk has been executed by another. MALONE.

Did ſuch aſſured truſt within thy hart repoſe,
That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou
haſt choſe,
Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make,
And thus by meanes of me, to ende thy life, and for my
ſake?
Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee
Thy lyfe moſt deare (as to the moſt) and pleaſant ought
to bee,
How could this tender corps withſtand the cruell fight
Of furious death, that wonts to fray the ſtouteſt with his
ſight?
How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart
In this ſo fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou
art?
Where ſpitefull fortune hath appoynted thee to bee
The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy ſure of thee.
Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew
My wonted ſorowes, doubled twiſe, againe thus to re-
newe:
Which both the time and eke my patient long abode
Should now at length have quenched quite, and under
foote have trode?
Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought
To fynd my painfull paſſions ſalve, I myſt the thing I
ſought;
And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,
That gave to me ſo depe, ſo wide, ſo cruell dedly wounde.
Ah thou, moſt fortunate and moſt unhappy tombe!
For thou ſhalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to
comme
Of the moſt perfect leage betwixt a payre of lovers,
That were the moſt unfortunate and fortunate of others;
Receave the latter ſigh, receave the latter pang,
Of the moſt cruell of cruell ſlaves that wrath and death ay
wrang."
And when our Juliet would continue ſtill her mone,
The fryer and the ſervant fled, and left her there alone;
For they a ſodayne noyſe faſt by the place did heare,
And leſt they might be taken there, greatly they ſtoode
in feare.
When Juliet ſaw herſelfe left in the vaulte alone,
That freely ſhe might woorke her will, for let or ſtay
was none, Then

Then once for all ſhe tooke the cauſe of all her harmes,
The body dead of Romeus, and claſped it in her armes;
Then ſhe with earneſt kiſſe ſufficiently did prove, [love;
That more then by the feare of death, ſhe was attaint by
And then, paſt deadly feare, (for lyfe ne hath ſhe care)
With haſty hand ſhe did draw out the dagger that he ware.
"Oh welcome death, quoth ſhe, end of unhappines,
That alſo art beginning of aſſured happines,
Feare not to dart me nowe, thy ſtripe no longer ſtay,
Prolong no longer now my life, I hate this long delaye;
For ſtraight my parting ſprite, out of this carkas fled,
At eaſe ſhall finde my Romeus ſprite emong ſo many ded.
And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my truſty feere,
If knowledge yet doe reſt in thee, if thou theſe woordes doſt heer,
Receve thou her, whom thou didſt love ſo lawfully,
That cauſd alas! thy violent death, although unwillingly;
And therefore willingly offers to thee her goſt,
To thend that no wight els but thou might have juſt cauſe to boſte
Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reſerved
Free from the reſt, bound unto thee, that haſt it well deſerved:
That ſo our parted ſprites from light that we ſee here,
In place of endleſs light and bliſſe may ever live y-fere."
Theſe ſaid, her ruthleſſe hand through gyrt her valiant hart:
Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly ſmart!
She grones, ſhe ſtretcheth out her limmes, ſhe ſhuttes her eyes,
And from her corps the ſprite doth flye;—what ſhould I ſay? ſhe dyes.
The watchmen of the towne the whilſt are paſſed by,
And through the gates the candle light within the tombe they ſpye;
Whereby they did ſuppoſe inchaunters to be comme,
That with prepared inſtruments had opened wide the tombe,
In purpoſe to abuſe the bodies of the ded,
Which, by their ſcience ayde abuſde, do ſtand them oft in ſted.

Theyr

Theyr curious harts deſyre the truth hereof to know;
Then they by certaine ſteppes deſcend, where they do fynd below,
In claſped armes y-wrapt the huſband and the wyfe,
In whom as yet they ſeem to ſee ſomme certaine markes of lyfe.
But when more curiouſly with leyſure they did view,
The certainty of both theyr deathes aſſuredly they knew:
Then here and there ſo long with carefull eye they ſought,
That at the length hidden they found the murtherers;—ſo they thought.
In dungeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde;
The next day do they tell the prince the miſchiefe that they found.
The news was by and by throughout the towne dyſpred,
Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.
Thether you might have ſeene whole houſholds forth to ronne,
For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder ſtraunge was donne,
The great, the ſmall, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,
With haſty pace do romme to ſee, but rew when they beholde.
And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,
(Like as the murders brute abrode through all the towne was blowne)
The prince did ſtraight ordaine, the corſes that wer founde
Shonld be ſet forth upon a ſtage hye rayſed from the grounde,
Right in the ſelfe ſame fourme, ſhewde forth to all mens ſight,
That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night;
And eke that Romeus man and fryer Lawrence ſhould
Be openly examined; for els the people would
Have murmured, or ſaynd there were ſome waighty cauſe
Why openly they were not calde, and ſo convict by lawes.

The

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,
In great reproche ſet to the ſhew upon the open ſtage,
(A thing that ill beſeamde a man of ſilver heares)
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great faſt-falling teares:
Whom ſtraight the dredfull judge commanded to declare
Both, how this murther hath beene donne, and who the murtherers are;
For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,
And had with hym thoſe yron tooles for ſuch a purpoſe fitte.
The frier was of lively ſprite and free of ſpeche,
The judges woords appald him not, ne were his wittes to ſeeche.
But with adviſed heed a while fyrſt did he ſtay,
And then with bold aſſured voyce aloud thus gan he ſay:
"My lordes, there is not one among you, ſet togyther,
So that, affection ſet aſide, by wiſdome he conſider
My former paſſed lyfe, and this my extreme age,
And eke this heavy ſight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,
But that, amaſed much, doth wonder at this chaunge,
So great, ſo ſodainly befalne, unlooked for, and ſtraunge.
For I that in the ſpace of ſixty yere and tenne,
Since fyrſt I did begin, too ſoone, to lead my lyfe with men,
And with the worldes vayne thinges myſelfe I did acquaint,
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt
With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a ruſhe,
Ne is there any ſtander by can make me gylty bluſhe;
Although before the face of God I doe confeſſe
Myſelfe to be the ſinfulſt wretch of all this mighty preſſe.
When readieſt I am and likelieſt to make
My great accompt, which no man els for me ſhall undertake;
When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,
Tappeare before the judgment ſeate of everlaſting powre,
And falling ripe I ſteppe upon the graves brinke,
Even then, am I, moſt wretched wight, as eche of you doth thinke,

Through

Through my moſt haynous deede, with hedlong ſway
throwne downe,
In greateſt daunger of my lyſe, and damage of renowne,
The ſpring, whence in your head this new conceite doth
ryſe,
(And in your hart increaſeth ſtill your vayne and wrong
ſurmiſe)
May be the hugenes of theſe teares of myne, percaſe,
That ſo abundantly downe fall by eyther ſyde my face;
As though the memory in ſcriptures were not kept
That Chriſt our Saviour himſelfe for ruth and pitie
wept:
And more, who ſo will reade, y-written ſhall he fynde,
That teares are as true meſſengers of mans ungylty
mynde.
Or els, a liker proofe that I am in the cryme,
You ſay theſe preſent yrons are, and the ſuſpected time:
As though all howres alike had not been made above!
Did Chriſt not ſay, the day had twelve? whereby he
ſought to prove,
That no reſpect of howres ought juſtly to be had,
But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or
bad;
Even as the ſprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,
Or as it leaveth them to ſtray from vertues path aſyde.
As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,
As now I deeme, I nede not ſeeke to make ye underſtand
To what uſe yron firſt was made, when it began;
How of it ſelfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.
The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,
That ſuch indifferent thinges is wont to uſe and order yll.
Thus much I thought to ſay, to cauſe you ſo to know
That neither theſe my piteous teares, though nere ſo faſt
they flowe,
Ne yet theſe yron tooles, nor the ſuſpected time,
Can juſtly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the
cryme:
No one of theſe hath powre, ne power have all the three,
To make me other than I am, how ſo I ſeeme to be.
But ſure my conſcience, if I ſo gylt ſo deſerve,
For an appeacher, witneſſe, and a hangman, eke ſhould
ſerve;

For

For through mine age, whoſe heares of long time ſince
were hore,
And credyte greate that I was in, with you, in time to-
fore,
And eke the ſojorne ſhort that I on earth muſt make,
That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to
take,
My conſcience inwardly ſhould more torment me thriſe,
Then all the outward dedly payne that all you could
devyſe.
But God I prayſe, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,
And from remorſes pricking ſting I joy that I am free:
I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,
Wherewith you ſhould be troubled ſtill, if I my ſpeche
ſhould ſpare.
But to the end I may ſet all your hartes at reſt,
And pluck out all the ſcrupuls that are rooted in your
breſt,
Which might perhappes henceforth increaſing more an
more,
Within your conſcience alſo increaſe your cureleſſe ſore,
I ſweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,
(And for a witnes of my woordes my hart atteſteth him,
Whoſe mighty hande doth welde them in theyr violent
ſway,
And on the rolling ſtormy ſeas the heavy earth doth ſtay)
That I will make a ſhort and eke a true dyſcourſe
Of this moſt wofull tragedy, and ſhew both thend and
ſourſe
Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no leſſe
Will wonder at then they alas! poore lovers in diſtreſſe,
Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,
With ſtrong and patient hart dyd yelde them ſelfe to
cruell death:
Such was the mutual love wherein they burned both,
And of theyr promyſt frendſhippes fayth ſo ſtedy was the
troth."
And then the auncient fryer began to make diſcourſe,
Even from the firſt, of Romeus and Juliets amours;
How firſt by ſodayn ſight the one the other choſe,
And twixt them ſelfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely
death might loſe;

And how, within a while, with hotter love oppreſt,
Under confeſſions cloke, to him themſelfe they have addreſt;
And how with ſolemne othes they have proteſted both,
That they in hart are maried by promiſe and by othe;
And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,
They ſhal be forſt by earneſt love in ſinneful ſtate to live:
Which thing when he had wayde, and when he underſtoode
That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honeſt, good,
And all thinges peyſed well, it ſeemed meet to bee
(For lyke they were of nobleneſſe, age, riches, and degree);
Hoping that ſo at length ended might be the ſtryfe
Of Montagew and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,
Thinking to woorke a worke well-pleaſing in Gods ſight,
In ſecret ſhrift he wedded them; and they the ſelfe ſame night
Made up the mariage in houſe of Capilet,
As well doth know (if ſhe be aſkt) the nurce of Juliet.
He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,
And how, the whilſt, Paris the earle was offred to his wife;
And how the lady dyd ſo great a wrong dyſdayne,
And how to ſhrift unto his church ſhe came to him agayne;
And how ſhe fell flat downe before his feete aground,
And how ſhe ſware, her hand and bloody knife ſhould wound
Her harmles hart, except that he ſome meane dyd fynde
To diſappoynt the earles attempt: and ſpotles ſave her mynde.
Wherefore, he doth conclude, although that long before
By thought of death and age he had refuſde for evermore
The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,
Yet wonne by importunenes, and by his inward ruth,
And fearing leſt ſhe would her cruell vowe dyſcharge,
His cloſed conſcience he had opened and ſet at large;
And rather did he chooſe to ſuffer for one tyme
His ſoule to be ſpotted ſomdeale with ſmall and eaſy cryme,

Then

Then that the lady ſhould, wery of living breath,
Murther her ſelfe, and daunger much her ſeely ſoule by death:
Wherefore his anncient artes agayne he puts in ure;
A certain powder gave he her, that made her ſlepe ſo ſure,
That they her held for dead; and how that fryer John
With letters ſent to Romeus to Mantua is gone;
Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become;
And how that dead he found his frend within her kindreds tombe.
He thinkes with poyſon ſtrong, for care the yong man ſtervde,
Suppoſing Juliet dead; and how that Juliet hath carvde,
With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
Deſyrous to accompany her lover after death;
And how they could not ſave her, ſo they were afeard,
And hidde themſelfe, dreading the noyſe of watchmen, that they heard.
And for the proofe of this his tale, he doth deſyer
The judge to ſend forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,
To learne his cauſe of ſtay, and eke to read his letter;
And, more beſide, to thend that they might judge his cauſe the better,
He prayeth them diſpoſe the nurce of Juliet,
And Romeus man, whom at unawares beſyde the tombe he met.
Then Peter, not ſo much, as erſt he was, diſmayd:
My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Lawrence ſayd.
And when my maiſter went into my miſtres grave,
This letter that I offer you, unto me he gave,
Which he him ſelfe dyd write, as I do underſtand,
And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.
The opened packet doth conteyne in it the ſame
That erſt the ſkilfull fryer ſaid; and eke the wretches name
That had at his requeſt the dedly poyſon ſold,
The price of it, and why he bought his letters plaine have tolde.
The caſe unfolded ſo and open now it lyes,
That they could wiſhe no better proofe, ſave ſeeing it with theyr eyes:

So

So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,
That in the preaſe there was not one that ſtoode at all in doute.
The wyſer ſort, to counſell called by Eſcalus,
Here geven advice, and Eſcalus ſagely decreeth thus:
The nurce of Juliet is baniſht in her age,
Becauſe that from the parentes ſhe dyd hyde the mariage,
Which might have wrought much good had it in time been knowne,
Where now by her concealing it a miſcheeſe great is growne;
And Peter, for he dyd obey his maſters heſt,
In wonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in reſt:
Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,
And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his cote.
But now what ſhall betyde of this gray-bearded ſyre,
Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?
Becauſe that many time he worthily did ſerve
The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to ſwerve,
He was diſcharged quyte, and no mark of defame
Did ſeem to blot or touch at all the honour of his name.
But of himſelfe he went into an hermitage,
Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers paſt forth his age;
Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly ſprite dyd flye:
Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.
The ſtraungers of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved ſo to ruth,
That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage
Has emptied quire; and they, whoſe wrath no wiſdom could aſſwage,
Nor threatening of the prince, ne mynde of murthers donne,
At length, (ſo mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.

And

And leſt that length of time might from our myndes remove
The memory of ſo perfect, ſound, and ſo approved love,
The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
In ſtately tombe, on pillars great of marble, rayſe they hye.
On every ſide above were ſet, and eke beneath,
Great ſtore of cunning epitaphs, in honor of theyr death.
And even at this day the tombe is to be ſeene *;
So that among the monuments that in Verona been,
There is no monument more worthy of the ſight,
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temple bar, at the ſigne of the hand and ſtarre, by Richard Tottill the xix day of November. An. do. 1562.

* Brevel ſays in his Travels, 1726, that when he was at Verona, his guide ſhewed him an old building, then converted into a houſe for orphans, in which the tomb of theſe unhappy lovers had been; but it was then deſtroyed. MALONE.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

OPTANDUM EST, UT IN SINGULIS NATIONIBUS PRODEANT VIRI DOCTI, QUI LINGUÆ SUÆ IDIOMATA, VIM EORUM, NOTIONEM, ORIGINES, SED ET DESUETAS ET PRIDEM OBSOLETAS VOCES, AD AMUSSIM INVESTIGENT EXPLICENTQUE.

DUFRESNE, *Præfat. ad Gloss.*

AN

ALPHABETICAL INDEX,

TO SERVE THE PURPOSES OF

A GLOSSARY

TO THE WORKS OF

SHAKSPEARE,

AND THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMATICK WRITERS:

CONTAINING

References to all the Words and Phraſes in his PLAYS and POEMS, which have been explained or illuſtrated in the preceding NOTES.

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